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BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE
JEAN-CHRISTOPHE IN PARIS
JEAN-CHRISTOPHE: JOURNEY'S END
COLAS BREUGNON, BURGUNDIAN
CLERAMBAULT
THE MUSICIANS OF TODAY
SOME MUSICIANS OF FORMER DAYS
BEETHOVEN
HANDEL
MUSICAL TOUR THROUGH THE LAND OF THE PAST
THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY
THE PEOPLE'S THEATER
PIERRE AND LUCE

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE

DAWN ▲ MORNING
YOUTH ▲ REVOLT

BY

ROMAIN ROLLAND

Translated by

GILBERT CANNAN

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BY

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PREFACE

"JEAN-CHRISTOPHE" is the history of the development of a musician of genius. The present volume comprises the first four volumes of the original French, viz.: "L'Aube," "Le Matin," "L'Adolescent," and "La Révolte," which are designated in the translation as Part I—The Dawn; Part II—Morning; Part III—Youth; Part IV—Revolt. Parts I and II carry Jean-Christophe from the moment of his birth to the day when, after his first encounter with Woman, at the age of fifteen, he falls back upon a Puritan creed. Parts III and IV describe the succeeding five years of his life, when, at the age of twenty, his sincerity, integrity, and unswerving honesty have made existence impossible for him in the little Rhine town of his birth. An act of open revolt against German militarism compels him to cross the frontier and take refuge in Paris, and the remainder of this vast book is devoted to the adventures of Jean-Christophe in France.

His creator has said that he has always conceived and thought of the life of his hero and of the book as a river. So far as the book has a plan, that is its plan. It has no literary artifice, no "plot." The words of it hang together in defiance of syntax, just as the thoughts of it follow one on the other in defiance of every system of philosophy. Every phase of the book is pregnant with the next phase. It is as direct and simple as life itself, for life is simple when the truth of it is known, as it was known instinctively by Jean-Christophe. The river is explored as though it were absolutely uncharted. Nothing that has ever been said or thought of life is accepted without being brought to the test of Jean-Christophe's own life. What is not true for him does not exist; and, as there are very few of the processes of human growth or decay which are not analyzed, there is disclosed to the reader the most comprehensive survey of modern life which has appeared in literature in this century.

To leave M. Rolland's simile of the river, and to take another,

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the book has seemed to me like a mighty bridge leading from t world of ideas of the nineteenth century to the world of ideas the twentieth. The whole thought of the nineteenth centu seems to be gathered together to make the starting-point f Jean-Christophe's leap into the future. All that was mo religious in that thought seems to be concentrated in Jea Christophe, and when the history of the book is traced, it appea that M. Rolland has it by direct inheritance.

M. Rolland was born in 1866 at Clamecy, in the center France, of a French family of pure descent, and educated Paris and Rome. At Rome, in 1890, he met Malwida v Meysenburg, a German lady who had taken refuge in Engla after the Revolution of 1848, and there knew Kossuth, Mazzi Herzen, Ledin, Rollin, and Louis Blanc. Later, in Italy, s counted among her friends Wagner, Liszt, Lenbach, Nietzsc Garibaldi, and Ibsen. She died in 1903. Rolland came to h impregnated with Tolstoyan ideas, and with her wide knowled of men and movements she helped him to discover his own ide In her "Mémoires d'une Idéaliste" she wrote of him: " this young Frenchman I discovered the same idealism, the sa lofty aspiration, the same profound grasp of every great tellectual manifestation that I had already found in the great men of other nationalities."

The germ of "Jean-Christophe" was conceived during t period—the "Wanderjahre"—of M. Rolland's life. On return to Paris he became associated with a movement towa the renascence of the theater as a social machine, and wr several plays. He has since been a musical critic and a lectu on music and art at the Sorbonne. He has written Lives Beethoven, Michael Angelo, and Hugo Wolf. Always his deavor has been the pursuit of the heroic. To him the gr men are the men of absolute truth. Jean-Christophe must h the truth and tell the truth, at all costs, in despite of circu stance, in despite of himself, in despite even of life. It is law. It is M. Rolland's law. The struggle all through book is between the pure life of Jean-Christophe and the co mon acceptance of the second-rate and the second-hand by substitution of civic or social morality, which is only a co promise, for individual morality, which demands that ev

man should be delivered up to the unswerving judgment of his own soul. Everywhere Jean-Christophe is hurled against compromise and untruth, individual and national. He discovers the German lie very quickly; the French lie grimaces at him as soon as he sets foot in Paris.

The book itself breaks down the frontier between France and Germany. If one frontier is broken, all are broken. The truth about anything is universal truth, and the experiences of Jean-Christophe, the adventures of his soul (there are no other adventures), are in a greater or less degree those of every human being who passes through this life from the tyranny of the past to the service of the future.

The book contains a host of characters who become as friends, or, at least, as interesting neighbors, to the reader. Jean-Christophe gathers people in his progress, and as they are all brought to the test of his genius, they appear clearly for what they are. Even the most unpleasant of them is human, and demands sympathy.

The recognition of Jean-Christophe as a book which marks a stage in progress was instantaneous in France. It is hardly possible yet to judge it. It is impossible to deny its vitality. It exists. Christophe is as real as the gentlemen whose portraits are posted outside the Queen's Hall, and much more real than many of them. The book clears the air. An open mind coming to it cannot fail to be refreshed and strengthened by its voyage down the river of a man's life, and if the book is followed to its end, the voyager will discover with Christophe that there is joy beneath sorrow, joy through sorrow ("Durch Leiden Freude").

Those are the last words of M. Rolland's life of Beethoven; they are words of Beethoven himself: "La devise de tout âme héroïque."

In his preface, "To the Friends of Christophe," which precedes the seventh volume, "Dans la Maison," M. Rolland writes:

"I was isolated: like so many others in France I was stifling in a world morally inimical to me: I wanted air: I wanted to react against an unhealthy civilization, against ideas corrupted by a sham élite: I wanted to say to them: 'You lie! You do not represent France!' To do so I needed a hero with a pure heart

and unclouded vision, whose soul would be stainless enough for him to have the right to speak; one whose voice would be loud enough for him to gain a hearing. I have patiently begotten this hero. The work was in conception for many years before I set myself to write a word of it. Christophe only set out on his journey when I had been able to see the end of it for him."

If M. Rolland's act of faith in writing Jean-Christophe were only concerned with France, if the polemic of it were not directed against a universal evil, there would be no reason for translation. But, like Zarathustra, it is a book for all and none. M. Rolland has written what he believes to be the truth, and as Dr. Johnson observed: "Every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it. . . ."

By its truth and its absolute integrity—since Tolstoy I know of no writing so crystal clear—"Jean-Christophe" is the first great book of the twentieth century. In a sense it begins the twentieth century. It bridges transition, and shows us where we stand. It reveals the past and the present, and leaves the future open to us. . . .

GILBERT CANNAN.

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THE DAWN

Dianzi, nell'alba che precede al giorno,
Quando l'anima tua dentro dormìa. . . .
Purgatorio, ix.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE

I

Come, quando i vapori umidi e spessi
A diradar cominciansi, la spera
Del sol debilemente entra per essi. . . .
Purgatorio, xvii.

From behind the house rises the murmuring of the river. All day long the rain has been beating against the window-panes; a stream of water trickles down the window at the corner where it is broken. The yellowish light of the day dies down. The room is dim and dull.

The new-born child stirs in his cradle. Although the old man left his sabots at the door when he entered, his footsteps make the floor creak. The child begins to whine. The mother leans out of her bed to comfort it; and the grandfather gropes to light the lamp, so that the child shall not be frightened by the night when he awakes. The flame of the lamp lights up old Jean Michel's red face, with its rough white beard and morose expression and quick eyes. He goes near the cradle. His cloak smells wet, and as he walks he drags his large blue fist slippers. Louisa signs to him not to go too near. She is fair, almost white; her features are drawn; her gentle, stupid face is marked with red in patches; her lips are pale and swollen, and they are parted in a timid smile; her eyes devour the child—and her eyes are blue and vague; the pupils are small, but there is an infinite tenderness in them.

The child wakes and cries, and his eyes are troubled. Oh! how terrible! The darkness, the sudden flash of the lamp, the hallucinations of a mind as yet hardly detached from chaos, the stifling, roaring night in which it is enveloped, the illimitable gloom from which, like blinding shafts of light, there emerge acute sensations, sorrows, phantoms—those enormous

faces leaning over him, those eyes that pierce through him, penetrating, are beyond his comprehension! . . . He has not the strength to cry out; terror holds him motionless, with eyes and mouth wide open and he rattles in his throat. His large head, that seems to have swollen up, is wrinkled with the grotesque and lamentable grimaces that he makes; the skin of his face and hands is brown and purple, and spotted with yellow. . . .

"Dear God!" said the old man with conviction: "How ugly he is!"

He put the lamp down on the table.

Louisa pouted like a scolded child. Jean Michel looked at her out of the corner of his eye and laughed.

"You don't want me to say that he is beautiful? You would not believe it. Come, it is not your fault. They are all like that."

The child came out of the stupor and immobility into which he had been thrown by the light of the lamp and the eyes of the old man. He began to cry. Perhaps he instinctively felt in his mother's eyes a caress which made it possible for him to complain. She held out her arms for him and said:

"Give him to me."

The old man began, as usual, to air his theories:

"You ought not to give way to children when they cry. You must just let them cry."

But he came and took the child and grumbled:

"I never saw one quite so ugly."

Louisa took the child feverishly and pressed it to her bosom. She looked at it with a bashful and delighted smile.

"Oh, my poor child!" she said shamefacedly. "How ugly you are—how ugly! and how I love you!"

Jean Michel went back to the fireside. He began to poke the fire in protest, but a smile gave the lie to the moroseness and solemnity of his expression.

"Good girl!" he said. "Don't worry about it. He has plenty of time to alter. And even so, what does it matter? Only one thing is asked of him: that he should grow into an honest man."

The child was comforted by contact with his mother's warm

body. He could be heard sucking her milk and gurgling and snorting. Jean Michel turned in his chair, and said once more, with some emphasis:

"There's nothing finer than an honest man."

He was silent for a moment, pondering whether it would not be proper to elaborate this thought; but he found nothing more to say, and after a silence he said irritably:

"Why isn't your husband here?"

"I think he is at the theater," said Louisa timidly. "There is a rehearsal."

"The theater is closed. I passed it just now. One of his lies."

"No. Don't be always blaming him. I must have misunderstood. He must have been kept for one of his lessons."

"He ought to have come back," said the old man, not satisfied. He stopped for a moment, and then asked, in a rather lower voice and with some shame:

"Has he been . . . again?"

"No, father—no, father," said Louisa hurriedly.

The old man looked at her; she avoided his eyes.

"It's not true. You're lying."

She wept in silence.

"Dear God!" said the old man, kicking at the fire with his foot. The poker fell with a clatter. The mother and the child trembled.

"Father, please—please!" said Louisa. "You will make him cry."

The child hesitated for a second or two whether to cry or to go on with his meal; but not being able to do both at once, he went on with the meal.

Jean Michel continued in a lower tone, though with outbursts of anger:

"What have I done to the good God to have this drunkard for my son? What is the use of my having lived as I have lived, and of having denied myself everything all my life! But you—you—can't you do anything to stop it? Heavens! That's what you ought to do. . . . You should keep him at home! . . ."

Louisa wept still more.

"Don't scold me! . . . I am unhappy enough as it is! I have done everything I could. If you knew how terrified I am when I am alone! Always I seem to hear his step on the stairs. Then I wait for the door to open, or I ask myself: 'O God! what will he look like?' . . . It makes me ill to think of it!"

She was shaken by her sobs. The old man grew anxious. He went to her and laid the disheveled bedclothes about her trembling shoulders and caressed her head with his hands.

"Come, come, don't be afraid. I am here."

She calmed herself for the child's sake, and tried to smile.

"I was wrong to tell you that."

The old man shook his head as he looked at her.

"My poor child, it was not much of a present that I gave you."

"It's my own fault," she said. "He ought not to have married me. He is sorry for what he did."

"What, do you mean that he regrets? . . ."

"You know. You were angry yourself because I became his wife."

"We won't talk about that. It is true I was vexed. A young man like that—I can say so without hurting you—a young man whom I had carefully brought up, a distinguished musician, a real artist—might have looked higher than you who had nothing and were of a lower class, and not even of the same trade. For more than a hundred years no Krafft has ever married a woman who was not a musician! But, you know, I bear you no grudge, and am fond of you, and have been ever since I learned to know you. Besides, there's no going back on a choice once it's made; there's nothing left but to do one's duty honestly."

He went and sat down again, thought for a little, and then said, with the solemnity in which he invested all his aphorisms:

"The first thing in life is to do one's duty."

He waited for contradiction, and spat on the fire. Then as neither mother nor child raised any objection, he was for going on, but relapsed into silence.

They said no more. Both Jean Michel, sitting by the fire-
de, and Louisa, in her bed, dreamed sadly. The old man,
n spite of what he had said, had bitter thoughts about his son's
iarriage, and Louisa was thinking of it also, and blaming
erself, although she had nothing wherewith to reproach herself.

She had been a servant when, to everybody's surprise, and
er own especially, she married Melchior Krafft, Jean Michel's
on. The Kraffts were without fortune, but were considerable
eople in the little Rhine town in which the old man had
ettled down more than fifty years before. Both father and
on were musicians, and known to all the musicians of the
ountry from Cologne to Mannheim. Melchior played the violin
t the Hof-Theater, and Jean Michel had formerly been director
f the grand-ducal concerts. The old man had been profoundly
umiliated by his son's marriage, for he had built great hopes
pon Melchior; he had wished to make him the distinguished
ian which he had failed to become himself. This mad freak
estroyed all his ambitions. He had stormed at first, and show-
red curses upon Melchior and Louisa. But, being a good-
earted creature, he forgave his daughter-in-law when he learned
o know her better; and he even came by a paternal affection
or her, which showed itself for the most part in snubs.

No one ever understood what it was that drove Melchior to
uch a marriage—least of all Melchior. It was certainly not
Louisa's beauty. She had no seductive quality: she was small,
ather pale, and delicate, and she was a striking contrast to
Melchior and Jean Michel, who were both big and broad, red-
aced giants, heavy-handed, hearty eaters and drinkers, laugh-
er-loving and noisy. She seemed to be crushed by them; no
ne noticed her, and she seemed to wish to escape even what
ttle notice she attracted. If Melchior had been a kind-hearted
ian, it would have been credible that he should prefer Louisa's
imple goodness to every other advantage; but a vainer man
ever was. It seemed incredible that a young man of his
idney, fairly good-looking, and quite conscious of it, very
oolish, but not without talent, and in a position to look for
ome well-dowered match, and capable even—who knows?—of
urning the head of one of his pupils among the people of the
own, should suddenly have chosen a girl of the people—poor,

uneducated, without beauty, a girl who could in no way advance his career.

But Melchior was one of those men who always do the opposite of what is expected of them and of what they expect of themselves. It is not that they are not warned—a man who is warned is worth two men, says the proverb. They profess never to be the dupe of anything, and that they steer their ship with unerring hand towards a definite point. But they reckon without themselves, for they do not know themselves. In one of those moments of forgetfulness which are habitual with them they let go the tiller, and, as is natural when things are left to themselves, they take a naughty pleasure in rounding on their masters. The ship which is released from its course at once strikes a rock, and Melchior, bent upon intrigue, married a cook. And yet he was neither drunk nor in a stupor on the day when he bound himself to her for life, and he was not under any passionate impulse; far from it. But perhaps there are in us forces other than mind and heart, other even than the senses—mysterious forces which take hold of us in the moments when the others are asleep; and perhaps it was such forces that Melchior had found in the depths of those pale eyes which had looked at him so timidly one evening when he had accosted the girl on the bank of the river, and had sat down beside her in the reeds—without knowing why—and had given her his hand.

Hardly was he married than he was appalled by what he had done, and he did not hide what he felt from poor Louisa who humbly asked his pardon. He was not a bad fellow, and he willingly granted her that; but immediately remorse would seize him again when he was with his friends or in the house of his rich pupils, who were disdainful in their treatment of him, and no longer trembled at the touch of his hand when he corrected the position of their fingers on the keyboard. Then he would return gloomy of countenance, and Louisa, with a catch at her heart, would read in it with the first glance the customary reproach; or he would stay out late at one inn or another, there to seek self-respect or kindliness from others. On such evenings he would return shouting with laughter, and this was more doleful for Louisa than the hidden reproach

nd gloomy rancor that prevailed on other days. She felt hat she was to a certain extent responsible for the fits of madess in which the small remnant of her husband's sense would isappear, together with the household money. Melchior sank ower and lower. At an age when he should have been engaged n unceasing toil to develop his mediocre talent, he just let ings slide, and others took his place.

But what did that matter to the unknown force which had rown him in with the little flaxen-haired servant? He had layed his part, and little Jean-Christophe had just set foot n this earth whither his destiny had thrust him.

. . . . . .

Night was fully come. Louisa's voice roused old Jean Michel om the torpor into which he had sunk by the fireside as he ought of the sorrows of the past and present.

"It must be late, father," said the young woman affectiontely. "You ought to go home; you have far to go."

"I am waiting for Melchior," replied the old man.

"Please, no. I would rather you did not stay."

"Why?"

The old man raised his head and looked fiercely at her.

She did not reply.

He resumed.

"You are afraid. You do not want me to meet him?"

"Yes, yes; it would only make things worse. You would ake each other angry, and I don't want that. Please, please !"

The old man sighed, rose, and said:

"Well . . . I'll go."

He went to her and brushed her forehead with his stiff beard. e asked if she wanted anything, put out the lamp, and went umbling against the chairs in the darkness of the room. But had no sooner reached the staircase than he thought of his n returning drunk, and he stopped at each step, imagining thousand dangers that might arise if Melchior were allowed return alone. . . .

In the bed by his mother's side the child was stirring again. n unknown sorrow had arisen from the depths of his being. e stiffened himself against her. He twisted his body, clenched

his fists, and knitted his brows. His suffering increased steadily quietly, certain of its strength. He knew not what it was nor whence it came. It appeared immense,—infinite, an he began to cry lamentably. His mother caressed him wit her gentle hands. Already his suffering was less acute. Bu he went on weeping, for he felt it still near, still inside himself A man who suffers can lessen his anguish by knowing whenc it comes. By thought he can locate it in a certain portion o his body which can be cured, or, if necessary, torn away. H fixes the bounds of it, and separates it from himself. A chil has no such illusive resource. His first encounter with sufferin is more tragic and more true. Like his own being, it seem infinite. He feels that it is seated in his bosom, housed in h heart, and is mistress of his flesh. And it is so. It will n leave his body until it has eaten it away.

His mother hugs him to her, murmuring: "It is done—it done! Don't cry, my little Jesus, my little goldfish. . . . But his intermittent outcry continues. It is as though th wretched, unformed, and unconscious mass had a presentime of a whole life of sorrow awaiting him, and nothing can appea him. . . .

The bells of St. Martin rang out in the night. Their voic are solemn and slow. In the damp air they come like footste on moss. The child became silent in the middle of a sob. T marvelous music, like a flood of milk, surged sweetly throu him. The night was lit up; the air was moist and tend His sorrow disappeared, his heart began to laugh, and he sl into his dreams with a sigh of abandonment.

The three bells went on softly ringing in the morrow's fes val. Louisa also dreamed, as she listened to them, of her o past misery and of what would become in the future of t dear little child sleeping by her side. She had been for hou lying in her bed, weary and suffering. Her hands and h body were burning; the heavy eiderdown crushed her; she f crushed and oppressed by the darkness; but she dared not mo She looked at the child, and the night did not prevent her re ing his features, that looked so old. Sleep overcame h fevered images passed through her brain. She thought heard Melchior open the door, and her heart leaped. Occasi

ly the murmuring of the stream rose more loudly through
ıe silence, like the roaring of some beast. The window once
· twice gave a sound under the beating of the rain. The
ells rang out more slowly, and then died down, and Louisa
ept by the side of her child.

All this time Jean Michel was waiting outside the house,
ripping with rain, his beard wet with the mist. He was
aiting for the return of his wretched son: for his mind, never
easing, had insisted on telling him all sorts of tragedies brought
out by drunkenness; and although he did not believe them,
e could not have slept a wink if he had gone away without
aving seen his son return. The sound of the bells made him
elancholy, for he remembered all his shattered hopes. He
ought of what he was doing at such an hour in the street,
id for very shame he wept.

. . . . . .

The vast tide of the days moves slowly. Day and night
me up and go down with unfailing regularity, like the ebb
id flow of an infinite ocean. Weeks and months go by, and
en begin again, and the succession of days is like one
ay.

The day is immense, inscrutable, marking the even beat of
ght and darkness, and the beat of the life of the torpid crea-
re dreaming in the depths of his cradle—his imperious needs,
rrowful or glad—so regular that the night and the day which
ing them seem by them to be brought about.

The pendulum of life moves heavily, and in its slow beat the
hole creature seems to be absorbed. The rest is no more
an dreams, snatches of dreams, formless and swarming, and
ist of atoms dancing aimlessly, a dizzy whirl passing, and
inging laughter or horror. Outcry, moving shadows, grin-
ing shapes, sorrows, terrors, laughter, dreams, dreams. . . .
ll is a dream, both day and night. . . . And in such chaos the
ght of friendly eyes that smile upon him, the flood of joy
at surges through his body from his mother's body, from her
easts filled with milk—the force that is in him, the immense,
nconscious force gathering in him, the turbulent ocean roaring
the narrow prison of the child's body. For eyes that could
e into it there would be revealed whole worlds half buried

in the darkness, nebulæ taking shape, a universe in the making. His being is limitless. He is all that there is. . . .

Months pass. . . . Islands of memory begin to rise above the river of his life. At first they are little uncharted islands, rocks just peeping above the surface of the waters. Round about them and behind in the twilight of the dawn stretches the great untroubled sheet of water; then new islands, touched to gold by the sun.

So from the abyss of the soul there emerge shapes definite, and scenes of a strange clarity. In the boundless day which dawns once more, ever the same, with its great monotonous beat, there begins to show forth the round of days, hand in hand, and some of their forms are smiling, others sad. But even the links of the chain are broken, and memories are linked together above weeks and months. . . .

The River . . . the Bells . . . as long as he can remember—far back in the abysses of time, at every hour of his life—always their voices, familiar and resonant, have rung out. . .

Night—half asleep—a pale light made white the window. . . . The river murmurs. Through the silence its voice rises omnipotent; it reigns over all creatures. Sometimes it caresses their sleep, and seems almost itself to die away in the roaring of its torrent. Sometimes it grows angry, and howls like a furious beast about to bite. The clamor ceases. Now there is a murmuring of infinite tenderness, silvery sounds like clear little bells, like the laughter of children, or soft singing voices, or dancing music—a great mother voice that never, never goes to sleep! It rocks the child, as it has rocked through the ages, from birth to death, the generations that were before him; it fills all his thoughts, and lives in all his dreams, wraps him round with the cloak of its fluid harmonies, which still will be about him when he lies in the little cemetery that sleeps by the water's edge, washed by the Rhine. . . .

The bells. . . . It is dawn! They answer each other's call sad, melancholy, friendly, gentle. At the sound of their slow voices there rise in him hosts of dreams—dreams of the past, desires, hopes, regrets for creatures who are gone, unknown to the child, although he had his being in them, and they live again in him. Ages of memory ring out in the

music. So much mourning, so many festivals! And from the depths of the room it is as though, when they are heard, there passed lovely waves of sound through the soft air, free winging birds, and the moist soughing of the wind. Through the window smiles a patch of blue sky; a sunbeam slips through the curtains to the bed. The little world known to the eyes of the child, all that he can see from his bed every morning as he awakes, all that with so much effort he is beginning to recognize and classify, so that he may be master of it—his kingdom is lit up. There is the table where people eat, the cupboard where he hides to play, the tiled floor along which he crawls, and the wall-paper which in its antic shapes holds for him so many humorous or terrifying stories, and the clock which chatters and stammers so many words which he alone can understand. How many things there are in this room! He does not know them all. Every day he sets out on a voyage of exploration in this universe which is his. Everything is his. Nothing is immaterial; everything has its worth, man or fly. Everything lives—the cat, the fire, the table, the grains of dust which dance in a sunbeam. The room is a country, a day is a lifetime. How is a creature to know himself in the midst of these vast spaces? The world is so large! A creature is lost in it. And the faces, the actions, the movement, the noise, which make round about him an unending turmoil! . . . He is weary; his eyes close; he goes to sleep. That sweet deep sleep that overcomes him suddenly at any time, and wherever he may be—on his mother's lap, or under the table, where he loves to hide! . . . It is good. All is good. . . .

These first days come buzzing up in his mind like a field of corn or a wood stirred by the wind, and cast in shadow by the great fleeting clouds. . . .

The shadows pass; the sun penetrates the forest. Jean-Christophe begins to find his way through the labyrinth of the day.

It is morning. His parents are asleep. He is in his little bed, lying on his back. He looks at the rays of light dancing on the ceiling. There is infinite amusement in it. Now he laughs out loud with one of those jolly children's laughs which

stir the hearts of those that hear them. His mother leans out of her bed towards him, and says: "What is it, then, little mad thing?" Then he laughs again, and perhaps he makes an effort to laugh because he has an audience. His mamma looks severe, and lays a finger on her lips to warn him lest he should wake his father: but her weary eyes smile in spite of herself. They whisper together. Then there is a furious growl from his father. Both tremble. His mother hastily turns her back on him, like a naughty little girl: she pretends to be asleep. Jean-Christophe buries himself in his bed, and holds his breath. . . . Dead silence.

After some time the little face hidden under the clothes comes to the surface again. On the roof the weathercock creaks. The rain-pipe gurgles; the Angelus sounds. When the wind comes from the east, the distant bells of the villages on the other bank of the river give answer. The sparrows foregathered in the ivy-clad wall make a deafening noise, from which three or four voices, always the same, ring out more shrilly than the others, just as in the games of a band of children. A pigeon coos at the top of a chimney. The child abandons himself to the lullaby of these sounds. He hums to himself softly, then a little more loudly, then quite loudly, then very loudly, until once more his father cries out in exasperation: "That little donkey never will be quiet! Wait a little, and I'll pull your ears!" Then Jean-Christophe buries himself in the bedclothes again, and does not know whether to laugh or cry. He is terrified and humiliated; and at the same time the idea of the donkey with which his father has compared him makes him burst out laughing. From the depths of his bed he imitates its braying. This time he is whipped. He sheds every tear that is in him. What has he done? He wanted so much to laugh and to get up! And he is forbidden to budge. How do people sleep forever? When will they get up? . . .

One day he could not contain himself. He heard a cat and a dog and something queer in the street. He slipped out of bed, and, creeping awkwardly with his bare feet on the tiles, he tried to go down the stairs to see what it was; but the door was shut. To open it, he climbed on to a chair; the whole thing collapsed, and he hurt himself and howled. And once more

at the top of the stairs he was whipped. He is always being whipped! . . .

He is in church with his grandfather. He is bored. He is not very comfortable. He is forbidden to stir, and all the people are saying all together words that he does not understand. They all look solemn and gloomy. It is not their usual way of looking. He looks at them, half frightened. Old Lena, their neighbor, who is sitting next to him, looks very cross; there are moments when he does not recognize even his grandfather. He is afraid a little. Then he grows used to it, and tries to find relief from boredom by every means at his disposal. He balances on one leg, twists his neck to look at the ceiling, makes faces, pulls his grandfather's coat, investigates the straws in his chair, tries to make a hole in them with his finger, listens to the singing of birds, and yawns so that he is like to dislocate his jaw.

Suddenly there is a deluge of sound: the organ is played. A thrill goes down his spine. He turns and stands with his chin resting on the back of his chair, and he looks very wise. He does not understand this noise; he does not know the meaning of it; it is dazzling, bewildering, and he can hear nothing clearly. But it is good. It is as though he were no longer sitting there on an uncomfortable chair in a tiresome old house. He is suspended in mid-air, like a bird; and when the flood of sound rushes from one end of the church to the other, filling the arches, reverberating from wall to wall, he is carried with it, flying and skimming hither and thither, with nothing to do but to abandon himself to it. He is free; he is happy. The sun shines. . . . He falls asleep.

His grandfather is displeased with him. He behaves ill at Mass.

He is at home, sitting on the ground, with his feet in his hands. He has just decided that the door-mat is a boat, and the tiled floor a river. He all but drowned in stepping off the carpet. He is surprised and a little put out that the others pay no attention to the matter as he does when he goes into the room. He seizes his mother by the skirts. "You see,

it is water! You must go across by the bridge." (The bridge is a series of holes between the red tiles.) His mother crosses without even listening to him. He is vexed, as a dramatic author is vexed when he sees his audience talking during his great work.

Next moment he thinks no more of it. The tiled floor is no longer the sea. He is lying down on it, stretched full-length, with his chin on the tiles, humming music of his own composition, and gravely sucking his thumb and dribbling. He is lost in contemplation of a crack between the tiles. The lines of the tiles grimace like faces. The imperceptible hole grows larger, and becomes a valley; there are mountains about it. A centipede moves: it is as large as an elephant. Thunder might crash, the child would not hear it.

No one bothers about him, and he has no need of any one. He can even do without door-mat boats, and caverns in the tiled floor, with their fantastic fauna. His body is enough. What a source of entertainment! He spends hours in looking at his nails and shouting with laughter. They have all different faces, and are like people that he knows. And the rest of his body! . . . He goes on with the inspection of all that he has. How many surprising things! There are so many marvels. He is absorbed in looking at them.

But he was very roughly picked up when they caught him at it.

Sometimes he takes advantage of his mother's back being turned, to escape from the house. At first they used to run after him and bring him back. Then they got used to letting him go alone, only so he did not go too far away. The house is at the end of the town; the country begins almost at once. As long as he is within sight of the windows he goes without stopping, very deliberately, and now and then hopping on one foot. But as soon as he has passed the corner of the road, and the brushwood hides him from view, he changes abruptly. He stops there, with his finger in his mouth, to find out what story he shall tell himself that day; for he is full of stories. True, they are all very much like each other, and every one of them could be told in a few lines. He chooses. Generally

he takes up the same story, sometimes from the point where it left off, sometimes from the beginning, with variations. But any trifle—a word heard by chance—is enough to set his mind off on another direction.

Chance was fruitful of resources. It is impossible to imagine what can be made of a simple piece of wood, a broken bough found alongside a hedge. (You break them off when you do not find them.) It was a magic wand. If it were long and thin, it became a lance, or perhaps a sword; to brandish it aloft was enough to cause armies to spring from the earth. Jean-Christophe was their general, marching in front of them, setting them an example, and leading them to the assault of a hillock. If the branch were flexible, it changed into a whip. Jean-Christophe mounted on horseback and leaped precipices. Sometimes his mount would slip, and the horseman would find himself at the bottom of the ditch, sorrily looking at his dirty hands and barked knees. If the wand were lithe, then Jean-Christophe would make himself the conductor of an orchestra: he would be both conductor and orchestra; he conducted and he sang; and then he would salute the bushes, with their little green heads stirring in the wind.

He was also a magician. He walked with great strides through the fields, looking at the sky and waving his arms. He commanded the clouds. He wished them to go to the right, but they went to the left. Then he would abuse them, and repeat his command. He would watch them out of the corner of his eye, and his heart would beat as he looked to see if there were not at least a little one which would obey him. But they went on calmly moving to the left. Then he would stamp his foot, and threaten them with his stick, and angrily order them to go to the left; and this time, in truth, they obeyed him. He was happy and proud of his power. He would touch the flowers and bid them change into golden carriages, as he had been told they did in the stories; and, although it never happened, he was quite convinced that it would happen if only he had patience. He would look for a grasshopper to turn into a hare; he would gently lay his stick on its back, and speak a rune. The insect would escape: he would bar its way. A few moments later he would be lying on his belly near to it,

looking at it. Then he would have forgotten that he was a magician, and just amuse himself with turning the poor beast on its back, while he laughed aloud at its contortions.

It occurred to him also to tie a piece of string to his magic wand, and gravely cast it into the river, and wait for a fish to come and bite. He knew perfectly well that fish do not usually bite at a piece of string without bait or hook; but he thought that for once in a way, and for him, they might make an exception to their rule; and in his inexhaustible confidence, he carried it so far as to fish in the street with a whip through the grating of a sewer. He would draw up the whip from time to time excitedly, pretending that the cord of it was more heavy, and that he had caught a treasure, as in a story that his grandfather had told him. . . .

And always in the middle of all these games there used to occur to him moments of strange dreaming and complete forgetfulness. Everything about him would then be blotted out; he would not know what he was doing, and was not even conscious of himself. These attacks would take him unawares. Sometimes as he walked or went upstairs a void would suddenly open before him. He would seem then to have lost all thought. But when he came back to himself, he was shocked and bewildered to find himself in the same place on the dark staircase. It was as though he had lived through a whole lifetime—in the space of a few steps.

His grandfather used often to take him with him on his evening walk. The little boy used to trot by his side and give him his hand. They used to go by the roads, across plowed fields, which smelled strong and good. The grasshoppers chirped. Enormous crows poised along the road used to watch them approach from afar, and then fly away heavily as they came up with them.

His grandfather would cough. Jean-Christophe knew quite well what that meant. The old man was burning with the desire to tell a story; but he wanted it to appear that the child had asked him for one. Jean-Christophe did not fail him; they understood each other. The old man had a tremendous affection for his grandson, and it was a great joy to find in him a willing audience. He loved to tell of episodes in his

own life, or stories of great men, ancient and modern. His voice would then become emphatic and filled with emotion, and would tremble with a childish joy, which he used to try to stifle. He seemed delighted to hear his own voice. Unhappily, words used to fail him when he opened his mouth to speak. He was used to such disappointment, for it always came upon him with his outbursts of eloquence. And as he used to forget it with each new attempt, he never succeeded in resigning himself to it.

He used to talk of Regulus, and Arminius, of the soldiers of Lützow, of Kœrner, and of Frédéric Stabs, who tried to kill the Emperor Napoleon. His face would glow as he told of incredible deeds of heroism. He used to pronounce historic words in such a solemn voice that it was impossible to hear them, and he used to try artfully to keep his hearer on tenterhooks at the thrilling moments. He would stop, pretend to choke, and noisily blow his nose; and his heart would leap when the child asked, in a voice choking with impatience: "And then, grandfather?"

There came a day, when Jean-Christophe was a little older, when he perceived his grandfather's method; and then he wickedly set himself to assume an air of indifference to the rest of the story, and that hurt the poor old man. But for the moment Jean-Christophe is altogether held by the power of the story-teller. His blood leaped at the dramatic passages. He did not know what it was all about, neither where nor when these deeds were done, or whether his grandfather knew Arminius, or whether Regulus were not—God knows why!—some one whom he had seen at church last Sunday. But his heart and the old man's heart swelled with joy and pride in the tale of heroic deeds, as though they themselves had done them; for the old man and the child were both children.

Jean-Christophe was less happy when his grandfather interpolated in the pathetic passages one of those abstruse discourses so dear to him. There were moral thoughts generally traceable to some idea, honest enough, but a little trite, such as "Gentleness is better than violence," or "Honor is the dearest thing in life," or "It is better to be good than to be wicked"—only they were much more involved. Jean-Christophe's grandfather

had no fear of the criticism of his youthful audience, and abandoned himself to his habitual emphatic manner; he was not afraid of repeating the same phrases, or of not finishing them, or even, if he lost himself in his discourse, of saying anything that came into his head, to stop up the gaps in his thoughts; and he used to punctuate his words, in order to give them greater force, with inappropriate gestures. The boy used to listen with profound respect, and he thought his grandfather very eloquent, but a little tiresome.

Both of them loved to return again and again to the fabulous legend of the Corsican conqueror who had taken Europe. Jean-Christophe's grandfather had known him. He had almost fought against him. But he was a man to admit the greatness of his adversaries: he had said so twenty times. He would have given one of his arms for such a man to have been born on this side of the Rhine. Fate had decreed otherwise; he admired him, and had fought against him—that is, he had been on the point of fighting against him. But when Napoleon had been no farther than ten leagues away, and they had marched out to meet him, a sudden panic had dispersed the little band in a forest, and every man had fled, crying, "We are betrayed!" In vain, as the old man used to tell, in vain did he endeavor to rally the fugitives; he threw himself in front of them, threatening them and weeping: he had been swept away in the flood of them, and on the morrow had found himself at an extraordinary distance from the field of battle—For so he called the place of the rout. But Jean-Christophe used impatiently to bring him back to the exploits of the hero, and he was delighted by his marvelous progress through the world. He saw him followed by innumerable men, giving vent to great cries of love, and at a wave of his hand hurling themselves in swarms upon flying enemies—they were always in flight. It was a fairy-tale. The old man added a little to it to fill out the story; he conquered Spain, and almost conquered England, which he could not abide.

Old Krafft used to intersperse his enthusiastic narratives with indignant apostrophes addressed to his hero. The patriot awoke in him, more perhaps when he told of the Emperor's defeats than of the Battle of Jena. He would stop to shake his fist

ıt the river, and spit contemptuously, and mouth noble insults —he did not stoop to less than that. He would call him " rascal," " wild beast," " immoral." And if such words were ntended to restore to the boy's mind a sense of justice, it must ›e confessed that they failed in their object; for childish logic eaped to this conclusion: " If a great man like that had no norality, morality is not a great thing, and what matters most s to be a great man." But the old man was far from suspecting he thoughts which were running along by his side.

They would both be silent, pondering, each after his own ashion, these admirable stories—except when the old man used o meet one of his noble patrons taking a walk. Then he would top, and bow very low, and breathe lavishly the formulæ of obsequious politeness. The child used to blush for it without knowing why. But his grandfather at heart had a vast respect for established power and persons who had " arrived "; nd possibly his great love for the heroes of whom he told vas only because he saw in them persons who had arrived at ı point higher than the others.

When it was very hot, old Krafft used to sit under a tree, nd was not long in dozing off. Then Jean-Christophe used o sit near him on a heap of loose stones or a milestone, or ome high seat, uncomfortable and peculiar; and he used to vag his little legs, and hum to himself, and dream. Or sometimes he used to lie on his back and watch the clouds go by; hey looked like oxen, and giants, and hats, and old ladies, nd immense landscapes. He used to talk to them in a low oice, or be absorbed in a little cloud which a great one was n the point of devouring. He was afraid of those which vere very black, almost blue, and of those which went very ast. It seemed to him that they played an enormous part in ife, and he was surprised that neither his grandfather nor is mother paid any attention to them. They were terrible eings if they wished to do harm. Fortunately, they used to o by, kindly enough, a little grotesque, and they did not stop. The boy used in the end to turn giddy with watching them oo long, and he used to fidget with his legs and arms, as hough he were on the point of falling from the sky. His yelids then would wink, and sleep would overcome him. Si-

lence. . . . The leaves murmur gently and tremble in the sun; a faint mist passes through the air; the uncertain flies hover, booming like an organ; the grasshoppers, drunk with the summer, chirp eagerly and hurriedly; all is silent. . . . Under the vault of the trees the cry of the green woodpecker has magic sounds. Far away on the plain a peasant's voice harangues his oxen; the shoes of a horse ring out on the white road. Jean-Christophe's eyes close. Near him an ant passes along a dead branch across a furrow. He loses consciousness. . . . Ages have passed. He wakes. The ant has not yet crossed the twig.

Sometimes the old man would sleep too long, and his face would grow rigid, and his long nose would grow longer, and his mouth stand open. Jean-Christophe used then to look at him uneasily, and in fear of seeing his head change gradually into some fantastic shape. He used to sing loudly, so as to wake him up, or tumble down noisily from his heap of stones. One day it occurred to him to throw a handful of pine-needles in his grandfather's face, and tell him that they had fallen from the tree. The old man believed him, and that made Jean-Christophe laugh. But, unfortunately, he tried the trick again, and just when he had raised his hand he saw his grandfather's eyes watching him. It was a terrible affair. The old man was solemn, and allowed no liberty to be taken with the respect due to himself. They were estranged for more than a week.

The worse the road was, the more beautiful it was to Jean-Christophe. Every stone had a meaning for him; he knew them all. The shape of a rut seemed to him to be a geographical accident almost of the same kind as the great mass of the Taunus. In his head he had the map of all the ditches and hillocks of the region extending two kilometers round about the house, and when he made any change in the fixed ordering of the furrows, he thought himself no less important than an engineer with a gang of navvies; and when with his heel he crushed the dried top of a clod of earth, and filled up the valley at the foot of it, it seemed to him that his day had not been wasted.

Sometimes they would meet a peasant in his cart on the highroad, and if the peasant knew Jean-Christophe's grand-

ather they would climb up by his side. That was a Paradise n earth. The horse went fast, and Jean-Christophe laughed ith delight, except when they passed other people walking; hen he would look serious and indifferent, like a person accus- omed to drive in a carriage, but his heart was filled with pride. His grandfather and the man would talk without bothering bout him. Hidden and crushed by their legs, hardly sitting, ometimes not sitting at all, he was perfectly happy. He talked loud, without troubling about any answer to what he said. He watched the horse's ears moving. What strange creatures ose ears were! They moved in every direction—to right and ft; they hitched forward, and fell to one side, and turned ackwards in such a ridiculous way that he burst out laughing. He would pinch his grandfather to make him look at them; ut his grandfather was not interested in them. He would epulse Jean-Christophe, and tell him to be quiet. Jean-Chris- ophe would ponder. He thought that when people grow up ey are not surprised by anything, and that when they are rong they know everything; and he would try to be grown p himself, and to hide his curiosity, and appear to be in- ifferent.

He was silent then. The rolling of the carriage made him rowsy. The horse's little bells danced—ding, ding; dong, ding. Music awoke in the air, and hovered about the silvery bells, ke a swarm of bees. It beat gaily with the rhythm of the rt—an endless source of song, and one song came on another's eels. To Jean-Christophe they were superb. There was one pecially which he thought so beautiful that he tried to draw is grandfather's attention to it. He sang it aloud. They ok no heed of him. He began it again in a higher key, en again shrilly, and then old Jean Michel said irritably: Be quiet; you are deafening me with your trumpet-call!" hat took away his breath. He blushed and was silent and ortified. He crushed with his contempt the two stockish mbeciles who did not understand the sublimity of his song, hich opened wide the heavens! He thought them very ugly, ith their week-old beards, and they smelled very ill.

He found consolation in watching the horse's shadow. That as an astonishing sight. The beast ran along with them

lying on its side. In the evening, when they returned, it covered a part of the field. They came upon a rick, and the shadow's head would rise up and then return to its place when they had passed. Its snout was flattened out like a burst balloon; its ears were large, and pointed like candles. Was it really a shadow or a creature? Jean-Christophe would not have liked to encounter it alone. He would not have run after it as he did after his grandfather's shadow, so as to walk on its head and trample it under foot. The shadows of the trees when the sun was low were also objects of meditation. They made barriers along the road, and looked like phantoms melancholy and grotesque, saying, "Go no farther!" and the creaking axles and the horse's shoes repeated, "No farther!"

Jean-Christophe's grandfather and the driver never ceased their endless chatter. Sometimes they would raise their voices especially when they talked of local affairs or things going wrong. The child would cease to dream, and look at them uneasily. It seemed to him that they were angry with each other, and he was afraid that they would come to blows. However, on the contrary, they best understood each other in their common dislikes. For the most part, they were without hatred or the least passion; they talked of small matters loudly, just for the pleasure of talking, as is the joy of the people. But Jean-Christophe not understanding their conversation, only heard the loud tones of their voices and saw their agitated faces, and thought fearfully: "How wicked he looks! Surely they hate each other. How he rolls his eyes, and how wide he opens his mouth! He spat on my nose in his fury. O Lord, he will kill my grandfather! . . ."

The carriage stopped. The peasant said: "Here you are." The two deadly enemies shook hands. Jean-Christophe's grandfather got down first; the peasant handed him the little boy. The whip flicked the horse, the carriage rolled away, and then they were by the little sunken road near the Rhine. The sun dipped down below the fields. The path wound almost to the water's edge. The plentiful soft grass yielded under their feet crackling. Alder-trees leaned over the river, almost half in the water. A cloud of gnats danced. A boat passed poiselessly drawn on by the peaceful current, striding along. The wat

cked the branches of the willows with a little noise like
)s. The light was soft and misty, the air fresh, the river
very gray. They reached their home, and the crickets chirped,
id on the threshold smiled his mother's dear face. . . .

Oh, delightful memories, kindly visions, which will hum their
elody in their tuneful flight through life! . . . Journeys in
ter life, great towns and moving seas, dream countries and
ved faces, are not so exactly graven in the soul as these childish
alks, or the corner of the garden seen every day through the
ndow, through the steam and mist made by the child's mouth
ued to it for want of other occupation. . . .

Evening now, and the house is shut up. Home . . . the
fuge from all terrifying things—darkness, night, fear, things
known. No enemy can pass the threshold. . . . The fire
res. A golden duck turns slowly on the spit; a delicious
ell of fat and of crisping flesh scents the room. The joy
eating, incomparable delight, a religious enthusiasm, thrills
joy! The body is too languid with the soft warmth, and
e fatigues of the day, and the familiar voices. The act of
gestion plunges it in ecstasy, and faces, shadows, the lamp-
ade, the tongues of flame dancing with a shower of stars
the fireplace—all take on a magical appearance of delight.
an-Christophe lays his cheek on his plate, the better to enjoy
l this happiness. . . .

He is in his soft bed. How did he come there? He is
ercome with weariness. The buzzing of the voices in the
om and the visions of the day are intermingled in his mind.
is father takes his violin; the shrill sweet sounds cry out
mplaining in the night. But the crowning joy is when his
other comes and takes Jean-Christophe's hands. He is drowsy,
id, leaning over him, in a low voice she sings, as he asks, an
d song with words that have no meaning. His father thinks
ch music stupid, but Jean-Christophe never wearies of it.
e holds his breath, and is between laughing and crying. His
art is intoxicated. He does not know where he is, and he is
erflowing with tenderness. He throws his little arms round
s mother's neck, and hugs her with all his strength. She
ys, laughing:

"You want to strangle me?"

He hugs her close. How he loves her! How he loves everything! Everybody, everything! All is good, all is beautiful. . . . He sleeps. The cricket on the hearth cheeps. His grandfather's tales, the great heroes, float by in the happy night. . . . To be a hero like them! . . . Yes, he will be that . . . he is that. . . . Ah, how good it is to live!

What an abundance of strength, joy, pride, is in that little creature! What superfluous energy! His body and mind never cease to move; they are carried round and round breathlessly. Like a little salamander, he dances day and night in the flames. His is an unwearying enthusiasm finding its food in all things. A delicious dream, a bubbling well, a treasure of inexhaustible hope, a laugh, a song, unending drunkenness. Life does not hold him yet; always he escapes it. He swims in the infinite. How happy he is! He is made to be happy! There is nothing in him that does not believe in happiness, and does not cling to it with all his little strength and passion! . . .

Life will soon see to it that he is brought to reason.

II

L' alba vinceva l'ora mattutina
Che fuggìa 'nnanzi, sì che di lontano
Conobbi il tremolar della marina. . . .
Purgatorio, i.

The Kraffts came originally from Antwerp. Old Jean Michel had left the country as a result of a boyish freak, a violent quarrel, such as he had often had, for he was devilish pugnacious, and it had had an unfortunate ending. He settled down, almost fifty years ago, in the little town of the principality, with its red-pointed roofs and shady gardens, lying on the slope of a gentle hill, mirrored in the pale green eye of *Vater Rhein*. An excellent musician, he had readily gained appreciation in a country of musicians. He had taken root there by marrying, forty years ago, Clara Sartorius, daughter of the Prince's *Kapellmeister*, whose duties he took over. Clara was a placid German with two passions—cooking and musi-

he had for her husband a veneration only equaled by that hich she had for her father. Jean Michel no less admired s wife. They had lived together in perfect amity for fifteen ars, and they had four children. Then Clara died, and Jean ichel bemoaned her loss, and then, five months later, married ttilia Schütz, a girl of twenty, with red cheeks, robust and niling. After eight years of marriage she also died, but in at time she gave him seven children—eleven children in all, whom only one had survived. Although he loved them much, l these bereavements had not shaken his good-humor. The eatest blow had been the death of Ottilia, three years ago, hich had come to him at an age when it is difficult to start fe again and to make a new home. But after a moment's nfusion old Jean Michel regained his equilibrium, which misfortune seemed able to disturb.

He was an affectionate man, but health was the strongest ing in him. He had a physical repugnance from sadness, and need of gaiety, great gaiety, Flemish fashion—an enormous d childish laugh. Whatever might be his grief, he did not ink one drop the less, nor miss one bite at table, and his nd never had one day off. Under his direction the Court chestra won a small celebrity in the Rhine country, where an Michel had become legendary by reason of his athletic ature and his outbursts of anger. He could not master them, spite of all his efforts, for the violent man was at bottom mid and afraid of compromising himself. He loved decorum d feared opinion. But his blood ran away with him. He ed to see red, and he used to be the victim of sudden fits of azy impatience, not only at rehearsals, but at the concerts, here once in the Prince's presence he had hurled his bâton and d stamped about like a man possessed, as he apostrophized e of the musicians in a furious and stuttering voice. The rince was amused, but the artists in question were rancorous gainst him. In vain did Jean Michel, ashamed of his outurst, try to pass it by immediately in exaggerated obsequiousess. On the next occasion he would break out again, and as is extreme irritability increased with age, in the end it made s position very difficult. He felt it himself, and one day, hen his outbursts had all but caused the whole orchestra to

strike, he sent in his resignation. He hoped that in consideration of his services they would make difficulties about accepting it, and would ask him to stay. There was nothing of the kind, and as he was too proud to go back on his offer, he left, broken-hearted, and crying out upon the ingratitude of mankind.

Since that time he had not known how to fill his days. He was more than seventy, but he was still vigorous, and he went on working and going up and down the town from morning to night, giving lessons, and entering into discussions, pronouncing perorations, and entering into everything. He was ingenious, and found all sorts of ways of keeping himself occupied. He began to repair musical instruments; he invented, experimented, and sometimes discovered improvements. He composed also, and set store by his compositions. He had once written a *Missa Solennis,* of which he used often to talk; and it was the glory of his family. It had cost him so much trouble that he had all but brought about a congestion of the mind in the writing of it. He tried to persuade himself that it was a work of genius, but he knew perfectly well with what emptiness of thought it had been written, and he dared not look again at the manuscript, because every time he did so he recognized in the phrases that he had thought to be his own, rags taken from other authors, painfully pieced together haphazard. It was a great sorrow to him. He had ideas sometimes which he thought admirable. He would run tremblingly to his table. Could he keep his inspiration this time? But hardly had he taken pen in hand than he found himself alone in silence, and all his efforts to call to life again the vanished voices ended only in bringing to his ears familiar melodies of Mendelssohn or Brahms.

"There are," says George Sand, "unhappy geniuses who lack the power of expression, and carry down to their graves the unknown region of their thoughts, as has said a member of that great family of illustrious mutes or stammerers—Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire." Old Jean Michel belonged to that family. He was no more successful in expressing himself in music than in words, and he always deceived himself. He would so much have loved to talk, to write, to be a great musician, an eloquent orator! It was his secret sore. He told

o one of it, did not admit it to himself, tried not to think of ; but he did think of it, in spite of himself, and so there as the seed of death in his soul.

Poor old man! In nothing did he succeed in being absolutely imself. There were in him so many seeds of beauty and ower, but they never put forth fruit; a profound and touching ith in the dignity of Art and the moral value of life, but was nearly always translated in an emphatic and ridiculous shion; so much noble pride, and in life an almost servile lmiration of his superiors; so lofty a desire for independence, nd, in fact, absolute docility; pretensions to strength of mind, nd every conceivable superstition; a passion for heroism, real ourage, and so much timidity!—a nature to stop by the way- de.

Jean Michel had transferred all his ambitions to his son, nd at first Melchior had promised to realize them. From ildhood he had shown great musical gifts. He learned with xtraordinary facility, and quickly acquired as a violinist a irtuosity which for a long time made him the favorite, almost ne idol, of the Court concerts. He played the piano and other nstruments pleasantly. He was a fine talker, well, though a ttle heavily, built, and was of the type which passes in Ger- any for classic beauty; he had a large brow that expressed othing, large regular features, and a curled beard—a Jupiter f the banks of the Rhine. Old Jean Michel enjoyed his son's uccess; he was ecstatic over the virtuoso's *tours de force,* he ho had never been able properly to play any instrument. In ruth, Melchior would have had no difficulty in expressing what e thought. The trouble was that he did not think; and he id not even bother about it. He had the soul of a mediocre omedian who takes pains with the inflexions of his voice ithout caring about what they express, and, with anxious anity, watches their effect on his audience.

The odd thing was that, in spite of his constant anxiety bout his stage pose, there was in him, as in Jean Michel, in pite of his timid respect for social conventions, a curious, regular, unexpected and chaotic quality, which made people ay that the Kraffts were a bit crazy. It did not harm him

at first; it seemed as though these very eccentricities were the proof of the genius attributed to him; for it is understood among people of common sense that an artist has none. But it was not long before his extravagances were traced to their source—usually the bottle. Nietzsche says that Bacchus is the God of Music, and Melchior's instinct was of the same opinion; but in his case his god was very ungrateful to him; far from giving him the ideas he lacked, he took away from him the few that he had. After his absurd marriage—absurd in the eyes of the world, and therefore also in his own—he gave himself up to it more and more. He neglected his playing—so secure in his own superiority that very soon he lost it. Other *virtuosi* came to succeed him in public favor. That was bitter to him, but instead of rousing his energy, these rebuffs only discouraged him. He avenged himself by crying down his rivals with his pot-fellows. In his absurd conceit he counted on succeeding his father as musical director: another man was appointed. He thought himself persecuted, and took on the airs of a misunderstood genius. Thanks to the esteem in which old Krafft was held, he kept his place as a violin in the orchestra, but gradually he lost all his lessons in the town. And if this blow struck most at his vanity, it touched his purse even more. For several years the resources of his household had grown less and less, following on various reverses of fortune. After having known plenty, want came, and every day increased. Melchior refused to take notice of it; he did not spend one penny the less on his toilet or his pleasures.

He was not a bad man, but a half-good man, which is perhaps worse—weak, without spring, without moral strength, but for the rest, in his own opinion, a good father, a good son, a good husband, a good man—and perhaps he was good, if to be so it is enough to possess an easy kindness, which is quickly touched, and that animal affection by which a man loves his kin as a part of himself. It cannot even be said that he was very egoistic; he had not personality enough for that. He was nothing. They are a terrible thing in life, these people who are nothing. Like a dead weight thrown into the air, they fall, and must fall; and in their fall they drag with them everything that they have.

It was when the situation of his family had reached its most difficult point, that little Jean-Christophe began to understand what was going on about him.

He was no longer the only child. Melchior gave his wife a child every year, without troubling to think what was to become of it later. Two had died young; two others were three and four years old. Melchior never bothered about them. Louisa, when she had to go out, left them with Jean-Christophe, now six years old.

The charge cost Jean-Christophe something, for he had to sacrifice to his duty his splendid afternoons in the fields. But he was proud of being treated as a man, and gravely fulfilled his task. He amused the children as best he could by showing them his games, and he set himself to talk to them as he had heard his mother talking to the baby. Or he would carry them in his arms, one after another, as he had seen her do; he bent under their weight, and clenched his teeth, and with all his strength clutched his little brother to his breast, so as to prevent his falling. The children always wanted to be carried—they were never tired of it; and when Jean-Christophe could do no more, they wept without ceasing. They made him very unhappy, and he was often troubled about them. They were very dirty, and needed maternal attentions. Jean-Christophe did not know what to do. They took advantage of him. Sometimes he wanted to slap them, but he thought, "They are little; they do not know," and, magnanimously, he let them pinch him, and beat him, and tease him. Ernest used to howl for nothing; he used to stamp his feet and roll about in a passion; he was a nervous child, and Louisa had bidden Jean-Christophe not to oppose his whims. As for Rodolphe, he was as malicious as a monkey; he always took advantage of Jean-Christophe having Ernest in his arms, to play all sorts of silly pranks behind his back; he used to break toys, spill water, dirty his frock, and knock the plates over as he rummaged in the cupboard.

And when Louisa returned, instead of praising Jean-Christophe, she used to say to him, without scolding him, but with an injured air, as she saw the havoc: "My poor child, you are not very clever!"

Jean-Christophe would be mortified, and his heart would grow big within him.

Louisa, who let no opportunity escape of earning a little money, used to go out as cook for exceptional occasions, such as marriages or baptismal feasts. Melchior pretended to know nothing about it—it touched his vanity—but he was not annoyed with her for doing it, so long as he did not know. Jean-Christophe had as yet no idea of the difficulties of life; he knew no other limit to his will than the will of his parents, and that did not stand much in his way, for they let him do pretty much as he pleased. His one idea was to grow up, so as to be able to do as he liked. He had no conception of obstacles standing in the way at every turn, and he had never the least idea but that his parents were completely their own masters. It was a shock to his whole being when, for the first time, he perceived that among men there are those who command, and those who are commanded, and that his own people were not of the first class; it was the first crisis of his life.

It happened one afternoon. His mother had dressed him in his cleanest clothes, old clothes given to her which Louisa's ingenuity and patience had turned to account. He went to find her, as they had agreed, at the house in which she was working. He was abashed at the idea of entering alone. A footman was swaggering in the porch; he stopped the boy, and asked him patronizingly what he wanted. Jean-Christophe blushed, and murmured that he had come to see "Frau Krafft" —as he had been told to say.

"Frau Krafft? What do you want with Frau Krafft?" asked the footman, ironically emphasizing the word *Frau*. "Your mother? Go down there. You will find Louisa in the kitchen at the end of the passage."

He went, growing redder and redder. He was ashamed to hear his mother called familiarly *Louisa*. He was humiliated; he would have liked to run away down to his dear river, and the shelter of the brushwood where he used to tell himself stories.

In the kitchen he came upon a number of other servants,

who greeted him with noisy exclamations. At the back, near the stove, his mother smiled at him with tender embarrassment. He ran to her, and clung to her skirts. She was wearing a white apron, and holding a wooden spoon. She made him more unhappy by trying to raise his chin so as to look in his face, and to make him hold out his hand to everybody there and say good-day to them. He would not; he turned to the wall and hid his face in his arms. Then gradually he gained courage, and peeped out of his hiding-place with merry bright eyes, which hid again every time any one looked at him. He stole looks at the people there. His mother looked busy and important, and he did not know her like that; she went from one saucepan to another, tasting, giving advice, in a sure voice explaining recipes, and the cook of the house listened respectfully. The boy's heart swelled with pride as he saw how much his mother was appreciated, and the great part that she played in this splendid room, adorned with magnificent objects of gold and silver.

Suddenly conversation ceased. The door opened. A lady entered with a rustling of the stuffs she was wearing. She cast a suspicious look about her. She was no longer young, and yet she was wearing a light dress with wide sleeves. She caught up her dress in her hand, so as not to brush against anything. It did not prevent her going to the stove and looking at the dishes, and even tasting them. When she raised her hand a little, her sleeve fell back, and her arm was bare to the elbow. Jean-Christophe thought this ugly and improper. How dryly and abruptly she spoke to Louisa! And how humbly Louisa replied! Jean-Christophe hated it. He hid away in his corner, so as not to be observed, but it was no use. The lady asked who the little boy might be. Louisa fetched him and presented him; she held his hands to prevent his hiding his face. And, though he wanted to break away and flee, Jean-Christophe felt instinctively that this time he must not resist. The lady looked at the boy's scared face, and at first she gave him a kindly, motherly smile. But then she resumed her patronizing air, and asked him about his behavior, and his piety, and put questions to him, to which he did not reply. She looked to see how his clothes fitted him, and Louisa eagerly

declared that they were magnificent. She pulled down his waistcoat to remove the creases. Jean-Christophe wanted to cry, it fitted so tightly. He did not understand why his mother was giving thanks.

The lady took him by the hand and said that she would take him to her own children. Jean-Christophe cast a look of despair at his mother; but she smiled at the mistress so eagerly that he saw that there was nothing to hope for from her, and he followed his guide like a sheep that is led to the slaughter.

They came to a garden, where two cross-looking children, a boy and a girl, about the same age as Jean-Christophe, were apparently sulky with each other. Jean-Christophe's advent created a diversion. They came up to examine the new arrival. Jean-Christophe, left with the children by the lady, stood stock-still in a pathway, not daring to raise his eyes. The two others stood motionless a short distance away, and looked him up and down, nudged each other, and tittered. Finally, they made up their minds. They asked him who he was, whence he came, and what his father did. Jean-Christophe, turned to stone, made no reply; he was terrified almost to the point of tears, especially of the little girl, who had fair hair in plaits, a short skirt, and bare legs.

They began to play. Just as Jean-Christophe was beginning to be a little happier, the little boy stopped dead in front of him, and touching his coat, said:

"Hullo! That's mine!"

Jean-Christophe did not understand. Furious at this assertion that his coat belonged to some one else, he shook his head violently in denial.

"I know it all right," said the boy. "It's my old blue waistcoat. There's a spot on it."

And he put his finger on the spot. Then, going on with his inspection, he examined Jean-Christophe's feet, and asked what his mended-up shoes were made of. Jean-Christophe grew crimson. The little girl pouted and whispered to her brother—Jean-Christophe heard it—that it was a little poor boy. Jean-Christophe resented the word. He thought he would succeed in combating the insulting opinions, as he stammered in a

choking voice that he was the son of Melchior Krafft, and that his mother was Louisa the cook. It seemed to him that this title was as good as any other, and he was right. But the two children, interested in the news, did not seem to esteem him any the more for it. On the contrary, they took on a patronizing tone. They asked him what he was going to be—a cook or a coachman. Jean-Christophe revolted. He felt an iciness steal into his heart.

Encouraged by his silence, the two rich children, who had conceived for the little poor boy one of those cruel and unreasoning antipathies which children have, tried various amusing ways of tormenting him. The little girl especially was implacable. She observed that Jean-Christophe could hardly run, because his clothes were so tight, and she conceived the subtle idea of making him jump. They made an obstacle of little seats, and insisted on Jean-Christophe clearing it. The wretched child dared not say what it was that prevented his jumping. He gathered himself together, hurled himself through the air, and measured his length on the ground. They roared with laughter at him. He had to try again. Tears in his eyes, he made a desperate attempt, and this time succeeded in jumping. That did not satisfy his tormentors, who decided that the obstacle was not high enough, and they built it up until it became a regular break-neck affair. Jean-Christophe tried to rebel, and declared that he would not jump. Then the little girl called him a coward, and said that he was afraid. Jean-Christophe could not stand that, and, knowing that he must fall, he jumped, and fell. His feet caught in the obstacle; the whole thing toppled over with him. He grazed his hands and almost broke his head, and, as a crowning misfortune, his trousers tore at the knees and elsewhere. He was sick with shame; he heard the two children dancing with delight round him; he suffered horribly. He felt that they despised and hated him. Why? Why? He would gladly have died! There is no more cruel suffering than that of a child who discovers for the first time the wickedness of others; he believes then that he is persecuted by the whole world, and there is nothing to support him; there is nothing then—nothing! . . . Jean-Christophe tried to get up; the little boy pushed him down again;

the little girl kicked him. He tried again, and they both jumped on him, and sat on his back and pressed his face down into the ground. Then rage seized him—it was too much. His hands were bruised, his fine coat was torn—a catastrophe for him!—shame, pain, revolt against the injustice of it, so many misfortunes all at once, plunged him in blind fury. He rose to his hands and knees, shook himself like a dog, and rolled his tormentors over; and when they returned to the assault he butted at them, head down, bowled over the little girl, and, with one blow of his fist, knocked the boy into the middle of a flower-bed.

They howled. The children ran into the house with piercing cries. Doors slammed, and cries of anger were heard. The lady ran out as quickly as her long dress would let her. Jean-Christophe saw her coming, and made no attempt to escape. He was terrified at what he had done; it was a thing unheard of, a crime; but he regretted nothing. He waited. He was lost. So much the better! He was reduced to despair.

The lady pounced on him. He felt her beat him. He heard her talking in a furious voice, a flood of words; but he could distinguish nothing. His little enemies had come back to see his shame, and screamed shrilly. There were servants—a babel of voices. To complete his downfall, Louisa, who had been summoned, appeared, and, instead of defending him, she began to scold him—she, too, without knowing anything—and bade him beg pardon. He refused angrily. She shook him, and dragged him by the hand to the lady and the children, and bade him go on his knees. But he stamped and roared, and bit his mother's hand. Finally, he escaped among the servants, who laughed.

He went away, his heart beating furiously, his face burning with anger and the slaps which he had received. He tried not to think, and he hurried along because he did not want to cry in the street. He wanted to be at home, so as to be able to find the comfort of tears. He choked; the blood beat in his head; he was at bursting-point.

Finally, he arrived; he ran up the old black staircase to his usual nook in the bay of a window above the river; he hurled himself into it breathlessly, and then there came a flood

of tears. He did not know exactly why he was crying, but he had to cry; and when the first flood of them was done, he wept again because he wanted, with a sort of rage, to make himself suffer, as if he could in this way punish the others as well as himself. Then he thought that his father must be coming home, and that his mother would tell him everything, and that his own miseries were by no means at an end. He resolved on flight, no matter whither, never to return.

Just as he was going downstairs, he bumped into his father, who was coming up.

"What are you doing, boy? Where are you going?" asked Melchior.

He did not reply.

"You are up to some folly. What have you done?"

Jean-Christophe held his peace.

"What have you done?" repeated Melchior. "Will you answer?"

The boy began to cry and Melchior to shout, vying with each other until they heard Louisa hurriedly coming up the stairs. She arrived, still upset. She began with violent reproach and further chastisement, in which Melchior joined as soon as he understood—and probably before—with blows that would have felled an ox. Both shouted; the boy roared. They ended by angry argument. All the time that he was beating his son, Melchior maintained that he was right, and that this was the sort of thing that one came by, by going out to service with people who thought they could do everything because they had money; and as she beat the child, Louisa shouted that her husband was a brute, that she would never let him touch the boy, and that he had really hurt him. Jean-Christophe was, in fact, bleeding a little from the nose, but he hardly gave a thought to it, and he was not in the least thankful to his mother for stopping it with a wet cloth, since she went on scolding him. In the end they pushed him away in a dark closet, and shut him up without any supper.

He heard them shouting at each other, and he did not know which of them he detested most. He thought it must be his mother, for he had never expected any such wickedness from her. All the misfortunes of the day overwhelmed him: all that

he had suffered—the injustice of the children, the injustice of the lady, the injustice of his parents, and—this he felt like an open wound, without quite knowing why—the degradation of his parents, of whom he was so proud, before these evil and contemptible people. Such cowardice, of which for the first time he had become vaguely conscious, seemed ignoble to him. Everything was upset for him—his admiration for his own people, the religious respect with which they inspired him, his confidence in life, the simple need that he had of loving others and of being loved, his moral faith, blind but absolute. It was a complete cataclysm. He was crushed by brute force, without any means of defending himself or of ever again escaping. He choked. He thought himself on the point of death. All his body stiffened in desperate revolt. He beat with fists, feet, head, against the wall, howled, was seized with convulsions, and fell to the floor, hurting himself against the furniture.

His parents, running up, took him in their arms. They vied with each other now as to who should be the more tender with him. His mother undressed him, carried him to his bed and sat by him and remained with him until he was calmer. But he did not yield one inch. He forgave her nothing, and pretended to be asleep to get rid of her. His mother seemed to him bad and cowardly. He had no suspicion of all the suffering that she had to go through in order to live and give a living to her family, and of what she had borne in taking sides against him.

After he had exhausted to the last drop the incredible store of tears that is in the eyes of a child, he felt somewhat comforted. He was tired and worn out, but his nerves were too much on stretch for him to sleep. The visions that had been with him floated before him again in his semi-torpor. Especially he saw again the little girl with her bright eyes and her turned-up, disdainful little nose, her hair hanging down to her shoulders, her bare legs and her childish, affected way of talking. He trembled, as it seemed to him that he could hear her voice. He remembered how stupid he had been with her, and he conceived a savage hatred for her. He did not pardon her for having brought him low, and was consumed with the desire to humiliate her and to make her weep. He sought means of

loing this, but found none. There was no sign of her ever aring about him. But by way of consoling himself he supposed that everything was as he wished it to be. He supposed hat he had become very powerful and famous, and decided hat she was in love with him. Then he began to tell himself ne of those absurd stories which in the end he would regard s more real than reality.

She was dying of love, but he spurned her. When he passed efore her house she watched him pass, hiding behind the urtains, and he knew that she watched him, but he pretended o take no notice, and talked gaily. Even he left the country, nd journeyed far to add to her anguish. He did great things. Here he introduced into his narrative fragments chosen from is grandfather's heroic tales, and all this time she was falling l of grief. Her mother, that proud dame, came to beg of im: "My poor child is dying. I beg you to come!" He went. he was in her bed. Her face was pale and sunken. She eld out her arms to him. She could not speak, but she took is hands and kissed them as she wept. Then he looked at er with marvelous kindness and tenderness. He bade her cover, and consented to let her love him. At this point of he story, when he amused himself by drawing out the coming gether by repeating their gestures and words several times, leep overcame him, and he slept and was consoled.

But when he opened his eyes it was day, and it no longer one so lightly or so carelessly as its predecessor. There was great change in the world. Jean-Christophe now knew the eaning of injustice.

There were now times of extremely straitened circumstances home. They became more and more frequent. They lived eagerly then. No one was more sensible of it than Jean-hristophe. His father saw nothing. He was served first, nd there was always enough for him. He talked noisily, and ared with laughter at his own jokes, and he never noticed s wife's glances as she gave a forced laugh, while she watched im helping himself. When he passed the dish it was more an half empty. Louisa helped the children—two potatoes ch. When it came to Jean-Christophe's turn there were

sometimes only three left, and his mother was not helped. He knew that beforehand; he had counted them before they came to him. Then he summoned up courage, and said carelessly:

"Only one, mother."

She was a little put out.

"Two, like the others."

"No, please; only one."

"Aren't you hungry?"

"No, I'm not very hungry."

But she, too, only took one, and they peeled them carefully, cut them up in little pieces, and tried to eat them as slowly as possible. His mother watched him. When he had finished:

"Come, take it!"

"No, mother."

"But you are ill?"

"I am not ill, but I have eaten enough."

Then his father would reproach him with being obstinate, and take the last potato for himself. But Jean-Christophe learned that trick, and he used to keep it on his plate for Ernest, his little brother, who was always hungry, and watched him out of the corner of his eyes from the beginning of dinner, and ended by asking:

"Aren't you going to eat it? Give it me, then, Jean-Christophe."

Oh, how Jean-Christophe detested his father, how he hated him for not thinking of them, or for not even dreaming that he was eating their share! He was so hungry that he hated him, and would gladly have told him so; but he thought in his pride that he had no right, since he could not earn his own living. His father had earned the bread that he took. He himself was good for nothing; he was a burden on everybody; he had no right to talk. Later on he would talk—if there were any later on. Oh, he would die of hunger first! . . .

He suffered more than another child would have done from these cruel fasts. His robust stomach was in agony. Sometimes he trembled because of it; his head ached. There was a hole in his chest—a hole which turned and widened, as if

imlet were being twisted in it. But he did not complain. He lt his mother's eyes upon him, and assumed an expression of ndifference. Louisa, with a clutching at her heart, understood nguely that her little boy was denying himself so that the thers might have more. She rejected the idea, but always turned to it. She dared not investigate it or ask Jean-Chrisphe if it were true, for, if it were true, what could she o? She had been used to privation since her childhood. What is the use of complaining when there is nothing to be one? She never suspected, indeed—she, with her frail health nd small needs—that the boy might suffer more than herself. he did not say anything, but once or twice, when the others ere gone, the children to the street, Melchior about his busiess, she asked her eldest son to stay to do her some small rvice. Jean-Christophe would hold her skein while she unound it. Suddenly she would throw everything away, and raw him passionately to her. She would take him on her nees, although he was quite heavy, and would hug and hug m. He would fling his arms round her neck, and the two them would weep desperately, embracing each other.

"My poor little boy! . . ."

"Mother, mother! . . ."

They said no more, but they understood each other.

It was some time before Jean-Christophe realized that his ther drank. Melchior's intemperance did not—at least, in e beginning—exceed tolerable limits. It was not brutish. It owed itself rather by wild outbursts of happiness. He used make foolish remarks, and sing loudly for hours together as drummed on the table, and sometimes he insisted on dancing th Louisa and the children. Jean-Christophe saw that his other looked sad. She would shrink back and bend her face er her work; she avoided the drunkard's eyes, and used to try ntly to quiet him when he said coarse things that made her ush. But Jean-Christophe did not understand, and he was such need of gaiety that these noisy home-comings of his ther were almost a festival to him. The house was melanoly, and these follies were a relaxation for him. He used laugh heartily at Melchior's crazy antics and stupid jokes;

he sang and danced with him; and he was put out when his mother in an angry voice ordered him to cease. How could it be wrong, since his father did it? Although his ever keen observation, which never forgot anything it had seen, told him that there were in his father's behavior several things which did not accord with his childish and imperious sense of justice, yet he continued to admire him. A child has so much need of an object of admiration! Doubtless it is one of the eternal forms of self-love. When a man is, or knows himself to be, too weak to accomplish his desires and satisfy his pride, as a child he transfers them to his parents, or, as a man who has failed, he transfers them to his children. They are, or shall be, all that he dreamed of being—his champions, his avengers—and in this proud abdication in their favor, love and egoism are mingled so forcefully and yet so gently as to bring him keen delight. Jean-Christophe forgot all his grudges against his father, and cast about to find reasons for admiring him. He admired his figure, his strong arms, his voice, his laugh, his gaiety, and he shone with pride when he heard praise of his father's talents as a virtuoso, or when Melchior himself recited with some amplification the eulogies he had received. He believed in his father's boasts, and looked upon him as a genius, as one of his grandfather's heroes.

One evening about seven o'clock he was alone in the house. His little brothers had gone out with Jean Michel. Louisa was washing the linen in the river. The door opened, and Melchior plunged in. He was hatless and disheveled. He cut a sort of caper to cross the threshold, and then plumped down in a chair by the table. Jean-Christophe began to laugh, thinking it was a part of one of the usual buffooneries, and he approached him. But as soon as he looked more closely at him the desire to laugh left him. Melchior sat there with his arms hanging, and looking straight in front of him, seeing nothing, with his eyes blinking. His face was crimson, his mouth was open, and from it there gurgled every now and then a silly laugh. Jean-Christophe stood stock-still. He thought at first that his father was joking, but when he saw that he did not budge he was panic-stricken.

"Papa, papa!" he cried.

Melchior went on gobbling like a fowl. Jean-Christophe ook him by the arm in despair, and shook him with all his trength.

"Papa, dear papa, answer me, please, please!"

Melchior's body shook like a boneless thing, and all but fell. His head flopped towards Jean-Christophe; he looked at him nd babbled incoherently and irritably. When Jean-Christophe's eyes met those clouded eyes he was seized with panic error. He ran away to the other end of the room, and threw imself on his knees by the bed, and buried his face in the lothes. He remained so for some time. Melchior swung eavily on the chair, sniggering. Jean-Christophe stopped his ars, so as not to hear him, and trembled. What was happening within him was inexpressible. It was a terrible upheaval—error, sorrow, as though for some one dead, some one dear and onored.

No one came; they were left alone. Night fell, and Jean-Christophe's fear grew as the minutes passed. He could not elp listening, and his blood froze as he heard the voice that e did not recognize. The silence made it all the more terrifying; the limping clock beat time for the senseless babbling. He could bear it no longer; he wished to fly. But he had o pass his father to get out, and Jean-Christophe shuddered t the idea of seeing those eyes again; it seemed to him that e must die if he did. He tried to creep on hands and nees to the door of the room. He could not breathe; he ould not look; he stopped at the least movement from Melhior, whose feet he could see under the table. One of the runken man's legs trembled. Jean-Christophe reached the oor. With one trembling hand he pushed the handle, but n his terror he let go. It shut to again. Melchior turned o look. The chair on which he was balanced toppled over; e fell down with a crash. Jean-Christophe in his terror had o strength left for flight. He remained glued to the wall, ooking at his father stretched there at his feet, and he cried or help.

His fall sobered Melchior a little. He cursed and swore, nd thumped on the chair that had played him such a trick. Ie tried vainly to get up, and then did manage to sit up with

his back resting against the table, and he recognized his surroundings. He saw Jean-Christophe crying; he called him. Jean-Christophe wanted to run away; he could not stir. Melchior called him again, and as the child did not come, he swore angrily. Jean-Christophe went near him, trembling in every limb. Melchior drew the boy near him, and made him sit on his knees. He began by pulling his ears, and in a thick, stuttering voice delivered a homily on the respect due from a son to his father. Then he went off suddenly on a new train of thought, and made him jump in his arms while he rattled off silly jokes. He wriggled with laughter. From that he passed immediately to melancholy ideas. He commiserated the boy and himself; he hugged him so that he was like to choke, covered him with kisses and tears, and finally rocked him in his arms, intoning the *De Profundis*. Jean-Christophe made no effort to break loose; he was frozen with horror. Stifled against his father's bosom, feeling his breath hiccoughing and smelling of wine upon his face, wet with his kisses and repulsive tears, he was in an agony of fear and disgust. He would have screamed, but no sound would come from his lips. He remained in this horrible condition for an age, as it seemed to him, until the door opened, and Louisa came in with a basket of linen on her arm. She gave a cry, let the basket fall, rushed at Jean-Christophe, and with a violence which seemed incredible in her she wrenched Melchior's arm, crying:

"Drunken, drunken wretch!"

Her eyes flashed with anger.

Jean-Christophe thought his father was going to kill her. But Melchior was so startled by the threatening appearance of his wife that he made no reply, and began to weep. He rolled on the floor; he beat his head against the furniture and said that she was right, that he was a drunkard, that he brought misery upon his family, and was ruining his poor children, and wished he were dead. Louisa had contemptuously turned her back on him. She carried Jean-Christophe into the next room, and caressed him and tried to comfort him. The boy went on trembling, and did not answer his mother's questions; then he burst out sobbing. Louisa bathed his face with water. She kissed him, and used tender words, and wept with

him. In the end they were both comforted. She knelt, and made him kneel by her side. They prayed to God to cure father of his disgusting habit, and make him the kind, good man that he used to be. Louisa put the child to bed. He wanted her to stay by his bedside and hold his hand. Louisa spent part of the night sitting on Jean-Christophe's bed. He was feverish. The drunken man snored on the floor.

Some time after that, one day at school, when Jean-Christophe was spending his time watching the flies on the ceiling, and thumping his neighbors, to make them fall off the form, the schoolmaster, who had taken a dislike to him, because he was always fidgeting and laughing, and would never learn anything, made an unhappy allusion. Jean-Christophe had fallen down himself, and the schoolmaster said he seemed to be like to follow brilliantly in the footsteps of a certain well-known person. All the boys burst out laughing, and some of them took upon themselves to point the allusion with comment both lucid and vigorous. Jean-Christophe got up, livid with shame, seized his ink-pot, and hurled it with all his strength at the nearest boy whom he saw laughing. The schoolmaster fell on him and beat him. He was thrashed, made to kneel, and set to do an enormous imposition.

He went home, pale and storming, though he said never a word. He declared frigidly that he would not go to school again. They paid no attention to what he said. Next morning, when his mother reminded him that it was time to go, he replied quietly that he had said that he was not going any more. In vain Louisa begged and screamed and threatened; it was no use. He stayed sitting in his corner, obstinate. Melchior thrashed him. He howled, but every time they bade him go after the thrashing was over he replied angrily, "No!" They asked him at least to say why. He clenched his teeth, and would not. Melchior took hold of him, carried him to school, and gave him into the master's charge. They set him on his form, and he began methodically to break everything within reach—his inkstand, his pen. He tore up his copy-book and lesson-book, all quite openly, with his eye on the schoolmaster, provocative. They shut him up in a dark room. A few moments later the schoolmaster found him with his handkerchief

tied round his neck, tugging with all his strength at the two ends of it. He was trying to strangle himself.

They had to send him back.

Jean-Christophe was impervious to sickness. He had inherited from his father and grandfather their robust constitutions. They were not mollycoddles in that family; well or ill, they never worried, and nothing could bring about any change in the habits of the two Kraffts, father and son. They went out winter and summer, in all weathers, and stayed for hours together out in rain or sun, sometimes bareheaded and with their coats open, from carelessness or bravado, and walked for miles without being tired, and they looked with pity and disdain upon poor Louisa, who never said anything, but had to stop. She would go pale, and her legs would swell, and her heart would thump. Jean-Christophe was not far from sharing the scorn of his mother; he did not understand people being ill. When he fell, or knocked himself, or cut himself, or burned himself, he did not cry; but he was angry with the thing that had injured him. His father's brutalities and the roughness of his little playmates, the urchins of the street, with whom he used to fight, hardened him. He was not afraid of blows, and more than once he returned home with bleeding nose and bruised forehead. One day he had to be wrenched away, almost suffocated, from one of these fierce tussles in which he had bowled over his adversary, who was savagely banging his head on the ground. That seemed natural enough to him, for he was prepared to do unto others as they did unto himself.

And yet he was afraid of all sorts of things, and although no one knew it—for he was very proud—nothing brought him so much suffering during a part of his childhood as these same terrors. For two or three years especially they gnawed at him like a disease.

He was afraid of the mysterious something that lurks in darkness—evil powers that seemed to lie in wait for his life the roaring of monsters which fearfully haunt the mind of every child and appear in everything that he sees, the relic perhaps of a form long dead, hallucinations of the first days

ter emerging from chaos, from the fearful slumber in his other's womb, from the awakening of the larva from the epths of matter.

He was afraid of the garret door. It opened on to the stairs, nd was almost always ajar. When he had to pass it he felt s heart beating; he would spring forward and jump by it ithout looking. It seemed to him that there was some one something behind it. When it was closed he heard distinctly mething moving behind it. That was not surprising, for ere were large rats; but he imagined a monster, with rattling nes, and flesh hanging in rags, a horse's head, horrible and rrifying eyes, shapeless. He did not want to think of it, t did so in spite of himself. With trembling hand he would ake sure that the door was locked; but that did not keep him om turning round ten times as he went downstairs.

He was afraid of the night outside. Sometimes he used to ay late with his grandfather, or was sent out in the even- g on some errand. Old Krafft lived a little outside the town the last house on the Cologne road. Between the house and e first lighted windows of the town there was a distance of o or three hundred yards, which seemed three times as long Jean-Christophe. There were places where the road twisted id it was impossible to see anything. The country was serted in the evening, the earth grew black, and the sky s awfully pale. When he came out from the hedges that ned the road, and climbed up the slope, he could still see yellowish gleam on the horizon, but it gave no light, and s more oppressive than the night; it made the darkness ly darker; it was a deathly light. The clouds came down most to earth. The hedges grew enormous and moved. The unt trees were like grotesque old men. The sides of the od were stark white. The darkness moved. There were warfs sitting in the ditches, lights in the grass, fearful flying ings in the air, shrill cries of insects coming from nowhere. an-Christophe was always in anguish, expecting some fear- me or strange putting forth of Nature. He would run, with s heart leaping in his bosom.

When he saw the light in his grandfather's room he would in confidence. But worst of all was when old Krafft was

not at home. That was most terrifying. The old house, lost in the country, frightened the boy even in daylight. He forgot his fears when his grandfather was there, but sometimes the old man would leave him alone, and go out without warning him. Jean-Christophe did not mind that. The room was quiet. Everything in it was familiar and kindly. There was a great white wooden bedstead, by the bedside was a great Bible on a shelf, artificial flowers were on the mantelpiece with photographs of the old man's two wives and eleven children—and at the bottom of each photograph he had written the date of birth and death—on the walls were framed texts and vile chromolithographs of Mozart and Beethoven. A little piano stood in one corner, a great violoncello in another; rows of books higgledy-piggledy, pipes, and in the window pots of geraniums. It was like being surrounded with friends. The old man could be heard moving about in the next room, and planing or hammering, and talking to himself, calling himself an idiot, or singing in a loud voice, improvising a *potpourri* of scraps of chants and sentimental *Lieder,* warlike marches and drinking songs. Here was shelter and refuge. Jean-Christophe would sit in the great armchair by the window, with a book on his knees, bending over the pictures and losing himself in them. The day would die down, his eyes would grow weary, and then he would look no more, and fall into vague dreaming. The wheels of a cart would rumble by along the road, a cow would moo in the fields; the bells of the town, weary and sleepy, would ring the evening Angelus. Vague desires, happy presentiments, would awake in the heart of the dreaming child.

Suddenly Jean-Christophe would awake, filled with dull uneasiness. He would raise his eyes—night! He would listen—silence! His grandfather had just gone out. He shuddered. He leaned out of the window to try to see him. The road was deserted; things began to take on a threatening aspect. O God! If *that* should be coming! What? He could not tell. The fearful thing. The doors were not properly shut. The wooden stairs creaked as under a footstep. The boy leaped up, dragged the armchair, the two chairs and the table, to the most remote corner of the room; he made a barrier of

em; the armchair against the wall, a chair to the right, a air to the left, and the table in front of him. In the middle planted a pair of steps, and, perched on top with his book d other books, like provisions against a siege, he breathed ain, having decided in his childish imagination that the emy could not pass the barrier—that was not to be allowed. But the enemy would creep forth, even from his book. Among e old books which the old man had picked up were some th pictures which made a profound impression on the child: ey attracted and yet terrified him. There were fantastic sions—temptations of St. Anthony—in which skeletons of rds hung in bottles, and thousands of eggs writhe like worms disemboweled frogs, and heads walk on feet, and asses play mpets, and household utensils and corpses of animals walk avely, wrapped in great cloths, bowing like old ladies. Jean-ristophe was horrified by them, but always returned to them, awn on by disgust. He would look at them for a long time, d every now and then look furtively about him to see what s stirring in the folds of the curtains. A picture of a flayed n in an anatomy book was still more horrible to him. He mbled as he turned the page when he came to the place ere it was in the book. This shapeless medley was grimly hed for him. The creative power inherent in every child's nd filled out the meagerness of the setting of them. He w no difference between the daubs and the reality. At night ey had an even more powerful influence over his dreams than e living things that he saw during the day.

He was afraid to sleep. For several years nightmares poisoned s rest. He wandered in cellars, and through the manhole w the grinning flayed man entering. He was alone in a om, and he heard a stealthy footstep in the corridor; he rled himself against the door to close it, and was just in ne to hold the handle; but it was turned from the outside; could not turn the key, his strength left him, and he cried r help. He was with his family, and suddenly their faces anged; they did crazy things. He was reading quietly, and felt that an invisible being was all *round* him. He tried fly, but felt himself bound. He tried to cry out, but he s gagged. A loathsome grip was about his neck. He awoke,

suffocating, and with his teeth chattering; and he went on trembling long after he was awake; he could not be rid of his agony.

The room in which he slept was a hole without door or windows; an old curtain hung up by a curtain-rod over the entrance was all that separated it from the room of his father and mother. The thick air stifled him. His brother, who slept in the same bed, used to kick him. His head burned, and he was a prey to a sort of hallucination in which all the little troubles of the day reappeared infinitely magnified. In this state of nervous tension, bordering on delirium, the least shock was an agony to him. The creaking of a plank terrified him. His father's breathing took on fantastic proportions. It seemed to be no longer a human breathing, and the monstrous sound was horrible to him; it seemed to him that there must be a beast sleeping there. The night crushed him; it would never end; it must always be so; he was lying there for months and months. He gasped for breath; he half raised himself on his bed, sat up, dried his sweating face with his shirt-sleeve. Sometimes he nudged his brother Rodolphe to wake him up; but Rodolphe moaned, drew away from him the rest of the bedclothes, and went on sleeping.

So he stayed in feverish agony until a pale beam of light appeared on the floor below the curtain. This timorous paleness of the distant dawn suddenly brought him peace. He felt the light gliding into the room, when it was still impossible to distinguish it from darkness. Then his fever would die down, his blood would grow calm, like a flooded river returning to its bed; an even warmth would flow through all his body, and his eyes, burning from sleeplessness, would close in spite of himself.

In the evening it was terrible to him to see the approach of the hour of sleep. He vowed that he would not give way to it, to watch the whole night through, fearing his nightmares. But in the end weariness always overcame him, and it was always when he was least on his guard that the monster returned.

Fearful night! So sweet to most children, so terrible to some! . . . He was afraid to sleep. He was afraid of no

eping. Waking or sleeping, he was surrounded by monstrous apes, the phantoms of his own brain, the larvæ floating in e half-day and twilight of childhood, as in the dark chiaros-ro of sickness.

But these fancied terrors were soon to be blotted out in e great Fear—that which is in the hearts of all men; that ar which Wisdom does in vain preen itself on forgetting or hying—Death.

One day when he was rummaging in a cupboard, he came on several things that he did not know—a child's frock and striped bonnet. He took them in triumph to his mother, o, instead of smiling at him, looked vexed, and bade him e them back to the place where he had found them. When hesitated to obey, and asked her why, she snatched them m him without reply, and put them on a shelf where he ld not reach them. Roused to curiosity, he plied her with stions. At last she told him that there had been a little ther who had died before Jean-Christophe came into the rld. He was taken aback—he had never heard tell of him. was silent for a moment, and then tried to find out more. s mother seemed to be lost in thought; but she told him that little brother was called Jean-Christophe like himself, but s more sensible. He put more questions to her, but she would reply readily. She told him only that his brother was in aven, and was praying for them all. Jean-Christophe could no more out of her; she bade him be quiet, and to let her on with her work. She seemed to be absorbed in her sewing; looked anxious, and did not raise her eyes. But after some e she looked at him where he was in the corner, whither he retired to sulk, began to smile, and told him to go and play side.

These scraps of conversation profoundly agitated Jean-Chris-he. There had been a child, a little boy, belonging to his ther, like himself, bearing the same name, almost exactly same, and he was dead! Dead! He did not exactly know t that was, but it was something terrible. And they never ed of this other Jean-Christophe; he was quite forgotten. would be the same with him if he were to die? This thought

was with him still in the evening at table with his family, when he saw them all laughing and talking of trifles. So, then, it was possible that they would be gay after he was dead! Oh! he never would have believed that his mother could be selfish enough to laugh after the death of her little boy! He hated them all. He wanted to weep for himself, for his own death, in advance. At the same time he wanted to ask a whole heap of questions, but he dared not; he remembered the voice in which his mother had bid him be quiet. At last he could contain himself no longer, and one night when he had gone to bed, and Louisa came to kiss him, he asked:

"Mother, did he sleep in my bed?"

The poor woman trembled, and, trying to take on an indifferent tone of voice, she asked:

"Who?"

"The little boy who is dead," said Jean-Christophe in a whisper.

His mother clutched him with her hands.

"Be quiet—quiet," she said.

Her voice trembled. Jean-Christophe, whose head was leaning against her bosom, heard her heart beating. There was a moment of silence, then she said:

"You must never talk of that, my dear. . . . Go to sleep . . . No, it was not his bed."

She kissed him. He thought he felt her cheek wet against his. He wished he could have been sure of it. He was a little comforted. There was grief in her then! Then he doubted it again the next moment, when he heard her in the next room talking in a quiet, ordinary voice. Which was true—that or what had just been? He turned about for long in his bed without finding any answer. He wanted his mother to suffer; not that he also did not suffer in the knowledge that she was sad, but it would have done him so much good, in spite of everything! He would have felt himself less alone. He slept, and next day thought no more of it.

Some weeks afterwards one of the urchins with whom he played in the street did not come at the usual time. One of them said that he was ill, and they got used to not seeing him in their games. It was explained, it was quite simple. One

ening Jean-Christophe had gone to bed; it was early, and om the recess in which his bed was, he saw the light in the om. There was a knock at the door. A neighbor had come have a chat. He listened absently, telling himself stories usual. The words of their talk did not reach him. Suddenly heard the neighbor say: "He is dead." His blood stopped, he had understood who was dead. He listened and held breath. His parents cried out. Melchior's booming voice d:

"Jean-Christophe, do you hear? Poor Fritz is dead."

Jean-Christophe made an effort, and replied quietly:

"Yes, papa."

His bosom was drawn tight as in a vise.

Melchior went on:

"'Yes, papa.' Is that all you say? You are not grieved it."

Louisa, who understood the child, said:

"'Ssh! Let him sleep!"

And they talked in whispers. But Jean-Christophe, pricking ears, gathered all the details of illness—typhoid fever, cold hs, delirium, the parents' grief. He could not breathe, ump in his throat choked him. He shuddered. All these rible things took shape in his mind. Above all, he gleaned t the disease was contagious—that is, that he also might die the same way—and terror froze him, for he remembered t he had shaken hands with Fritz the last time he had seen n, and that very day had gone past the house. But he made sound, so as to avoid having to talk, and when his father, er the neighbor had gone, asked him: "Jean-Christophe, you asleep?" he did not reply. He heard Melchior saying Louisa:

"The boy has no heart."

Louisa did not reply, but a moment later she came and tly raised the curtain and looked at the little bed. Jean-ristophe only just had time to close his eyes and imitate regular breathing which his brothers made when they were eep. Louisa went away on tip-toe. And yet how he wanted keep her! How he wanted to tell her that he was afraid, l to ask her to save him, or at least to comfort him! But

he was afraid of their laughing at him, and treating him as a coward; and besides, he knew only too well that nothing tha they might say would be any good. And for hours he lay ther in agony, thinking that he felt the disease creeping over hin and pains in his head, a stricture of the heart, and thinkin in terror: "It is the end. I am ill. I am going to die. I ar going to die!" . . . Once he sat up in his bed and called t his mother in a low voice; but they were asleep, and he dare not wake them.

From that time on his childhood was poisoned by the ide of death. His nerves delivered him up to all sorts of litt baseless sicknesses, to depression, to sudden transports, and fi of choking. His imagination ran riot with these troubles, an thought it saw in all of them the murderous beast which w to rob him of his life. How many times he suffered agonie with his mother sitting only a few yards away from him, an she guessing nothing! For in his cowardice he was bra enough to conceal all his terror in a strange jumble of feelin —pride in not turning to others, shame of being afraid, an the scrupulousness of a tenderness which forbade him to troub his mother. But he never ceased to think: "This time I a ill. I am seriously ill. It is diphtheria. . . ." He had chanc on the word "diphtheria." . . . "Dear God! not th time! . . ."

He had religious ideas: he loved to believe what his moth had told him, that after death the soul ascended to the Lor and if it were pious entered into the garden of paradise. B the idea of this journey rather frightened than attracted hi He was not at all envious of the children whom God, as recompense, according to his mother, took in their sleep a called to Him without having made them suffer. He trembl as he went to sleep, for fear that God should indulge t whimsy at his expense. It must be terrible to be taken sudde from the warmth of one's bed and dragged through the v into the presence of God. He imagined God as an enorm sun, with a voice of thunder. How it must hurt! It m burn the eyes, ears—all one's soul! Then, God could punish you never know. . . . And besides, that did not prevent the other horrors which he did not know very well, though

uld guess them from what he had heard—your body in a x, all alone at the bottom of a hole, lost in the crowd of those volting cemeteries to which he was taken to pray. . . God! od! How sad! how sad! . . .

And yet it was not exactly joyous to live, and be hungry, d see your father drunk, and to be beaten, to suffer in so any ways from the wickedness of other children, from the sulting pity of grown-up persons, and to be understood by one, not even by your mother. Everybody humiliates you, one loves you. You are alone—alone, and matter so little! s; but it was just this that made him want to live. He t in himself a surging power of wrath. A strange thing, that wer! It could do nothing yet; it was as though it were r off and gagged, swaddled, paralyzed; he had no idea what wanted, what, later on, it would be. But it was in him; was sure of it; he felt it stirring and crying out. To-morrow to-morrow, what a voyage he would take! He had a savage ire to live, to punish the wicked, to do great things. "Oh! t how I will live when I am . . ." he pondered a little—hen I am eighteen!" Sometimes he put it at twenty-one; t was the extreme limit. He thought that was enough for domination of the world. He thought of the heroes dearest him—of Napoleon, and of that other more remote hero, om he preferred, Alexander the Great. Surely he would be e them if only he lived for another twelve—ten years. He er thought of pitying those who died at thirty. They were ; they had lived their lives; it was their fault if they had led. But to die now . . . despair! Too terrible to pass ile yet a little child, and forever to be in the minds of men ittle boy whom everybody thinks he has the right to scold! wept with rage at the thought, as though he were already d.

This agony of death tortured his childish years—corrected y by disgust with all life and the sadness of his own.

t was in the midst of these gloomy shadows, in the stifling ht that every moment seemed to intensify about him, that re began to shine, like a star lost in the dark abysm of space, light which was to illuminate his life: divine music. . . .

His grandfather gave the children an old piano, which one of his clients, anxious to be rid of it, had asked him to take. His patient ingenuity had almost put it in order. The present had not been very well received. Louisa thought her room already too small, without filling it up any more; and Melchior said that Jean Michel had not ruined himself over it: just firewood. Only Jean-Christophe was glad of it without exactly knowing why. It seemed to him a magic box, full of marvelous stories, just like the ones in the fairy-book—a volume of the "Thousand and One Nights"—which his grandfather read to him sometimes to their mutual delight. He had heard his father try the piano on the day of its arrival, and draw from it a little rain of arpeggios like the drops that a puff of wind shakes from the wet branches of a tree after a shower. He clapped his hands, and cried "Encore!" but Melchior scornfully closed the piano, saying that it was worthless. Jean-Christophe did not insist, but after that he was always hovering about the instrument. As soon as no one was near he would raise the lid, and softly press down a key, just as if he were moving with his finger the living shell of some great insect; he wanted to push out the creature that was locked up in it. Sometimes in his haste he would strike too hard, and then his mother would cry out, "Will you not be quiet? Don't go touching everything!" or else he would pinch himself cruelly in closing the piano, and make piteous faces as he sucked his bruised fingers. . . .

Now his greatest joy is when his mother is gone out for a day's service, or to pay some visit in the town. He listens as she goes down the stairs, and into the street, and away. He is alone. He opens the piano, and brings up a chair, and perches on it. His shoulders just about reach the keyboard; it is enough for what he wants. Why does he wait until he is alone? No one would prevent his playing so long as he did not make too much noise. But he is ashamed before the others, and dare not. And then they talk and move about: that spoils his pleasure. It is so much more beautiful when he is alone. Jean-Christophe holds his breath so that the silence may be even greater, and also because he is a little excited, as though he were going to let off a gun. His heart beats as he lays

finger on the key; sometimes he lifts his finger after he
the key half pressed down, and lays it on another. Does he
ow what will come out of it, more than what will come out
the other? Suddenly a sound issues from it; there are deep
nds and high sounds, some tinkling, some roaring. The
ld listens to them one by one as they die away and finally
se to be; they hover in the air like bells heard far off, coming
ir in the wind, and then going away again; then when you
en you hear in the distance other voices, different, joining
and droning like flying insects; they seem to call to you,
draw you away farther—farther and farther into the mys-
ious regions, where they dive down and are lost. . . . They
gone! . . . No; still they murmur. . . . A little beating
wings. . . . How strange it all is! They are like spirits.
w is it that they are so obedient? how is it that they are
d captive in this old box? But best of all is when you lay
fingers on two keys at once. Then you never know exactly
at will happen. Sometimes the two spirits are hostile; they
angry with each other, and fight; and hate each other, and
z testily. Then voices are raised; they cry out, angrily,
v sorrowfully. Jean-Christophe adores that; it is as though
re were monsters chained up, biting at their fetters, beating
inst the bars of their prison; they are like to break them,
l burst out like the monsters in the fairy-book—the genii
prisoned in the Arab bottles under the seal of Solomon.
ers flatter you; they try to cajole you, but you feel that
y only want to bite, that they are hot and fevered. Jean-
ristophe does not know what they want, but they lure him
l disturb him; they make him almost blush. And some-
es there are notes that love each other; sounds embrace,
people do with their arms when they kiss: they are gracious
l sweet. These are the good spirits; their faces are smiling,
l there are no lines in them; they love little Jean-Chris-
he, and little Jean-Christophe loves them. Tears come to
eyes as he hears them, and he is never weary of calling
m up. They are his friends, his dear, tender friends. . . .
So the child journeys through the forest of sounds, and
nd him he is conscious of thousands of forces lying in wait
him, and calling to him to caress or devour him. . . .

One day Melchior came upon him thus. He made him jump with fear at the sound of his great voice. Jean-Christophe, thinking he was doing wrong, quickly put his hands up to his ears to ward off the blows he feared. But Melchior did not scold him, strange to say; he was in a good temper, and laughed.

"You like that, boy?" he asked, patting his head kindly. "Would you like me to teach you to play it?"

Would he like! . . . Delighted, he murmured: "Yes." The two of them sat down at the piano, Jean-Christophe perched this time on a pile of big books, and very attentively he took his first lesson. He learned first of all that the buzzing spirits have strange names, like Chinese names, of one syllable, or even of one letter. He was astonished; he imagined them to be different from that: beautiful, caressing names, like the princesses in the fairy stories. He did not like the familiarity with which his father talked of them. Again, when Melchior evoked them they were not the same; they seemed to become indifferent as they rolled out from under his fingers. But Jean-Christophe was glad to learn about the relationships between them, their hierarchy, the scales, which were like a King commanding an army, or like a band of negroes marching in single file. He was surprised to see that each soldier, or each negro, could become a monarch in his turn, or the head of a similar band, and that it was possible to summon whole battalions from one end to the other of the keyboard. It amused him to hold the thread which made them march. But it was a small thing compared with what he had seen at first: his enchanted forest was lost. However, he set himself to learn, for it was not tiresome, and he was surprised at his father's patience. Melchior did not weary of it either; he made him begin the same thing over again ten times. Jean-Christophe did not understand why he should take so much trouble; his father loved him, then? That was good! The boy worked away; his heart was filled with gratitude.

He would have been less docile had he known what thoughts were springing into being in his father's head.

From that day on Melchior took him to the house of a neighbor, where three times a week there was chamber music. M.

ior played first violin, Jean Michel the violoncello. The ner two were a bank-clerk and the old watchmaker of the *hillerstrasse*. Every now and then the chemist joined them th his flute. They began at five, and went on till nine. Beeen each piece they drank beer. Neighbors used to come in d out, and listen without a word, leaning against the wall, d nodding their heads, and beating time with their feet, d filling the room with clouds of tobacco-smoke. Page folged page, piece followed piece, but the patience of the musins was never exhausted. They did not speak; they were all ention; their brows were knit, and from time to time they inted with pleasure, but for the rest they were perfectly apable not only of expressing, but even of feeling, the beauty what they played. They played neither very accurately nor good time, but they never went off the rails, and followed thfully the marked changes of tone. They had that musical ility which is easily satisfied, that mediocre perfection which so plentiful in the race which is said to be the most musical the world. They had also that great appetite which does stickle for the quality of its food, so only there be quantity hat healthy appetite to which all music is good, and the re substantial the better—it sees no difference between ihms and Beethoven, or between the works of the same ster, between an empty concerto and a moving sonata, beise they are fashioned of the same stuff.

Jean-Christophe sat apart in a corner, which was his own, ind the piano. No one could disturb him there, for to reach he had to go on all fours. It was half dark there, and the had just room to lie on the floor if he huddled up. The oke of the tobacco filled his eyes and throat: dust, too; there e large flakes of it like sheepskin, but he did not mind that, listened gravely, squatting there Turkish fashion, and lening the holes in the cloth of the piano with his dirty little gers. He did not like everything that they played; but nothing that they played bored him, and he never tried to formulate opinions, for he thought himself too small to know anything. ly some music sent him to sleep, some woke him up; it never disagreeable to him. Without his knowing it, it nearly always good music that excited him. Sure of not

being seen, he made faces, he wrinkled his nose, ground his teeth, or stuck out his tongue; his eyes flashed with anger or drooped languidly; he moved his arms and legs with a defiant and valiant air; he wanted to march, to lunge out, to pulverize the world. He fidgeted so much that in the end a head would peer over the piano, and say: "Hullo, boy, are you mad? Leave the piano. . . . Take your hand away, or I'll pull your ears!" And that made him crestfallen and angry. Why did they want to spoil his pleasure? He was not doing any harm. Must he always be tormented! His father chimed in. They chid him for making a noise, and said that he did not like music. And in the end he believed it. These honest citizens grinding out concertos would have been astonished if they had been told that the only person in the company who really felt the music was the little boy.

If they wanted him to keep quiet, why did they play airs which make you march? In those pages were rearing horses, swords, war-cries, the pride of triumph; and they wanted him, like them, to do no more than wag his head and beat time with his feet! They had only to play placid dreams or some of those chattering pages which talk so much and say nothing. There are plenty of them, for example, like that piece of Goldmark's of which the old watchmaker had just said with a delighted smile: "It is pretty. There is no harshness in it. All the corners are rounded off. . . ." The boy was very quiet then. He became drowsy. He did not know what they were playing, hardly heard it; but he was happy; his limbs were numbed, and he was dreaming.

His dreams were not a consecutive story; they had neither head nor tail. It was rarely that he saw a definite picture, his mother making a cake, and with a knife removing the paste that clung to her fingers; a water-rat that he had seen the night before swimming in the river; a whip that he wanted to make with a willow wand. . . . Heaven knows why these things should have cropped up in his memory at such a time. But most often he saw nothing at all, and yet he felt things innumerable and infinite. It was as though there were a number of very important things not to be spoken of, or not worth speaking of, because they were so well known, as

cause they had always been so. Some of them were sad, rribly sad; but there was nothing painful in them, as there in the things that belong to real life; they were not ugly and basing, like the blows that Jean-Christophe had from his ther, or like the things that were in his head when, sick at art with shame, he thought of some humiliation; they filled e mind with a melancholy calm. And some were bright and ining, shedding torrents of joy. And Jean-Christophe ought: "Yes, it is *thus*—thus that I will do by-and-by." e did not know exactly what *thus* was, nor why he said it, t he felt that he had to say it, and that it was clear as day. e heard the sound of a sea, and he was quite near to it, kept om it only by a wall of dunes. Jean-Christophe had no idea nat sea it was, or what it wanted with him, but he was con- ious that it would rise above the barrier of dunes. And en! . . . Then all would be well, and he would be quite ppy. Nothing to do but to hear it, then, quite near, to sink sleep to the sound of its great voice, soothing away all his tle griefs and humiliations. They were sad still, but no nger shameful nor injurious; everything seemed natural and most sweet.

Very often it was mediocre music that produced this intoxica- n in him. The writers of it were poor devils, with no thought their heads but the gaining of money, or the hiding away the emptiness of their lives by tagging notes together accord- g to accepted formulæ—or to be original, in defiance of rmulæ. But in the notes of music, even when handled by idiot, there is such a power of life that they can let loose rms in a simple soul. Perhaps even the dreams suggested the idiots are more mysterious and more free than those eathed by an imperious thought which drags you along by ce, for aimless movement and empty chatter do not disturb e mind in its own pondering. . . .

So, forgotten and forgetting, the child stayed in his corner hind the piano, until suddenly he felt ants climbing up his gs. And he remembered then that he was a little boy with ty nails, and that he was rubbing his nose against a white- shed wall, and holding his feet in his hands.

On the day when Melchior, stealing on tiptoe, had surprised

the boy at the keyboard that was too high for him, he had stayed to watch him for a moment, and suddenly there had flashed upon him: "A little prodigy! . . . Why had he not thought of it? . . . What luck for the family! . . ." No doubt he had thought that the boy would be a little peasant like his mother. "It would cost nothing to try. What a great thing it would be! He would take him all over Germany, perhaps abroad. It would be a jolly life, and noble to boot." Melchior never failed to look for the nobility hidden in all he did, for it was not often that he failed to find it, after some reflection.

Strong in this assurance, immediately after supper, as soon as he had taken his last mouthful, he dumped the child once more in front of the piano, and made him go through the day's lesson until his eyes closed in weariness. Then three times the next day. Then the day after that. Then every day. Jean-Christophe soon tired of it; then he was sick to death of it; finally he could stand it no more, and tried to revolt against it. There was no point in what he was made to do: nothing but learning to run as fast as possible over the keys, by loosening the thumb, or exercising the fourth finger, which would cling awkwardly to the two next to it. It got on his nerves: there was nothing beautiful in it. There was an end of the magic sounds, and fascinating monsters, and the universe of dreams felt in one moment. . . . Nothing but scales and exercises—dry, monotonous, dull—duller than the conversation at meal-time, which was always the same—always about the dishes and always the same dishes. At first the child listened absently to what his father said. When he was severely reprimanded he went on with a bad grace. He paid no attention to abuse; he met it with bad temper. The last straw was when one evening he heard Melchior unfold his plans in the next room. So he was in order to put him on show like a trick animal that he was so badgered and forced every day to move bits of ivory. He was not even given time to go and see his beloved river. What was it made them so set against him? He was angry, hurt in his pride, robbed of his liberty. He decided that he would play no more, or as badly as possible, and would discourage his father. It would be hard, but at all costs he must keep his independence.

The very next lesson he began to put his plan into execution. e set himself conscientiously to hit the notes awry, or to ngle every touch. Melchior cried out, then roared, and blows gan to rain. He had a heavy ruler. At every false note struck the boy's fingers, and at the same time shouted in ; ears, so that he was like to deafen him. Jean-Christophe's e twitched under the pain of it; he bit his lips to keep nself from crying, and stoically went on hitting the notes all ong, bobbing his head down whenever he felt a blow coming. it his system was not good, and it was not long before he gan to see that it was so. Melchior was as obstinate as his n, and he swore that even if they were to stay there two ys and two nights he would not let him off a single note until had been properly played. Then Jean-Christophe tried too liberately to play wrongly, and Melchior began to suspect trick, as he saw that the boy's hand fell heavily to one side every note with obvious intent. The blows became more quent; Jean-Christophe was no longer conscious of his fin- rs. He wept pitifully and silently, sniffing, and swallowing wn his sobs and tears. He understood that he had nothing gain by going on like that, and that he would have to resort desperate measures. He stopped, and, trembling at the ought of the storm which was about to let loose, he said liantly:

"Papa, I won't play any more."

Melchior choked.

"What! What! . . ." he cried.

He took and almost broke the boy's arm with shaking it. an-Christophe, trembling more and more, and raising his ow to ward off the blows, said again:

"I won't play any more. First, because I don't like being aten. And then . . ."

He could not finish. A terrific blow knocked the wind out him, and Melchior roared:

"Ah! you don't like being beaten? You don't like . . ."

Blows rained. Jean-Christophe bawled through his sobs:

"And then . . . I don't like music! . . . I don't like usic! . . ."

He slipped down from his chair. Melchior roughly put him back, and knocked his knuckles against the keyboard. He cried:

"You shall play!"

And Jean-Christophe shouted:

"No! No! I won't play!"

Melchior had to surrender. He thrashed the boy, thrust him from the room, and said that he should have nothing to eat all day, or the whole month, until he had played all his exercises without a mistake. He kicked him out and slammed the door after him.

Jean-Christophe found himself on the stairs, the dark and dirty stairs, worm-eaten. A draught came through a broken pane in the skylight, and the walls were dripping. Jean-Christophe sat on one of the greasy steps; his heart was beating wildly with anger and emotion. In a low voice he cursed his father:

"Beast! That's what you are! A beast . . . a gross creature . . . a brute! Yes, a brute! . . . and I hate you, I hate you! . . . Oh, I wish you were dead! I wish you were dead!"

His bosom swelled. He looked desperately at the sticky staircase and the spider's web swinging in the wind above the broken pane. He felt alone, lost in his misery. He looked at the gap in the banisters. . . . What if he were to throw himself down? . . . or out of the window? . . . Yes, what if he were to kill himself to punish them? How remorseful they would be! He heard the noise of his fall from the stairs. The door upstairs opened suddenly. Agonized voices cried: "He has fallen!—He has fallen!" Footsteps clattered down stairs. His father and mother threw themselves weeping upon his body. His mother sobbed: "It is your fault! You have killed him!" His father waved his arms, threw himself on his knees, beat his head against the banisters, and cried: "What a wretch am I! What a wretch am I!" The sight of all this softened his misery. He was on the point of taking pity on their grief; but then he thought that it was well for them and he enjoyed his revenge. . . .

When his story was ended, he found himself once more a

e top of the stairs in the dark; he looked down once more, d his desire to throw himself down was gone. He even ddered a little, and moved away from the edge, thinking t he might fall. Then he felt that he was a prisoner, like oor bird in a cage—a prisoner forever, with nothing to do to break his head and hurt himself. He wept, wept, and rubbed his eyes with his dirty little hands, so that in a ment he was filthy. As he wept he never left off looking at things about him, and he found some distraction in that. stopped moaning for a moment to look at the spider which l just begun to move. Then he began with less conviction. listened to the sound of his own weeping, and went on chanically with his sobbing, without much knowing why he so. Soon he got up; he was attracted by the window. He on the window-sill, retiring into the background, and tched the spider furtively. It interested while it revolted n.

Below the Rhine flowed, washing the walls of the house. In staircase window it was like being suspended over the river a moving sky. Jean-Christophe never limped down the irs without taking a long look at it, but he had never yet n it as it was to-day. Grief sharpens the senses; it is as ugh everything were more sharply graven on the vision er tears have washed away the dim traces of memory. The er was like a living thing to the child—a creature inexplica-, but how much more powerful than all the creatures that knew! Jean-Christophe leaned forward to see it better; he ssed his mouth and flattened his nose against the pane. ere was *it* going? What did *it* want? *It* looked free, and e of its road. . . . Nothing could stop *it*. At all hours of day or night, rain or sun, whether there were joy or sorrow the house, *it* went on going by, and it was as though nothing ttered to *it*, as though *it* never knew sorrow, and rejoiced *its* strength. What joy to be like *it*, to run through the fields, l by willow-branches, and over little shining pebbles and sping sand, and to care for nothing, to be cramped by noth-, to be free! . . .

The boy looked and listened greedily; it was as though he e borne along by the river, moving by with it. . . . When

he closed his eyes he saw color—blue, green, yellow, red, and great chasing shadows and sunbeams. . . . What he sees takes shape. Now it is a large plain, reeds, corn waving under a breeze scented with new grass and mint. Flowers on every side —cornflowers, poppies, violets. How lovely it is! How sweet the air! How good it is to lie down in the thick, soft grass . . . Jean-Christophe feels glad and a little bewildered, as he does when on feast-days his father pours into his glass a little Rhine wine. . . . The river goes by. . . . The country is changed. . . . Now there are trees leaning over the water; their delicate leaves, like little hands, dip, move, and turn about in the water. A village among the trees is mirrored in the river. There are cypress-trees, and the crosses of the cemetery showing above the white wall washed by the stream. Then there are rocks, a mountain gorge, vines on the slopes, a little pine-wood and ruined castles. . . . And once more the plain, corn, birds and the sun. . . .

The great green mass of the river goes by smoothly, like a single thought; there are no waves, almost no ripples—smooth oily patches. Jean-Christophe does not see it; he has closed his eyes to hear it better. The ceaseless roaring fills him, makes him giddy; he is exalted by this eternal, masterful dream which goes no man knows whither. Over the turmoil of its depths rush waters, in swift rhythm, eagerly, ardently. And from the rhythm ascends music, like a vine climbing a trellis—arpeggios from silver keys, sorrowful violins, velvety and smooth-sounding flutes. . . . The country has disappeared. The river has disappeared. There floats by only a strange, soft and twilight atmosphere. Jean-Christophe's heart flutters with emotion. What does he see now? Oh! Charming faces! . . . A little girl with brown tresses calls to him, slowly, softly, and mockingly. . . . A pale boy's face looks at him with melancholy blue eyes. . . . Others smile; other eyes look at him—curious and provoking eyes, and their glances make him blush—eyes affectionate and mournful, like the eyes of a dog—eyes imperious, eyes suffering. . . . And the pale face of a woman with black hair, and lips close pressed, and eyes so large that they obscure her other features, and they gaze upon Jean-Christophe with an ardor that hurts him. . . . And, dearest of

, that face which smiles upon him with clear gray eyes and
s a little open, showing gleaming white teeth. . . . Ah!
w kind and tender is that smile! All his heart is tenderness
om it! How good it is to love! Again! Smile upon me
ain! Do not go! . . . Alas! it is gone! . . . But it leaves
his heart sweetness ineffable. Evil, sorrow, are no more;
thing is left. . . . Nothing, only an airy dream, like serene
isic, floating down a sunbeam, like the gossamers on fine
nmer days. . . . What has happened? What are these
ions that fill the child with sadness and sweet sorrow? Never
d he seen them before, and yet he knew them and recognized
em. Whence come they? From what obscure abysm of
ation? Are they what has been . . . *or what will*
? . . .

Now all is done, every haunting form is gone. Once more
rough a misty veil, as though he were soaring high above
the river in flood appears, covering the fields, and rolling
, majestic, slow, almost still. And far, far away, like a steely
ht upon the horizon, a watery plain, a line of trembling waves
the sea. The river runs down to it. The sea seems to run
to the river. She fires him. He desires her. He must lose
nself in her. . . . The music hovers; lovely dance rhythms
ing out madly; all the world is rocked in their triumphant
irligig. . . . The soul, set free, cleaves space, like swallows'
ght, like swallows drunk with the air, skimming across the
with shrill cries. . . . Joy! Joy! There is nothing, noth-
g! . . . Oh, infinite happiness! . . .

Hours passed; it was evening; the staircase was in darkness.
ops of rain made rings upon the river's gown, and the current
e them dancing away. Sometimes the branch of a tree or
ces of black bark passed noiselessly and disappeared. The
rderous spider had withdrawn to her darkest corner. And
le Jean-Christophe was still leaning forward on the window-
. His face was pale and dirty; happiness shone in him.
was asleep.

III

E la faccia del sol nascere ombrata.
Purgatorio, xxx.

He had to surrender. In spite of an obstinate and heroic resistance, blows triumphed over his ill-will. Every morning for three hours, and for three hours every evening, Jean-Christophe was set before the instrument of torture. All on edge with attention and weariness, with large tears rolling down his cheeks and nose, he moved his little red hands over the black and white keys—his hands were often stiff with cold—under the threatening ruler, which descended at every false note, and the harangues of his master, which were more odious to him than the blows. He thought that he hated music. And yet he applied himself to it with a zest which fear of Melchior did not altogether explain. Certain words of his grandfather had made an impression on him. The old man, seeing his grandson weeping, had told him, with that gravity which he always maintained for the boy, that it was worth while suffering a little for the most beautiful and noble art given to men for their consolation and glory. And Jean-Christophe, who was grateful to his grandfather for talking to him like a man, had been secretly touched by these simple words, which sorted well with his childish stoicism and growing pride. But, more than by argument, he was bound and enslaved by the memory of certain musical emotions, bound and enslaved to the detested art, against which he tried in vain to rebel.

There was in the town, as usual in Germany, a theater, where opera, opéra-comique, operetta, drama, comedy, and vaudeville are presented—every sort of play of every style and fashion. There were performances three times a week from six to nine in the evening. Old Jean Michel never missed one, and was equally interested in everything. Once he took his grandson with him. Several days beforehand he told him at length what the piece was about. Jean-Christophe did not understand it, but he did gather that there would be terrible things in it, and while he was consumed with the desire to see them he was much afraid

ough he dared not confess it. He knew that there was to a storm, and he was fearful of being struck by lightning. knew that there was to be a battle, and he was not at all e that he would not be killed. On the night before, in , he went through real agony, and on the day of the per- mance he almost wished that his grandfather might be vented from coming for him. But when the hour was near, l his grandfather did not come, he began to worry, and ry other minute looked out of the window. At last the man appeared, and they set out together. His heart leaped his bosom; his tongue was dry, and he could not speak.

They arrived at the mysterious building which was so often ked about at home. At the door Jean Michel met some uaintances, and the boy, who was holding his hand tight ause he was afraid of being lost, could not understand how y could talk and laugh quietly at such a moment.

Jean Michel took his usual place in the first row behind the hestra. He leaned on the balustrade, and began a long versation with the contra-bass. He was at home there; e he was listened to because of his authority as a musician, he made the most of it; it might almost be said that he sed it. Jean-Christophe could hear nothing. He was over- lmed by his expectation of the play, by the appearance of theater, which seemed magnificent to him, by the splendor the audience, who frightened him terribly. He dared not his head, for he thought that all eyes were fixed on him. hugged his little cap between his knees, and he stared at magic curtain with round eyes.

t last three blows were struck. His grandfather blew his , and drew the *libretto* from his pocket. He always fol- d it scrupulously, so much so that sometimes he neglected t was happening on the stage. The orchestra began to . With the opening chords Jean-Christophe felt more at . He was at home in this world of sound, and from that ment, however extravagant the play might be, it seemed nat- to him.

The curtain was raised, to reveal pasteboard trees and crea- s who were not much more real. The boy looked at it all, ng with admiration, but he was not surprised. The piece

was set in a fantastic East, of which he could have had n idea. The poem was a web of ineptitudes, in which no huma quality was perceptible. Jean-Christophe hardly grasped it a all; he made extraordinary mistakes, took one character fo another, and pulled at his grandfather's sleeve to ask him absur questions, which showed that he had understood nothing. H was not bored: passionately interested, on the contrary. Roun the idiotic *libretto* he built a romance of his own invention which had no sort of relation to the one that was represente on the stage. Every moment some incident upset his romanc and he had to repair it, but that did not worry him. He ha made his choice of the people who moved upon the stage, mak ing all sorts of different sounds, and breathlessly he followe the fate of those upon whom he had fastened his sympath He was especially concerned with a fair lady, of uncertain ag who had long, brilliantly fair hair, eyes of an unnatural siz and bare feet. The monstrous improbabilities of the settin did not shock him. His keen, childish eyes did not perceiv the grotesque ugliness of the actors, large and fleshy, and th deformed chorus of all sizes in two lines, nor the pointlessne of their gestures, nor their faces bloated by their shrieks, no the full wigs, nor the high heels of the tenor, nor the make-u of his lady-love, whose face was streaked with variegated pe ciling. He was in the condition of a lover, whose passion blin him to the actual aspect of the beloved object. The marvelo power of illusion, natural to children, stopped all unpleasa sensations on the way, and transformed them.

The music especially worked wonders. It bathed the whc scene in a misty atmosphere, in which everything became bea tiful, noble, and desirable. It bred in the soul a despera need of love, and at the same time showed phantoms of lo on all sides, to fill the void that itself had created. Litt Jean-Christophe was overwhelmed by his emotion. There we words, gestures, musical phrases which disturbed him; he dar not then raise his eyes; he knew not whether it were we or ill; he blushed and grew pale by turns; sometimes the came drops of sweat upon his brow, and he was fearful le all the people there should see his distress. When the cata trophe came about which inevitably breaks upon lovers in t

rth act of an opera so as to provide the tenor and the *prima na* with an opportunity for showing off their shrillest ams, the child thought he must choke; his throat hurt him hough he had caught cold; he clutched at his neck with hands, and could not swallow his saliva; tears welled up him; his hands and feet were frozen. Fortunately, his dfather was not much less moved. He enjoyed the theater i a childish simplicity. During the dramatic passages he hed carelessly to hide his distress, but Jean-Christophe saw nd it delighted him. It was horribly hot; Jean-Christophe dropping with sleep, and he was very uncomfortable. But hought only: "Is there much longer? It cannot be fin-l!" Then suddenly it was finished, without his knowing . The curtain fell; the audience rose; the enchantment was en.

hey went home through the night, the two children—the man and the little boy. What a fine night! What a serene nlight! They said nothing; they were turning over their ories. At last the old man said:

Did you like it, boy?"

an-Christophe could not reply; he was still fearful from tion, and he would not speak, so as not to break the spell; ad to make an effort to whisper, with a sigh:

Oh yes."

he old man smiled. After a time he went on:

It's a fine thing—a musician's trade! To create things like such marvelous spectacles—is there anything more glori- It is to be God on earth!"

he boy's mind leaped to that. What! a man had made all ! That had not occurred to him. It had seemed that it have made itself, must be the work of Nature. A man, usician, such as he would be some day! Oh, to be that ne day, only one day! And then afterwards . . . after-s, whatever you like! Die, if necessary! He asked:

What man made that, grandfather?"

he old man told him of François Marie Hassler, a g German artist who lived at Berlin. He had known once. Jean-Christophe listened, all ears. Suddenly he

"And you, grandfather?"

The old man trembled.

"What?" he asked.

"Did you do things like that—you too?"

"Certainly," said the old man a little crossly.

He was silent, and after they had walked a little l sighed heavily. It was one of the sorrows of his life. H had always longed to write for the theater, and inspir tion had always betrayed him. He had in his desk o or two acts written, but he had so little illusion as to th worth that he had never dared to submit them to an outsi judgment.

They said no more until they reached home. Neither sle The old man was troubled. He took his Bible for consolati In bed Jean-Christophe turned over and over the events of t evening; he recollected the smallest details, and the girl wi the bare feet reappeared before him. As he dozed off a musi phrase rang in his ears as distinctly as if the orchestra w there. All his body leaped; he sat up on his pillow, his h buzzing with music, and he thought: "Some day I also sh write. Oh, can I ever do it?"

From that moment he had only one desire, to go to theater again, and he set himself to work more keenly, beca they made a visit to the theater his reward. He thought nothing but that; half the week he thought of the last p formance, and the other half he thought of the next. He w fearful of being ill on a theater day, and this fear made h often find in himself the symptoms of three or four illnes When the day came he did not eat; he fidgeted like a soul agony; he looked at the clock fifty times, and thought t the evening would never come; finally, unable to contain h self, he would go out an hour before the office opened, for of not being able to procure a seat, and, as he was the in the empty theater, he used to grow uneasy. His grandfa had told him that once or twice the audience had not b large enough, and so the players had preferred not to perfo and to give back the money. He watched the arrivals counted them, thinking: "Twenty-three, twenty-four, twe five. . . . Oh, it is not enough . . . there will never

gh!" And when he saw some important person enter circle or the stalls, his heart was lighter, and he said to elf: "They will never dare to send him away. Surely will play for him." But he was not convinced; he would be reassured until the musicians took their places. And then he would be afraid that the curtain would rise, and would announce, as they had done one evening, a change rogramme. With lynx eyes he watched the stand of the a-bass to see if the title written on his music was that of piece announced. And when he had seen it there, two utes later he would look again to make quite sure that he not been wrong. The conductor was not there. He must l. There was a stirring behind the curtain, and a sound oices and hurried footsteps. Was there an accident, some ward misfortune? Silence again. The conductor was at ost. Everything seemed ready at last. . . . They did not ! What was happening? He boiled over with impatience. the bell rang. His heart thumped away. The orchestra the overture, and for a few hours Jean-Christophe would in happiness, troubled only by the idea that it must soon to an end.

me time after that a musical event brought even more ment into Jean-Christophe's thoughts. François Marie ler, the author of the first opera which had so bowled him was to visit the town. He was to conduct a concert con- g of his compositions. The town was excited. The young ian was the subject of violent discussion in Germany, for a fortnight he was the only topic of conversation. It different matter when he arrived. The friends of Mel- and old Jean Michel continually came for news, and went away with the most extravagant notions of the musi- habits and eccentricities. The child followed these narra- with eager attention. The idea that the great man was in the town, breathing the same air as himself, treading ame stones, threw him into a state of dumb exaltation. ived only in the hope of seeing him.

ssler was staying at the Palace as the guest of the Grand . He hardly went out, except to the theater for rehearsals,

to which Jean-Christophe was not admitted, and as he was ver lazy, he went to and fro in the Prince's carriage. Therefor Jean-Christophe did not have many opportunities of seeing hir and he only succeeded once in catching sight of him as h drove in the carriage. He saw his fur coat, and wasted hou in waiting in the street, thrusting and jostling his way right and left, and before and behind, to win and keep his pla in front of the loungers. He consoled himself with spendir half his days watching the windows of the Palace which ha been pointed out as those of the master. Most often he on saw the shutters, for Hassler got up late, and the windows we closed almost all morning. This habit had made well-inform persons say that Hassler could not bear the light of day, a lived in eternal night.

At length Jean-Christophe was able to approach his he It was the day of the concert. All the town was there. T Grand Duke and his Court occupied the great royal box, su mounted with a crown supported by two chubby cherubir The theater was in gala array. The stage was decorated wi branches of oak and flowering laurel. All the musicians any account made it a point of honor to take their places the orchestra. Melchior was at his post, and Jean Michel w conducting the chorus.

When Hassler appeared there was loud applause from ev part of the house, and the ladies rose to see him better. Je Christophe devoured him with his eyes. Hassler had a you sensitive face, though it was already rather puffy and tir looking; his temples were bald, and his hair was thin on crown of his head; for the rest, fair, curly hair. His blue e looked vague. He had a little fair mustache and an expres mouth, which was rarely still, but twitched with a thousand perceptible movements. He was tall, and held himself badl not from awkwardness, but from weariness or boredom. conducted capriciously and lithely, with his whole awkw body swaying, like his music, with gestures, now caressing, sharp and jerky. It was easy to see that he was very nerv and his music was the exact reflection of himself. The qui ing and jerky life of it broke through the usual apathy of orchestra. Jean-Christophe breathed heavily; in spite of

r of drawing attention to himself, he could not stand still
his place; he fidgeted, got up, and the music gave him such
ent and unexpected shocks that he had to move his head,
s, and legs, to the great discomfort of his neighbors, who
ded off his kicks as best they could. The whole audience
enthusiastic, fascinated by the success, rather than by the
positions. At the end there was a storm of applause and
s, in which the trumpets in the orchestra joined, German
ion, with their triumphant blare in salute of the conqueror.
n-Christophe trembled with pride, as though these honors
e for himself. He enjoyed seeing Hassler's face light up
n childish pleasure. The ladies threw flowers, the men
d their hats, and the audience rushed for the platform.
ry one wanted to shake the master's hand. Jean-Christophe
one enthusiast raise the master's hand to his lips, another
a handkerchief that Hassler had left on the corner of his
. He wanted to reach the platform also, although he did
know why, for if at that moment he had found himself
Hassler, he would have fled at once in terror and emotion.
he butted with all his force, like a ram, among the skirts
legs that divided him from Hassler. He was too small;
uld not break through.
rtunately, when the concert was over, his grandfather came
took him to join in a party to serenade Hassler. It was
t, and torches were lighted. All the musicians of the
estra were there. They talked only of the marvelous com-
ions they had heard. They arrived outside the Palace,
took up their places without a sound under the master's
ows. They took on an air of secrecy, although everybody,
ding Hassler, knew what was to come. In the silence of
night they began to play certain famous fragments of
ler's compositions. He appeared at the window with the
e, and they roared in their honor. Both bowed. A serv-
ame from the Prince to invite the musicians to enter the
e. They passed through great rooms, with frescoes repre-
ng naked men with helmets; they were of a reddish color,
were making gestures of defiance. The sky was covered with
clouds like sponges. There were also men and women of
le clad in waist-cloths made of iron. The guests walked on

carpets so thick that their tread was inaudible, and they cam
at length to a room which was as light as day, and there we
tables laden with drinks and good things.

The Grand Duke was there, but Jean-Christophe did not s
him; he had eyes only for Hassler. Hassler came towar
them; he thanked them. He picked his words carefully, stopp
awkwardly in the middle of a sentence, and extricated himse
with a quip which made everybody laugh. They began to e
Hassler took four or five musicians aside. He singled o
Jean-Christophe's grandfather, and addressed very flatteri
words to him: he recollected that Jean Michel had been o
of the first to perform his works, and he said that he had oft
heard tell of his excellence from a friend of his who had be
a pupil of the old man's. Jean-Christophe's grandfather e
pressed his gratitude profusely; he replied with such extra
dinary eulogy that, in spite of his adoration of Hassler, t
boy was ashamed. But to Hassler they seemed to be pleasa
and in the rational order. Finally, the old man, who h
lost himself in his rigmarole, took Jean-Christophe by the ha
and presented him to Hassler. Hassler smiled at Jean-Chr
tophe, and carelessly patted his head, and when he learned t
the boy liked his music, and had not slept for several nig
in anticipation of seeing him, he took him in his arms a
plied him with questions. Jean-Christophe, struck dumb a
blushing with pleasure, dared not look at him. Hassler t
him by the chin and lifted his face up. Jean-Christophe v
tured to look. Hassler's eyes were kind and smiling; he be
to smile too. Then he felt so happy, so wonderfully happy
the great man's arms, that he burst into tears. Hassler
touched by this simple affection, and was more kind than e
He kissed the boy and talked to him tenderly. At the sa
time he said funny things and tickled him to make him lau
and Jean-Christophe could not help laughing through his te
Soon he became at ease, and answered Hassler readily, and
his own accord he began to whisper in his ear all his sr
ambitions, as though he and Hassler were old friends; he t
him how he wanted to be a musician like Hassler, and,
Hassler, to make beautiful things, and to be a great man.
who was always ashamed, talked confidently; he did not k

at he was saying; he was in a sort of ecstasy. Hassler smiled his prattling and said:

When you are a man, and have become a good musician, shall come and see me in Berlin. I shall make something you."

ean-Christophe was too delighted to reply.

Hassler teased him.

"You don't want to?"

ean-Christophe nodded his head violently five or six times, ning "Yes."

"It is a bargain, then?"

ean-Christophe nodded again.

"Kiss me, then."

ean-Christophe threw his arms round Hassler's neck and ged him with all his strength.

"Oh, you are wetting me! Let go! Your nose wants ing!"

assler laughed, and wiped the boy's nose himself, a little -consciously, though he was quite jolly. He put him down, took him by the hand and led him to a table, where he l his pockets with cake, and left him, saying:

"Good-bye! Remember your promise."

ean-Christophe swam in happiness. The rest of the world ceased to exist for him. He could remember nothing of t had happened earlier in the evening; he followed lovingly sler's every expression and gesture. One thing that he said ck him. Hassler was holding a glass in his hand; he was ing, and his face suddenly hardened, and he said:

"The joy of such a day must not make us forget our enemies. must never forget our enemies. It is not their fault that re not crushed out of existence. It will not be our fault hat does not happen to them. That is why the toast I ose is that there are people whose health . . . we will not k!"

verybody applauded and laughed at this original toast. sler had laughed with the others and his good-humored ession had returned. But Jean-Christophe was put out t. Although he did not permit himself to criticise any n of his hero, it hurt him that he had thought ugly things,

when on such a night there ought to be nothing but brilliant thoughts and fancies. But he did not examine what he felt, and the impression that it made was soon driven out by his great joy and the drop of champagne which he drank out of his grandfather's glass.

On the way back the old man never stopped talking; he was delighted with the praise that Hassler had given him; he cried out that Hassler was a genius such as had not been known for a century. Jean-Christophe said nothing, locking up in his heart his intoxication of love. *He* had kissed him. *He* had held him in his arms! How good *he* was! How great!

"Ah," he thought in bed, as he kissed his pillow passionately, "I would die for him—die for him!"

The brilliant meteor which had flashed across the sky of the little town that night had a decisive influence on Jean-Christophe's mind. All his childhood Hassler was the model on which his eyes were fixed, and to follow his example the little man of six decided that he also would write music. To tell the truth, he had been doing so for long enough without knowing it, and he had not waited to be conscious of composing before he composed.

Everything is music for the born musician. Everything that throbs, or moves, or stirs, or palpitates—sunlit summer days, nights when the wind howls, flickering light, the twinkling of the stars, storms, the song of birds, the buzzing of insects, the murmuring of trees, voices, loved or loathed, familiar fireside sounds, a creaking door, blood moving in the veins in the silence of the night—everything that is is music; all that is needed is that it should be heard. All the music of creation found its echo in Jean-Christophe. Everything that he saw, everything that he felt, was translated into music without his being conscious of it. He was like a buzzing hive of bees. But no one noticed it, himself least of all.

Like all children, he hummed perpetually at every hour of the day. Whatever he was doing—whether he were walking in the street, hopping on one foot, or lying on the floor at his grandfather's, with his head in his hands, absorbed in the pictures of a book, or sitting in his little chair in the dark corner of the kitchen, dreaming aimlessly in the twilight—

ys the monotonous murmuring of his little trumpet was to heard, played with lips closed and cheeks blown out. His ther seldom paid any heed to it, but, once in a while, she uld protest.

When he was tired of this state of half-sleep he would have move and make a noise. Then he made music, singing it the top of his voice. He had made tunes for every occasion. had a tune for splashing in his wash-basin in the morning, e a little duck. He had a tune for sitting on the piano-stool front of the detested instrument, and another for getting it, and this was a more brilliant affair than the other. He d one for his mother putting the soup on the table; he used go before her then blowing a blare of trumpets. He played umphal marches by which to go solemnly from the dining-m to the bedroom. Sometimes he would organize little pro-sions with his two small brothers; all then would file out ively, one after another, and each had a tune to march to. t, as was right and proper, Jean-Christophe kept the best himself. Every one of his tunes was strictly appropriated its special occasion, and Jean-Christophe never by any chance nfused them. Anybody else would have made mistakes, but knew the shades of difference between them exactly.

One day at his grandfather's house he was going round the m clicking his heels, head up and chest out; he went round l round and round, so that it was a wonder he did not turn k, and played one of his compositions. The old man, who s shaving, stopped in the middle of it, and, with his face ered with lather, came to look at him, and said:

"What are you singing, boy?"

Jean-Christophe said he did not know.

"Sing it again!" said Jean Michel.

Jean-Christophe tried; he could not remember the tune. oud of having attracted his grandfather's attention, he tried make him admire his voice, and sang after his own fashion air from some opera, but that was not what the old man nted. Jean Michel said nothing, and seemed not to notice n any more. But he left the door of his room ajar while boy was playing alone in the next room.

A few days later Jean-Christophe, with the chairs arranged

about him, was playing a comedy in music, which he had made up of scraps that he remembered from the theater, and he was making steps and bows, as he had seen them done in a minuet, and addressing himself to the portrait of Beethoven which hung above the table. As he turned with a pirouette he saw his grandfather watching him through the half-open door. He thought the old man was laughing at him; he was abashed, and stopped dead; he ran to the window, and pressed his face against the panes, pretending that he had been watching something of the greatest interest. But the old man said nothing; he came to him and kissed him, and Jean-Christophe saw that he was pleased. His vanity made the most of these signs; he was clever enough to see that he had been appreciated; but he did not know exactly which his grandfather had admired most—his talent as a dramatic author, or as a musician, or as a singer, or as a dancer. He inclined to the latter, for he prided himself on this.

A week later, when he had forgotten the whole affair, his grandfather said mysteriously that he had something to show him. He opened his desk, took out a music-book, and put it on the rack of the piano, and told the boy to play. Jean-Christophe was very much interested, and deciphered it fairly well. The notes were written by hand in the old man's large handwriting, and he had taken especial pains with it. The headings were adorned with scrolls and flourishes. After some moments the old man, who was sitting beside Jean-Christophe turning the pages for him, asked him what the music was. Jean-Christophe had been too much absorbed in his playing to notice what he had played, and said that he did not know it.

"Listen! . . . You don't know it?"

Yes; he thought he knew it, but he did not know where he had heard it. The old man laughed.

"Think."

Jean-Christophe shook his head.

"I don't know."

A light was fast dawning in his mind; it seemed to him that the air . . . But, no! He dared not. . . . He would not recognize it.

"I don't know, grandfather."

He blushed.

"What, you little fool, don't you see that it is your
n?"

He was sure of it, but to hear it said made his heart thump.

"Oh! grandfather! . . ."

Beaming, the old man showed him the book.

"See: *Aria.* It is what you were singing on Tuesday when
i were lying on the floor. *March.* That is what I asked you
sing again last week, and you could not remember it.
nuet. That is what you were dancing by the armchair.
ok!"

On the cover was written in wonderful Gothic letters:

"*The Pleasures of Childhood: Aria, Minuetto, Valse, and
rcia, Op.* 1, *by Jean-Christophe Krafft.*"

Jean-Christophe was dazzled by it. To see his name, and
t fine title, and that large book—his work! . . . He went
murmuring:

"Oh! grandfather! grandfather! . . ."

The old man drew him to him. Jean-Christophe threw him-
on his knees, and hid his head in Jean Michel's bosom.
was covered with blushes from his happiness. The old
n was even happier, and went on, in a voice which he tried
make indifferent, for he felt that he was on the point of
nking down:

"Of course, I added the accompaniment and the harmony
it the song. And then"—he coughed—"and then, I added
rio to the minuet, because . . . because it is usual . . . and
n . . . I think it is not at all bad."

He played it. Jean-Christophe was very proud of collaborat-
with his grandfather.

"But, grandfather, you must put your name to it too."

"It is not worth while. It is not worth while others besides
rself knowing it. Only"—here his voice trembled—"only,
r on, when I am no more, it will remind you of your old
ndfather . . . eh? You won't forget him?"

The poor old man did not say that he had been unable to
st the quite innocent pleasure of introducing one of his own
ortunate airs into his grandson's work, which he felt was
ined to survive him; but his desire to share in this imagi-

nary glory was very humble and very touching, since it was enough for him anonymously to transmit to posterity a scrap of his own thought, so as not altogether to perish. Jean-Christophe was touched by it, and covered his face with kisses, and the old man, growing more and more tender, kissed his hair.

"You will remember me? Later on, when you are a good musician, a great artist, who will bring honor to his family, to his art, and to his country, when you are famous, you will remember that it was your old grandfather who first perceived it, and foretold what you would be?"

There were tears in his eyes as he listened to his own words. He was reluctant to let such signs of weakness be seen. He had an attack of coughing, became moody, and sent the boy away hugging the precious manuscript.

Jean-Christophe went home bewildered by his happiness. The stones danced about him. The reception he had from his family sobered him a little. When he blurted out the splendor of his musical exploit they cried out upon him. His mother laughed at him. Melchior declared that the old man was mad, and that he would do better to take care of himself than to set about turning the boy's head. As for Jean-Christophe, he would oblige by putting such follies from his mind, and sitting down *illico* at the piano and playing exercises for four hours! He must first learn to play properly; and as for composing! there was plenty of time for that later on when he had nothing better to do.

Melchior was not, as these words of wisdom might indicate, trying to keep the boy from the dangerous exaltation of a too early pride. On the contrary, he proved immediately that this was not so. But never having himself had any idea to express in music, and never having had the least need to express an idea, he had come, as a *virtuoso,* to consider composing a secondary matter, which was only given value by the art of the executant. He was not insensible of the tremendous enthusiasm roused by great composers like Hassler. For such ovations he had the respect which he always paid to success—mingled, perhaps, with a little secret jealousy—for it seemed to him that such applause was stolen from him. But he knew by experience

ıt the successes of the great *virtuosi* are no less remarkable, l are more personal in character, and therefore more fruitful agreeable and flattering consequences. He affected to pay ofound homage to the genius of the master musicians; but took a great delight in telling absurd anecdotes of them, senting their intelligence and morals in a lamentable light. placed the *virtuoso* at the top of the artistic ladder, for, said, it is well known that the tongue is the noblest member the body, and what would thought be without words? What uld music be without the executant? But whatever may have n the reason for the scolding that he gave Jean-Christophe, was not without its uses in restoring some common sense the boy, who was almost beside himself with his grandher's praises. It was not quite enough. Jean-Christophe, course, decided that his grandfather was much cleverer than father, and though he sat down at the piano without sulking, did so not so much for the sake of obedience as to be able dream in peace, as he always did while his fingers ran hanically over the keyboard. While he played his intermile exercises he heard a proud voice inside himself saying over over again: "I am a composer—a great composer."

From that day on, since he was a composer, he set himself composing. Before he had even learned to write, he conued to cipher crotchets and quavers on scraps of paper, which tore from the household account-books. But in the effort find out what he was thinking, and to set it down in black white, he arrived at thinking nothing, except when he nted to think something. But he did not for that give up king musical phrases, and as he was a born musician he made n somehow, even if they meant nothing at all. Then he ld take them in triumph to his grandfather, who wept with over them—he wept easily now that he was growing old—vowed that they were wonderful.

ll this was like to spoil him altogether. Fortunately, his good sense saved him, helped by the influence of a man made no pretension of having any influence over anybody, set nothing before the eyes of the world but a commone point of view. This man was Louisa's brother.

ike her, he was small, thin, puny, and rather round-shoul-

dered. No one knew exactly how old he was; he could not be more than forty, but he looked more than fifty. He had a little wrinkled face, with a pink complexion, and kind pale blue eyes, like faded forget-me-nots. When he took off his cap, which he used fussily to wear everywhere from his fear of draughts, he exposed a little pink bald head, conical in shape, which was the great delight of Jean-Christophe and his brothers. They never left off teasing him about it, asking him what he had done with his hair, and, encouraged by Melchior's pleasantries, threatening to smack it. He was the first to laugh at them, and put up with their treatment of him patiently. He was a peddler; he used to go from village to village with a pack on his back, containing everything—groceries, stationery, confectionery, handkerchiefs, scarves, shoes, pickles, almanacs, songs, and drugs. Several attempts had been made to make him settle down, and to buy him a little business—a store or a drapery shop. But he could not do it. One night he would get up, push the key under the door, and set off again with his pack. Weeks and months went by before he was seen again. Then he would reappear. Some evening they would hear him fumbling at the door; it would half open, and the little bald head, politely uncovered, would appear with its kind eyes and timid smile. He would say, "Good-evening, everybody," carefully wipe his shoes before entering, salute everybody, beginning with the eldest, and go and sit in the most remote corner of the room. There he would light his pipe, and sit huddled up, waiting quietly until the usual storm of questions was over. The two Krafft s, Jean-Christophe's father and grandfather, had a jeering contempt for him. The little freak seemed ridiculous to them, and their pride was touched by the low degree of the peddler. They made him feel it, but he seemed to take no notice of it, and showed them a profound respect which disarmed them, especially the old man, who was very sensitive to what people thought of him. They used to crush him with heavy pleasantries, which often brought the blush to Louisa's cheeks. Accustomed to bow without dispute to the intellectual superiority of the Krafft s, she had no doubt that her husband and father-in-law were right; but she loved her brother, and her brother had for her a dumb adoration. They were the

ly members of their family, and they were both humble, ished, and thrust aside by life; they were united in sadness d tenderness by a bond of mutual pity and common suffer-g, borne in secret. With the Krafts—robust, noisy, brutal, idly built for living, and living joyously—these two weak, ndly creatures, out of their setting, so to speak, outside life, derstood and pitied each other without ever saying anything but it.

Jean-Christophe, with the cruel carelessness of childhood, ured the contempt of his father and grandfather for the little ldler. He made fun of him, and treated him as a comic ure; he worried him with stupid teasing, which his uncle e with his unshakable phlegm. But Jean-Christophe loved n, without quite knowing why. He loved him first of all a plaything with which he did what he liked. He loved him o because he always gave him something nice—a dainty, a ture, an amusing toy. The little man's return was a joy the children, for he always had some surprise for them. or as he was, he always contrived to bring them each a pres-, and he never forgot the birthday of any one of the family. always turned up on these august days, and brought out his pocket some jolly present, lovingly chosen. They were used to it that they hardly thought of thanking him; it med natural, and he appeared to be sufficiently repaid by pleasure he had given. But Jean-Christophe, who did not p very well, and during the night used to turn over in his nd the events of the day, used sometimes to think that his le was very kind, and he used to be filled with floods of titude to the poor man. He never showed it when the came, because he thought that the others would laugh at n. Besides, he was too little to see in kindness all the rare ue that it has. In the language of children, kind and stupid almost synonymous, and Uncle Gottfried seemed to be the ng proof of it.

One evening when Melchior was dining out, Gottfried was alone in the living-room, while Louisa put the children bed. He went out, and sat by the river a few yards away n the house. Jean-Christophe, having nothing better to do, owed him, and, as usual, tormented him with his puppy

tricks until he was out of breath, and dropped down on the grass at his feet. Lying on his belly, he buried his nose in the turf. When he had recovered his breath, he cast about for some new crazy thing to say. When he found it he shouted it out, and rolled about with laughing, with his face still buried in the earth. He received no answer. Surprised by the silence, he raised his head, and began to repeat his joke. He saw Gottfried's face lit up by the last beams of the setting sun cast through golden mists. He swallowed down his words. Gottfried smiled with his eyes half closed and his mouth half open, and in his sorrowful face was an expression of sadness and unutterable melancholy. Jean-Christophe, with his face in his hands, watched him. The night came; little by little Gottfried's face disappeared. Silence reigned. Jean-Christophe in his turn was filled with the mysterious impressions which had been reflected on Gottfried's face. He fell into a vague stupor. The earth was in darkness, the sky was bright; the stars peeped out. The little waves of the river chattered against the bank. The boy grew sleepy. Without seeing them, he bit off little blades of grass. A grasshopper chirped near him. It seemed to him that he was going to sleep.

Suddenly, in the dark, Gottfried began to sing. He sang in a weak, husky voice, as though to himself; he could not have been heard twenty yards away. But there was sincerity and emotion in his voice; it was as though he were thinking aloud, and that through the song, as through clear water, the very inmost heart of him was to be seen. Never had Jean-Christophe heard such singing, and never had he heard such a song. Slow, simple, childish, it moved gravely, sadly, a little monotonously, never hurrying—with long pauses—then setting out again on its way, careless where it arrived, and losing itself in the night. It seemed to come from far away, and to went no man knows whither. Its serenity was full of sorrow, and beneath its seeming peace there dwelt an agony of the ages. Jean-Christophe held his breath; he dared not move; he was cold with emotion. When it was done he crawled towards Gottfried, and in a choking voice said:

"Uncle!"

Gottfried did not reply.

Uncle!" repeated the boy, placing his hands and chin on
fried's knees.
ottfried said kindly:
Well, boy . . ."
What is it, uncle? Tell me! What were you sing-
?"
I don't know."
Tell me what it is!"
I don't know. Just a song."
A song that you made."
No, not I! What an idea! . . . It is an old song."
Who made it?"
No one knows. . . ."
When?"
No one knows. . . ."
When you were little?"
Before I was born, before my father was born, and before
father, and before his father's father. . . . It has always
."
How strange! No one has ever told me about it."
e thought for a moment.
Uncle, do you know any other?"
Yes."
Sing another, please."
Why should I sing another? One is enough. One sings
n one wants to sing, when one has to sing. One must not
for the fun of it."
But what about when one makes music?"
That is not music."
ne boy was lost in thought. He did not quite understand.
he asked for no explanation. It was true, it was not music,
like all the rest. He went on:
Uncle, have you ever made them?"
Made what?"
Songs!"
Songs? Oh! How should I make them? They can't be
."
ith his usual logic the boy insisted:
But, uncle, it must have been made once. . . ."

Gottfried shook his head obstinately.

"It has always been."

The boy returned to the attack:

"But, uncle, isn't it possible to make other songs, ne songs?"

"Why make them? There are enough for everything. The are songs for when you are sad, and for when you are ga for when you are weary, and for when you are thinking home; for when you despise yourself, because you have be a vile sinner, a worm upon the earth; for when you want weep, because people have not been kind to you; and for wh your heart is glad because the world is beautiful, and you s God's heaven, which, like Him, is always kind, and seems laugh at you. . . . There are songs for everything, everythi Why should I make them?"

"To be a great man!" said the boy, full of his grandfathe teaching and his simple dreams.

Gottfried laughed softly. Jean-Christophe, a little hu asked him:

"Why are you laughing?"

Gottfried said:

"Oh! I? . . . I am nobody."

He kissed the boy's head, and said:

"You want to be a great man?"

"Yes," said Jean-Christophe proudly. He thought Go fried would admire him. But Gottfried replied:

"What for?"

Jean-Christophe was taken aback. He thought for a mom and said:

"To make beautiful songs!"

Gottfried laughed again, and said:

"You want to make beautiful songs, so as to be a great m and you want to be a great man, so as to make beautiful so You are like a dog chasing its own tail."

Jean-Christophe was dashed. At any other time he wo not have borne his uncle laughing at him, he at whom he used to laughing. And, at the same time, he would n have thought Gottfried clever enough to stump him with argument. He cast about for some answer or some im

ıce to throw at him, but could find none. Gottfried went

When you are as great as from here to Coblentz, you will
r make a single song."
an-Christophe revolted on that.
And if I will! . . ."
The more you want to, the less you can. To make songs,
have to be like those creatures. Listen. . . ."
he moon had risen, round and gleaming, behind the fields.
lvery mist hovered above the ground and the shimmering
rs. The frogs croaked, and in the meadows the melodious
ng of the toads arose. The shrill tremolo of the grass-
ers seemed to answer the twinkling of the stars. The wind
ed softly in the branches of the alders. From the hills
e the river there came down the sweet light song of a
tingale.
What need is there to sing?" sighed Gottfried, after a long
ce. (It was not clear whether he were talking to himself
Jean-Christophe.) "Don't they sing sweeter than any-
g that you could make?"
an-Christophe had often heard these sounds of the night,
he loved them. But never had he heard them as he heard
now. It was true: what need was there to sing? . . . His
t was full of tenderness and sorrow. He was fain to em-
the meadows, the river, the sky, the clear stars. He was
with love for his uncle Gottfried, who seemed to him
the best, the cleverest, the most beautiful of men. He
ght how he had misjudged him, and he thought that his
was sad because he, Jean-Christophe, had misjudged him.
was remorseful. He wanted to cry out: "Uncle, do not
d! I will not be naughty again. Forgive me, I love you!"
he dared not. And suddenly he threw himself into Gott-
's arms, but the words would not come, only he repeated,
ve you!" and kissed him passionately. Gottfried was sur-
d and touched, and went on saying, "What? What?"
kissed him. Then he got up, took him by the hand, and
"We must go in." Jean-Christophe was sad because
ncle had not understood him. But as they came to the
, Gottfried said: "If you like we'll go again to hear God's

music, and I will sing you some more songs." And when Jean-Christophe kissed him gratefully as they said good-night, he saw that his uncle had understood.

Thereafter they often went for walks together in the evening, and they walked without a word along by the river, or through the fields. Gottfried slowly smoked his pipe, and Jean-Christophe, a little frightened by the darkness, would give him his hand. They would sit down on the grass, and after a few moments of silence Gottfried would talk to him about the stars and the clouds; he taught him to distinguish the breathing of the earth, air, and water, the songs, cries, and sounds of the little worlds of flying, creeping, hopping, and swimming things swarming in the darkness, and the signs of rain and fine weather, and the countless instruments of the symphony of the night. Sometimes Gottfried would sing tunes, sad or gay, but always of the same kind, and always in the end Jean-Christophe would be brought to the same sorrow. But he would never sing more than one song in an evening, and Jean-Christophe noticed that he did not sing gladly when he was asked to do so; it had to come of itself, just when he wanted to. Sometimes they had to wait for a long time without speaking, and just when Jean-Christophe was beginning to think, "He is not going to sing this evening," Gottfried would make up his mind.

One evening, when nothing would induce Gottfried to sing, Jean-Christophe thought of submitting to him one of his own small compositions, in the making of which he found so much trouble and pride. He wanted to show what an artist he was. Gottfried listened very quietly, and then said:

"That is very ugly, my poor dear Jean-Christophe!"

Jean-Christophe was so hurt that he could find nothing to say. Gottfried went on pityingly:

"Why did you do it? It is so ugly! No one forced you to do it."

Hot with anger, Jean-Christophe protested:

"My grandfather thinks my music fine."

"Ah!" said Gottfried, not turning a hair. "No doubt he is right. He is a learned man. He knows all about music. I know nothing about it. . . ."

And after a moment:

But I think that is very ugly."

e looked quietly at Jean-Christophe, and saw his angry face, smiled, and said:

Have you composed any others? Perhaps I shall like the rs better than that."

ean-Christophe thought that his other compositions might e out the impression of the first, and he sang them all. fried said nothing; he waited until they were finished. n he shook his head, and with profound conviction said:

They are even more ugly."

ean-Christophe shut his lips, and his chin trembled; he ted to cry. Gottfried went on as though he himself were t.

How ugly they are!"

ean-Christophe, with tears in his voice, cried out:

But why do you say they are ugly?"

ottfried looked at him with his frank eyes.

Why? . . . I don't know. . . . Wait. . . . They are ugly first, because they are stupid. . . . Yes, that's it. . . . y are stupid, they don't mean anything. . . . You see? n you wrote, you had nothing to say. Why did you write n?"

I don't know," said Jean-Christophe, in a piteous voice. wanted to write something pretty."

There you are! You wrote for the sake of writing. You e because you wanted to be a great musician, and to be ired. You have been proud; you have been a liar; you e been punished. . . . You see! A man is always punished n he is proud and a liar in music. Music must be modest sincere—or else, what is it? Impious, a blasphemy of the l, who has given us song to tell the honest truth."

e saw the boy's distress, and tried to kiss him. But Jean-istophe turned angrily away, and for several days he sulked. hated Gottfried. But it was in vain that he said over and to himself: "He is an ass! He knows nothing—nothing! grandfather, who is much cleverer, likes my music." In heart he knew that his uncle was right, and Gottfried's words e graven on his inmost soul; he was ashamed to have been r.

And, in spite of his resentment, he always thought of i when he was writing music, and often he tore up what he ha written, being ashamed already of what Gottfried would hav thought of it. When he got over it, and wrote a melody whic he knew to be not quite sincere, he hid it carefully from hi uncle; he was fearful of his judgment, and was quite happ when Gottfried just said of one of his pieces: "That is not s very ugly. . . . I like it. . . ."

Sometimes, by way of revenge, he used to trick him by givin him as his own melodies from the great musicians, and he wa delighted when it happened that Gottfried disliked them hear ily. But that did not trouble Gottfried. He would laugh loudl when he saw Jean-Christophe clap his hands and dance abou him delightedly, and he always returned to his usual argumen "It is well enough written, but it says nothing." He alwa refused to be present at one of the little concerts given i Melchior's house. However beautiful the music might be, h would begin to yawn and look sleepy with boredom. Very soo he would be unable to bear it any longer, and would steal aw quietly. He used to say:

"You see, my boy, everything that you write in the hou is not music. Music in a house is like sunshine in a roo Music is to be found outside where you breathe God's dear fre air."

He was always talking of God, for he was very pious, unli the two Kraffts, father and son, who were free-thinkers, an took care to eat meat on Fridays.

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, Melchior changed h opinion. Not only did he approve of his father having p together Jean-Christophe's inspirations, but, to the boy's gr surprise, he spent several evenings in making two or three cop of his manuscript. To every question put to him on the subje he replied impressively, "We shall see; . . ." or he would r his hands and laugh, smack the boy's head by way of a jo or turn him up and blithely spank him. Jean-Christophe loath these familiarities, but he saw that his father was pleased, a did not know why.

Then there were mysterious confabulations between Melch

his father. And one evening Jean-Christophe, to his astonnent, learned that he, Jean-Christophe, had dedicated to .H. the Grand Duke Leopold the *Pleasures of Childhood.* chior had sounded the disposition of the Prince, who had vn himself graciously inclined to accept the homage. Thereı Melchior declared that without losing a moment they must, *ıo,* draw up the official request to the Prince; *secondo,* ish the work; *tertio,* organize a concert to give it a hearing. here were further long conferences between Melchior and ı Michel. They argued heatedly for two or three evenings. vas forbidden to interrupt them. Melchior wrote, erased; ed, wrote. The old man talked loudly, as though he were ing verses. Sometimes they squabbled or thumped on the e because they could not find a word.

hen Jean-Christophe was called, made to sit at the table a pen in his hand, his father on his right, his grandfather his left, and the old man began to dictate words which lid not understand, because he found it difficult to write v word in his enormous letters, because Melchior was shoutin his ear, and because the old man declaimed with such hasis that Jean-Christophe, put out by the sound of the ls, could not bother to listen to their meaning. The old was no less in a state of emotion. He could not sit still, he walked up and down the room, involuntarily illustrating ext of what he read with gestures, but he came every minute ook over what the boy had written, and Jean-Christophe, ntened by the two large faces looking over his shoulder, out his tongue, and held his pen clumsily. A mist floated re his eyes; he made too many strokes, or smudged what ad written; and Melchior roared, and Jean Michel stormed; he had to begin again, and then again, and when he thought they had at last come to an end, a great blot fell on the aculate page. Then they pulled his ears, and he burst tears; but they forbade him to weep, because he was spoiling paper, and they began to dictate, beginning all over again, he thought it would go on like that to the end of his

t last it was finished, and Jean Michel leaned against the telpiece, and read over their handiwork in a voice trembling

with pleasure, while Melchior sat straddled across a chair, an looked at the ceiling and wagged his chair and, as a connoisseu rolled round his tongue the style of the following epistle:

"Most Noble and Sublime Highness! Most Gracious Lord!

"From my fourth year Music has been the first occupatic of my childish days. So soon as I allied myself to the nob Muse, who roused my soul to pure harmony, I loved her, an as it seemed to me, she returned my love. Now I am in n sixth year, and for some time my Muse in hours of inspiratio has whispered in my ears: 'Be bold! Be bold! Write dow the harmonies of thy soul!' 'Six years old,' thought I, 'an how should I be bold? What would the learned in the art sa of me?' I hesitated. I trembled. But my Muse insisted. obeyed. I wrote.

"And now shall I,

O Most Sublime Highness!

—shall I have the temerity and audacity to place upon t steps of Thy Throne the first-fruits of my youthful labors? . . Shall I make so bold as to hope that Thou wilt let fall up them the august approbation of Thy paternal regard? . . .

"Oh, yes! For Science and the Arts have ever found Thee their sage Mæcenas, their generous champion, and tale puts forth its flowers under the ægis of Thy holy protection.

"In this profound and certain faith I dare, then, approa Thee with these youthful efforts. Receive them as a pure off ing of my childish veneration, and of Thy goodness deign,

O Most Sublime Highness!

to glance at them, and at their young author, who bows at T feet deeply and in humility!

"From the most submissive, faithful, and obedient serv of His Most Noble and Most Sublime Highness,

"JEAN-CHRISTOPHE KRAFFT."

ean-Christophe heard nothing. He was very happy to have shed, and, fearing that he would be made to begin again, ran away to the fields. He had no idea of what he had ten, and he cared not at all. But when the old man had shed his reading he began again to taste the full flavor of it, when the second reading came to an end Melchior and he ared that it was a little masterpiece. That was also the lion of the Grand Duke, to whom the letter was presented, a copy of the musical work. He was kind enough to l word that he found both quite charming. He granted nission for the concert, and ordered that the hall of his demy of Music should be put at Melchior's disposal, and ned to promise that he would have the young artist pre- ed to himself on the day of the performance.

elchior set about organizing the concert as quickly as pos- . He engaged the support of the *Hof Musik Verein,* and he success of his first ventures had blown out his sense of portion, he undertook at the same time to publish a mag- ent edition of the *Pleasures of Childhood.* He wanted to printed on the cover of it a portrait of Jean-Christophe he piano, with himself, Melchior, standing by his side, n in hand. He had to abandon that, not on account of cost—Melchior did not stop at any expense—but because e was not time enough. He fell back on an allegorical gn representing a cradle, a trumpet, a drum, a wooden horse, ped round a lyre which put forth rays like the sun. The -page bore, together with a long dedication, in which the e of the Prince stood out in enormous letters, a notice to effect that " Herr Jean-Christophe Krafft was six years old." was, in fact, seven and a half. The printing of the design very expensive. To meet the bill for it, Jean Michel had ll an old eighteenth-century chest, carved with faces, which ad never consented to sell, in spite of the repeated offers Wormser, the furniture-dealer. But Melchior had no doubt the subscriptions would cover the cost, and beyond that the nses of printing the composition.

ne other question occupied his mind: how to dress Jean- stophe on the day of the concert. There was a family cil to decide the matter. Melchior would have liked the

boy to appear in a short frock and bare legs, like a child of four. But Jean-Christophe was very large for his age, and everybody knew him. They could not hope to deceive any one. Melchior had a great idea. He decided that the boy should wear a dress-coat and white tie. In vain did Louisa protest that they would make her poor boy ridiculous. Melchior anticipated exactly the success and merriment that would be produced by such an unexpected appearance. It was decided on, and the tailor came and measured Jean-Christophe for his little coat. He had also to have fine linen and patent-leather pumps, and all that swallowed up their last penny. Jean-Christophe was very uncomfortable in his new clothes. To make him used to them they made him try on his various garments. For a whole month he hardly left the piano-stool. They taught him to bow. He had never a moment of liberty. He raged against it, but dared not rebel, for he thought that he was going to accomplish something startling. He was both proud and afraid of it. They pampered him; they were afraid he would catch cold; they swathed his neck in scarves; they warmed his boots in case they were wet; and at table he had the best of everything.

At last the great day arrived. The barber came to preside over his toilet and curl Jean-Christophe's rebellious hair. He did not leave it until he had made it look like a sheep-skin. All the family walked round Jean-Christophe and declared that he was superb. Melchior, after looking him up and down and turning him about and about, was seized with an idea and went off to fetch a large flower, which he put in his button-hole. But when Louisa saw him she raised her hands, and cried out distressfully that he looked like a monkey. That hurt him cruelly. He did not know whether to be ashamed or proud of his garb. Instinctively he felt humiliated, and he was more so at the concert. Humiliation was to be for him the outstanding emotion of that memorable day.

The concert was about to begin. The hall was half empty, the Grand Duke had not arrived. One of those kindly and well-informed friends who always appear on these occasions came and told them that there was a Council being held

Palace, and that the Grand Duke would not come. He had
n good authority. Melchior was in despair. He fidgeted,
d up and down, and looked repeatedly out of the window.
Jean Michel was also in torment, but he was concerned
his grandson. He bombarded him with instructions. Jean-
stophe was infected by the nervousness of his family. He
not in the least anxious about his compositions, but he was
bled by the thought of the bows that he had to make to the
ence, and thinking of them brought him to agony.
owever, he had to begin; the audience was growing im-
ent. The orchestra of the *Hof Musik Verein* began the
olan Overture. The boy knew neither Coriolan nor Bee-
en, for though he had often heard Beethoven's music, he
not known it. He never bothered about the names of the
s he heard. He gave them names of his own invention,
he created little stories or pictures for them. He classi-
them usually in three categories: fire, water, and earth,
a thousand degrees between each. Mozart belonged almost
ys to water. He was a meadow by the side of a river, a
sparent mist floating over the water, a spring shower, or
inbow. Beethoven was fire—now a furnace with gigantic
es and vast columns of smoke; now a burning forest, a
y and terrible cloud, flashing lightning; now a wide sky
of quivering stars, one of which breaks free, swoops, and
on a fine September night setting the heart beating. Now
imperious ardor of that heroic soul burned him like fire.
ything else disappeared. What was it all to him?—Mel-
in despair, Jean Michel agitated, all the busy world, the
nce, the Grand Duke, little Jean-Christophe. What had
o do with all these? What lay between them and him?
that he—he, himself? . . . He was given up to the furious
that carried him headlong. He followed it breathlessly,
tears in his eyes, and his legs numb, thrilling from the
s of his hands to the soles of his feet. His blood drummed
arge!" and he trembled in every limb. And as he listened
tensely, hiding behind a curtain, his heart suddenly leaped
ntly. The orchestra had stopped short in the middle of a
and after a moment's silence, it broke into a crashing of
and cymbals with a military march, officially strident.

The transition from one sort of music to another was so bruta so unexpected, that Jean-Christophe ground his teeth an stamped his foot with rage, and shook his fist at the wall. Bu Melchior rejoiced. The Grand Duke had come in, and th orchestra was saluting him with the National Anthem. An in a trembling voice Jean Michel gave his last instructions t his grandson.

The overture began again, and this time was finished. was now Jean-Christophe's turn. Melchior had arranged th programme to show off at the same time the skill of both fath and son. They were to play together a sonata of Mozart f violin and piano. For the sake of effect he had decided tha Jean-Christophe should enter alone. He was led to the entran of the stage and showed the piano at the front, and for th last time it was explained what he had to do, and then he w pushed on from the wings.

He was not much afraid, for he was used to the theater; bu when he found himself alone on the platform, with hundreds eyes staring at him, he became suddenly so frightened that i stinctively he moved backwards and turned towards the win to go back again. He saw his father there gesticulating an with his eyes blazing. He had to go on. Besides, the audien had seen him. As he advanced there arose a twittering curiosity, followed soon by laughter, which grew louder an louder. Melchior had not been wrong, and the boy's ga had all the effect anticipated. The audience rocked with laug ter at the sight of the child with his long hair and gipsy co plexion timidly trotting across the platform in the evenin dress of a man of the world. They got up to see him bett Soon the hilarity was general. There was nothing unkind in it, but it would have made the most hardened musician lo his head. Jean-Christophe, terrified by the noise, and the ey watching, and the glasses turned upon him, had only one ide to reach the piano as quickly as possible, for it seemed to h a refuge, an island in the midst of the sea. With head dow looking neither to right nor left, he ran quickly across the pla form, and when he reached the middle of it, instead of bowi to the audience, as had been arranged, he turned his back it, and plunged straight for the piano. The chair was too hi

him to sit down without his father's help, and in his dis-ss, instead of waiting, he climbed up on to it on his knees. at increased the merriment of the audience, but now Jean-ristophe was safe. Sitting at his instrument, he was afraid no one.

Melchior came at last. He gained by the good-humor of audience, who welcomed him with warm applause. The ata began. The boy played it with imperturbable certainty, h his lips pressed tight in concentration, his eyes fixed on keys, his little legs hanging down from the chair. He ame more at ease as the notes rolled out; he was among nds that he knew. A murmur of approbation reached him, waves of pride and satisfaction surged through him as he ught that all these people were silent to listen to him and dmire him. But hardly had he finished when fear overcame again, and the applause which greeted him gave him more me than pleasure. His shame increased when Melchior took by the hand, and advanced with him to the edge of the form, and made him bow to the public. He obeyed, and red very low, with a funny awkwardness; but he was hu-iated, and blushed for what he had done, as though it were ning ridiculous and ugly.

He had to sit at the piano again, and he played the *Pleasures Childhood.* Then the audience was enraptured. After each e they shouted enthusiastically. They wanted him to begin in, and he was proud of his success and at the same time ost hurt by such applause, which was also a command. At end the whole audience rose to acclaim him; the Grand e led the applause. But as Jean-Christophe was now alone the platform he dared not budge from his seat. The ap-se redoubled. He bent his head lower and lower, blushing hang-dog in expression, and he looked steadily away from audience. Melchior came. He took him in his arms, and him to blow kisses. He pointed out to him the Grand e's box. Jean-Christophe turned a deaf ear. Melchior took arm, and threatened him in a low voice. Then he did as was told passively, but he did not look at anybody, he did raise his eyes, but went on turning his head away, and he unhappy. He was suffering; how, he did not know. His

vanity was suffering. He did not like the people who were there at all. It was no use their applauding; he could not forgive them for having laughed and for being amused by his humiliation; he could not forgive them for having seen him in such a ridiculous position—held in mid-air to blow kisses. He disliked them even for applauding, and when Melchior did at last put him down, he ran away to the wings. A lady threw a bunch of violets up at him as he went. It brushed his face. He was panic-stricken and ran as fast as he could, turning over a chair that was in his way. The faster he ran the more they laughed, and the more they laughed the faster he ran.

At last he reached the exit, which was filled with people looking at him. He forced his way through, butting, and ran and hid himself at the back of the anteroom. His grandfather was in high feather, and covered him with blessings. The musicians of the orchestra shouted with laughter, and congratulated the boy, who refused to look at them or to shake hands with them. Melchior listened intently, gaging the applause, which had not yet ceased, and wanted to take Jean-Christophe on to the stage again. But the boy refused angrily, clung to his grandfather's coat-tails, and kicked at everybody who came near him. At last he burst into tears, and they had to let him be.

Just at this moment an officer came to say that the Grand Duke wished the artists to go to his box. How could the child be presented in such a state? Melchior swore angrily, and his wrath only had the effect of making Jean-Christophe's tears flow faster. To stop them, his grandfather promised him a pound of chocolates if he would not cry any more, and Jean-Christophe, who was greedy, stopped dead, swallowed down his tears, and let them carry him off; but they had to swear at first most solemnly that they would not take him on to the platform again.

In the anteroom of the Grand Ducal box he was presented to a gentleman in a dress-coat, with a face like a pug-dog, bristling mustaches, and a short, pointed beard—a little red-faced man, inclined to stoutness, who addressed him with bantering familiarity, and called him "Mozart *redivivus!*" This was the Grand Duke. Then he was presented in turn to the

nd Duchess and her daughter, and their suite. But as he not dare raise his eyes, the only thing he could remember his brilliant company was a series of gowns and uniforms n the waist down to the feet. He sat on the lap of the ng Princess, and dared not move or breathe. She asked questions, which Melchior answered in an obsequious voice i formal replies, respectful and servile; but she did not n to Melchior, and went on teasing the child. He grew ler and redder, and, thinking that everybody must have ced it, he thought he must explain it away and said with ng sigh:

My face is red. I am hot."

hat made the girl shout with laughter. But Jean-Chris- ne did not mind it in her, as he had in his audience just re, for her laughter was pleasant, and she kissed him, and lid not dislike that.

hen he saw his grandfather in the passage at the door of box, beaming and bashful. The old man was fain to show self, and also to say a few words, but he dared not, because one had spoken to him. He was enjoying his grandson's y at a distance. Jean-Christophe became tender, and felt rresistible impulse to procure justice also for the old man, hat they should know his worth. His tongue was loosed, he reached up to the ear of his new friend and whispered er:

I will tell you a secret."

ne laughed, and said:

What?"

You know," he went on—"you know the pretty *trio* in my *uetto,* the *minuetto* I played? . . . You know it? . . ." hummed it gently.) ". . . Well, grandfather wrote it, not All the other airs are mine. But that is the best. Grand- er wrote it. Grandfather did not want me to say anything. won't tell anybody? . . ." (He pointed out the old man.) at is my grandfather. I love him; he is very kind to me."

t that the young Princess laughed again, said that he was rling, covered him with kisses, and, to the consternation Jean-Christophe and his grandfather, told everybody. ybody laughed then, and the Grand Duke congratulated

the old man, who was covered with confusion, tried in vain to explain himself, and stammered like a guilty criminal. But Jean-Christophe said not another word to the girl, and in spite of her wheedling he remained dumb and stiff. He despised her for having broken her promise. His idea of prince suffered considerably from this disloyalty. He was so angry about it that he did not hear anything that was said, or that the Prince had appointed him laughingly his pianist in ordinary his *Hof Musicus.*

He went out with his relatives, and found himself surrounded in the corridors of the theater, and even in the street, with people congratulating him or kissing him. That displeased him greatly, for he did not like being kissed, and did not like people meddling with him without asking his permission.

At last they reached home, and then hardly was the door closed than Melchior began to call him a "little idiot" because he had said that the *trio* was not his own. As the boy was under the impression that he had done a fine thing, which deserved praise, and not blame, he rebelled, and was impertinent. Melchior lost his temper, and said that he would box his ears although he had played his music well enough, because with his idiocy he had spoiled the whole effect of the concert. Jean-Christophe had a profound sense of justice. He went and sulked in a corner; he visited his contempt upon his father, the Princess, and the whole world. He was hurt also because the neighbors came and congratulated his parents and laughed with them, as if it were they who had played, and as if it were their affair.

At this moment a servant of the Court came with a beautiful gold watch from the Grand Duke and a box of lovely sweets from the young Princess. Both presents gave great pleasure to Jean-Christophe, and he did not know which gave him the more; but he was in such a bad temper that he would not admit it to himself, and he went on sulking, scowling at the sweets and wondering whether he could properly accept a gift from a person who had betrayed his confidence. As he was on the point of giving in his father wanted to set him down at once at the table, and make him write at his dictation a letter of thanks. This was too much. Either from the nervous strain

ıe day, or from instinctive shame at beginning the letter, elchior wanted him to, with the words, "The little servant musician—*Knecht und Musicus*—of Your Highness . . ." urst into tears, and was inconsolable. The servant waited scoffed. Melchior had to write the letter. That did not him exactly kindly disposed towards Jean-Christophe. As wning misfortune, the boy let his watch fall and broke it. rm of reproaches broke upon him. Melchior shouted that ould have to go without dessert. Jean-Christophe said ly that that was what he wanted. To punish him, Louisa that she would begin by confiscating his sweets. Jean-tophe was up in arms at that, and said that the box is, and no one else's, and that no one should take it away him! He was smacked, and in a fit of anger snatched ox from his mother's hands, hurled it on the floor, and ed on it. He was whipped, taken to his room, undressed, ut to bed.

the evening he heard his parents dining with friends—gnificent repast, prepared a week before in honor of the rt. He was like to die with wrath at such injustice. They ed loudly, and touched glasses. They had told the guests he boy was tired, and no one bothered about him. Only dinner, when the party was breaking up, he heard a slow, ng step come into his room, and old Jean Michel bent his bed and kissed him, and said: "Dear little Jean-tophe! . . ." Then, as if he were ashamed, he went away ut another word. He had slipped into his hand some neats which he had hidden in his pocket.

it softened Jean-Christophe; but he was so tired with e day's emotions that he had not the strength to think what his grandfather had done. He had not even the th to reach out to the good things the old man had given He was worn out, and went to sleep almost at once.

sleep was light. He had acute nervous attacks, like c shocks, which shook his whole body. In his dreams s haunted by wild music. He awoke in the night. The ven overture that he had heard at the concert was roaring ears. It filled the room with its mighty beat. He sat his bed, rubbed his eyes and ears, and asked himself if

he were asleep. No; he was not asleep. He recognized th sound, he recognized those roars of anger, those savage cries he heard the throbbing of that passionate heart leaping in hi bosom, that tumult of the blood; he felt on his face the frant beating of the wind, lashing and destroying, then stoppin suddenly, cut off by an Herculean will. That Titanic sou entered his body, blew out his limbs and his soul, and seeme to give them colossal proportions. He strode over all th world. He was like a mountain, and storms raged within hi —storms of wrath, storms of sorrow! . . . Ah, what sorrow . . . But they were nothing! He felt so strong! . . . To suff —still to suffer! . . . Ah, how good it is to be strong! Ho good it is to suffer when a man is strong! . . .

He laughed. His laughter rang out in the silence of th night. His father woke up and cried:

"Who is there?"

His mother whispered:

"Ssh! the boy is dreaming!"

All then were silent; round them all was silence. The mus died away, and nothing sounded but the regular breathing the human creatures asleep in the room, comrades in misf thrown together by Fate in the same frail barque, bound o wards by a wild whirling force through the night.

(Jean-Christophe's letter to the Grand Duke Leopold is inspired Beethoven's letter to the Prince Elector of Bonn, written when he w eleven.)

MORNING

I

THE DEATH OF JEAN MICHEL

[EARS have passed. Jean-Christophe is nearly eleven. His ical education is proceeding. He is learning harmony with rian Holzer, the organist of St. Martin's, a friend of his ndfather's, a very learned man, who teaches him that the ds and series of chords that he most loves, and the har- nies which softly greet his heart and ear, those that he not hear without a little thrill running down his spine, bad and forbidden. When he asks why, no reply is forth- ing but that it is so; the rules forbid them. As he is rally in revolt against discipline, he loves them only the e. His delight is to find examples of them in the great admired musicians, and to take them to his grandfather or master. His grandfather replies that in the great musicians are admirable, and that Beethoven and Bach can take any ty. His master, less conciliatory, is angry, and says acidly the masters did better things.

ean-Christophe has a free pass for the concerts and the ter. He has learned to play every instrument a little. is already quite skilful with the violin, and his father ured him a seat in the orchestra. He acquitted himself ell there that after a few months' probation he was officially inted second violin in the *Hof Musik Verein*. He has n to earn his living. Not too soon either, for affairs at e have gone from bad to worse. Melchior's intemperance swamped him, and his grandfather is growing old.

ean-Christophe has taken in the melancholy situation. He ready as grave and anxious as a man. He fulfils his task ntly, though it does not interest him, and he is apt to asleep in the orchestra in the evenings, because it is late he is tired. The theater no longer rouses in him the emotion sed to do when he was little. When he was little—four

years ago—his greatest ambition had been to occupy the place that he now holds. But now he dislikes most of the music he is made to play. He dare not yet pronounce judgment upon it, but he does find it foolish; and if by chance they do play lovely things, he is displeased by the carelessness with which they are rendered, and his best-beloved works are made to appear like his neighbors and colleagues in the orchestra, who, as soon as the curtain has fallen, when they have done with blowing and scraping, mop their brows and smile and chatter quietly, as though they had just finished an hour's gymnastics. And he has been close to his former flame, the fair barefooted singer. He meets her quite often during the *entr'acte* in the saloon. She knows that he was once in love with her, and she kisses him often. That gives him no pleasure. He is disgusted by her paint and scent and her fat arms and her greediness. He hates her now.

The Grand Duke did not forget his pianist in ordinary. Not that the small pension which was granted to him with the title was regularly paid—it had to be asked for—but from time to time Jean-Christophe used to receive orders to go to the Palace when there were distinguished guests, or simply when Their Highnesses took it into their heads that they wanted to hear him. It was almost always in the evening, at the time when Jean-Christophe wanted to be alone. He had to leave everything and hurry off. Sometimes he was made to wait in the anteroom, because dinner was not finished. The servants, accustomed to see him, used to address him familiarly. Then he would be led into a great room full of mirrors and lights, in which well-fed men and women used to stare at him with horrid curiosity. He had to cross the waxed floor to kiss Their Highnesses' hands, and the more he grew the more awkward he became, for he felt that he was in a ridiculous position and his pride used to suffer.

When it was all done he used to sit at the piano and have to play for these idiots. He thought them idiots. There were moments when their indifference so oppressed him as he played that he was often on the point of stopping in the middle of a piece. There was no air about him; he was near suffocation, seemed losing his senses. When he finished he was overwhelmed

congratulations and laden with compliments; he was intro-
ed all round. He thought they looked at him like some
nge animal in the Prince's menagerie, and that the words
raise were addressed rather to his master than to himself.
thought himself brought low, and he developed a morbid
ibility from which he suffered the more as he dared not
v it. He saw offense in the most simple actions. If any
laughed in a corner of the room, he imagined himself to
e cause of it, and he knew not whether it were his manners,
is clothes, or his person, or his hands, or his feet, that
ed the laughter. He was humiliated by everything. He
humiliated if people did not talk to him, humiliated if they
humiliated if they gave him sweets like a child, humiliated
cially when the Grand Duke, as sometimes happened, in
cely fashion dismissed him by pressing a piece of money
his hand. He was wretched at being poor and at being
ed as a poor boy. One evening, as he was going home,
money that he had received weighed so heavily upon him
he threw it through a cellar window, and then immediately
ould have done anything to get it back, for at home there
a month's old account with the butcher to pay.

is relatives never suspected these injuries to his pride.
v were delighted at his favor with the Prince. Poor Louisa
l conceive of nothing finer for her son than these evenings
he Palace in splendid society. As for Melchior, he used
rag of it continually to his boon-fellows. But Jean-Chris-
e's grandfather was happier than any. He pretended to
ndependent and democratic, and to despise greatness, but
ad a simple admiration for money, power, honors, social
nction, and he took unbounded pride in seeing his grandson
ng among those who had these things. He delighted in
as though such glory was a reflection upon himself, and
pite of all his efforts to appear calm and indifferent, his
used to glow. On the evenings when Jean-Christophe went
e Palace, old Jean Michel used always to contrive to stay
t the house on some pretext or another. He used to await
grandson's return with childish impatience, and when Jean-
stophe came in he would begin at once with a careless air
ly him with seeming idle questions, such as:

"Well, did things go well to-night?"

Or he would make little hints like:

"Here's our Jean-Christophe; he can tell us some news."

Or he would produce some ingenious compliment by way of flattery:

"Here's our young nobleman!"

But Jean-Christophe, out of sorts and out of temper, would reply with a curt "Good-evening!" and go and sulk in a corner. But the old man would persist, and ply him with more direct questions, to which the boy replied only "Yes," or "No." Then the others would join in and ask for details. Jean-Christophe would look more and more thunderous. They had to drag the words from his lips until Jean Michel would lose his temper and hurl insults at him. Then Jean-Christophe would reply with scant respect, and the end would be a rumpus. The old man would go out and slam the door. So Jean-Christophe spoiled the joy of these poor people, who had no inkling of the cause of his bad temper. It was not their fault if they had the souls of servants, and never dreamed that it is possible to be otherwise.

Jean-Christophe was turned into himself, and though he never judged his family, yet he felt a gulf between himself and them. No doubt he exaggerated what lay between them, and in spite of their different ways of thought it is quite probable that they could have understood each other if he had been able to talk intimately to them. But it is known that nothing is more difficult than absolute intimacy between children and parents, even when there is much love between them, for on the one side respect discourages confidence, and on the other the idea, often erroneous, of the superiority of age and experience prevents them taking seriously enough the child's feelings, which are often just as interesting as those of grown-up persons, and almost always more sincere.

But the people that Jean-Christophe saw at home and the conversation that he heard there widened the distance between himself and his family.

Melchior's friends used to frequent the house—mostly musicians of the orchestra, single men and hard drinkers. They were not bad fellows, but vulgar. They made the house shake

their footsteps and their laughter. They loved music, but poke of it with a stupidity that was revolting. The coarse retion of their enthusiasm wounded the boy's modesty of g. When they praised a work that he loved it was as h they were insulting him personally. He would stiffen lf and grow pale, frozen, and pretend not to take any st in music. He would have hated it had that been le. Melchior used to say:

he fellow has no heart. He feels nothing. I don't know he gets it from."

netimes they used to sing German four-part songs—four- as well—and these were all exactly like themselves—slow- g, solemn and broad, fashioned of dull melodies. Then Christophe used to fly to the most distant room and hurl s at the wall.

grandfather also had friends: the organist, the furniture-, the watch-maker, the contra-bass—garrulous old men, sed always to pass round the same jokes and plunge into inable discussions on art, politics, or the family trees of untry-side, much less interested in the subjects of which alked than happy to talk and to find an audience.

for Louisa, she used only to see some of her neighbors rought her the gossip of the place, and at rare intervals nd lady," who, under pretext of taking an interest in her, o come and engage her services for a dinner-party, and d to watch over the religious education of the children.

of all who came to the house, none was more repugnant n-Christophe than his Uncle Theodore, a stepson of his father's, a son by a former marriage of his grandmother Jean Michel's first wife. He was a partner in a great rcial house which did business in Africa and the Far He was the exact type of one of those Germans of the yle, whose affectation it is scoffingly to repudiate the old m of the race, and, intoxicated by conquest, to maintain of strength and success which shows that they are not omed to seeing them on their side. But as it is difficult e to change the age-old nature of a people, the despised m sprang up again in him at every turn in language, rs, and moral habits and the quotations from Goethe to

fit the smallest incidents of domestic life, for he was a singul compound of conscience and self-interest. There was in him curious effort to reconcile the honest principles of the o German *bourgeoisie* with the cynicism of these new commerci *condottieri*—a compound which forever gave out a repuls flavor of hypocrisy, forever striving to make of German strengt avarice, and self-interest the symbols of all right, justice, a truth.

Jean-Christophe's loyalty was deeply injured by all this. could not tell whether his uncle were right or no, but he hat him, and marked him down for an enemy. His grandfath had no great love for him either, and was in revolt against theories; but he was easily crushed in argument by Theodor fluency, which was never hard put to it to turn into ridic the old man's simple generosity. In the end Jean Michel ca to be ashamed of his own good-heartedness, and by way showing that he was not so much behind the times as th thought, he used to try to talk like Theodore; but the wo came hollow from his lips, and he was ill at ease with th Whatever he may have thought of him, Theodore did impr him. He felt respect for such practical skill, which he admi the more for knowing himself to be absolutely incapable of He used to dream of putting one of his grandsons to sim work. That was Melchior's idea also. He intended to m Rodolphe follow in his uncle's footsteps. And so the wh family set itself to flatter this rich relation of whom they pected help. He, seeing that he was necessary to them, t advantage of it to cut a fine masterful figure. He meddled everything, gave advice upon everything, and made no atte to conceal his contempt for art and artists. Rather, he blaz it abroad for the mere pleasure of humiliating his musici relations, and he used to indulge in stupid jokes at their pense, and the cowards used to laugh.

Jean-Christophe, especially, was singled out as a butt for uncle's jests. He was not patient under them. He would nothing, but he used to grind his teeth angrily, and his u used to laugh at his speechless rage. But one day, when T dore went too far in his teasing, Jean-Christophe, losing co of himself, spat in his face. It was a fearful affair. The in

so monstrous that his uncle was at first paralyzed by it; words came back to him, and he broke out into a flood ouse. Jean-Christophe sat petrified by the enormity of ning that he had done, and did not even feel the blows that d down upon him; but when they tried to force him down s knees before his uncle, he broke away, jostled his mother , and ran out of the house. He did not stop until he could he no more, and then he was right out in the country. eard voices calling him, and he debated within himself ner he had not better throw himself into the river, since ould not do so with his enemy. He spent the night in elds. At dawn he went and knocked at his grandfather's

The old man had been so upset by Jean-Christophe's pearance—he had not slept for it—that he had not the to scold him. He took him home, and then nothing was to him, because it was apparent that he was still in an d condition, and they had to smooth him down, for he o play at the Palace that evening. But for several weeks nior continued to overwhelm him with his complaints, ssed to nobody in particular, about the trouble that a man to give an example of an irreproachable life and good ers to unworthy creatures who dishonor him. And when ncle Theodore met him in the street, he turned his head eld his nose by way of showing his extreme disgust.

ding so little sympathy at home, Jean-Christophe spent le time there as possible. He chafed against the continual int which they strove to set upon him. There were too things, too many people, that he had to respect, and he never allowed to ask why, and Jean-Christophe did not s the bump of respect. The more they tried to discipline nd to turn him into an honest little German *bourgeois,* ore he felt the need of breaking free from it all. It would been his pleasure after the dull, tedious, formal perform- which he had to attend in the orchestra or at the Palace l in the grass like a fowl, and to slide down the grassy on the seat of his new trousers, or to have a stone-fight the urchins of the neighborhood. It was not because he fraid of scoldings and thwackings that he did not do things more often, but because he had no playmates. He

could not get on with other children. Even the little gutter snipes did not like playing with him, because he took ever game too seriously, and struck too lustily. He had grown use to being driven in on himself, and to living apart from childr of his own age. He was ashamed of not being clever at game and dared not take part in their sport. And he used to preten to take no interest in it, although he was consumed by th desire to be asked to play with them. But they never sa anything to him, and then he would go away hurt, but assu ing indifference.

He found consolation in wandering with Uncle Gottfri when he was in the neighborhood. He became more and mo friendly with him, and sympathized with his independent te per. He understood so well now Gottfried's delight in tramp the roads without a tie in the world! Often they used go out together in the evening into the country, straight o aimlessly, and as Gottfried always forgot the time, they used come back very late, and then were scolded. Gottfried kn that it was wrong, but Jean-Christophe used to implore, a he could not himself resist the pleasure of it. About midni he would stand in front of the house and whistle, an agr signal. Jean-Christophe would be in his bed fully dress He would slip out with his shoes in his hand, and, holding h breath, creep with all the artful skill of a savage to the kitch window, which opened on to the road. He would climb on the table; Gottfried would take him on his shoulders, and th off they would go, happy as truants.

Sometimes they would go and seek out Jeremy the fisherma a friend of Gottfried's, and then they would slip out in boat under the moon. The water dropping from the oars ga out little arpeggios, then chromatic scales. A milky vapor ha tremulous over the surface of the waters. The stars quiver The cocks called to each other from either bank, and som times in the depths of the sky they heard the trilling of la ascending from earth, deceived by the light of the moon. Th were silent. Gottfried hummed a tune. Jeremy told stra tales of the lives of the beasts—tales that gained in myst from the curt and enigmatic manner of their telling. The mo hid herself behind the woods. They skirted the black m

ıe hills. The darkness of the water and the sky mingled. e was never a ripple on the water. Sounds died down. boat glided through the night. Was she gliding? Was noving? Was she still? . . . The reeds parted with a l like the rustling of silk. The boat grounded noiselessly. climbed out on to the bank, and returned on foot. They l not return until dawn. They followed the river-bank. ls of silver ablets, green as ears of corn, or blue as jewels, ed in the first light of day. They swarmed like the ser- of Medusa's head, and flung themselves greedily at the thrown to them; they plunged for it as it sank, and d in spirals, and then darted away in a flash, like a ray ht. The river took on rosy and purple hues of reflection. birds woke one after another. The truants hurried back. as carefully as when they had set out, they returned to the with its thick atmosphere, and Jean-Christophe, worn out, nto bed, and slept at once, with his body sweet-smelling with nell of the fields.

was well, and nothing would have been known, but that ıy Ernest, his younger brother, betrayed Jean-Christophe's ght sallies. From that moment they were forbidden, and s watched. But he contrived to escape, and he preferred ociety of the little peddler and his friends to any other. amily was scandalized. Melchior said that he had the of a laborer. Old Jean Michel was jealous of Jean- ophe's affection for Gottfried, and used to lecture him lowering himself so far as to like such vulgar company he had the honor of mixing with the best people and of the servant of princes. It was considered that Jean- ophe was lacking in dignity and self-respect.

spite of the penury which increased with Melchior's in- rance and folly, life was tolerable as long as Jean Michel here. He was the only creature who had any influence Melchior, and who could hold him back to a certain extent his vice. The esteem in which he was generally held did to pass over the drunkard's freaks, and he used constantly ne to the aid of the household with money. Besides the t pension which he enjoyed as retired *Kapellmeister*, he till able to earn small sums by giving lessons and tuning

pianos. He gave most of it to his daughter-in-law, for h perceived her difficulties, though she strove to hide them fro him. Louisa hated the idea that he was denying himself fo them, and it was all the more to the old man's credit in that h had always been accustomed to a large way of living and ha great needs to satisfy. Sometimes even his ordinary sacrifice were not sufficient, and to meet some urgent debt Jean Miche would have secretly to sell a piece of furniture or books, or som relic that he set store by. Melchior knew that his father mad presents to Louisa that were concealed from himself, and ver often he would lay hands on them, in spite of protest. Bu when this came to the old man's ears—not from Louisa, wh said nothing of her troubles to him, but from one of his gran children—he would fly into a terrible passion, and there we frightful scenes between the two men. They were both extra dinarily violent, and they would come to round oaths an threats—almost it seemed as though they would come to blow But even in his most angry passion respect would hold Melchi in check, and, however drunk he might be, in the end he wou bow his head to the torrent of insults and humiliating reproa which his father poured out upon him. But for that he d not cease to watch for the first opportunity of breaking o again, and with his thoughts on the future, Jean Michel wou be filled with melancholy and anxious fears.

"My poor children," he used to say to Louisa, "what w become of you when I am no longer here? . . . Fortunatel he would add, fondling Jean-Christophe, "I can go on un this fellow pulls you out of the mire." But he was out in h reckoning; he was at the end of his road. No one wo have suspected it. He was surprisingly strong. He was p eighty; he had a full head of hair, a white mane, still gr in patches, and in his thick beard were still black hairs. had only about ten teeth left, but with these he could ch lustily. It was a pleasure to see him at table. He had a hea appetite, and though he reproached Melchior for drinking, always emptied his bottle himself. He had a preference white Moselle. For the rest—wine, beer, cider—he could justice to all the good things that the Lord hath made. was not so foolish as to lose his reason in his cups, and

to his allowance. It is true that it was a plentiful allow-
and that a feebler intelligence must have been made drunk
He was strong of foot and eye, and indefatigably active.
ot up at six, and performed his ablutions scrupulously,
e cared for his appearance and respected his person. He
alone in his house, of which he was sole occupant, and
let his daughter-in-law meddle with his affairs. He
d out his room, made his own coffee, sewed on his buttons,
, and glued, and altered; and going to and fro and up
own stairs in his shirt-sleeves, he never stopped singing
ounding bass which he loved to let ring out as he accom-
l himself with operatic gestures. And then he used to
t in all weathers. He went about his business, omitting
but he was not often punctual. He was to be seen at
street corner arguing with some acquaintance or joking
ome woman whose face he had remembered, for he loved
women and old friends. And so he was always late,
ever knew the time. But he never let the dinner-hour
. He dined wherever he might be, inviting himself, and
uld not go home until late—after nightfall, after a visit
grandchildren. Then he would go to bed, and before
nt to sleep read a page of his old Bible, and during the
—for he never slept for more than an hour or two to-
—he would get up to take down one of his old books,
t second-hand—history, theology, belles-lettres, or science.
ed to read at random a few pages, which interested and
him, and he did not rightly understand them, though he
t skip a word, until sleep came to him again. On Sunday
uld go to church, walk with the children, and play bowls.
d never been ill, except for a little gout in his toes, which
o make him swear at night while he was reading his
It seemed as though he might live to be a hundred,
e himself could see no reason why he should not live
When people said that he would die a centenarian, he
o think, like another illustrious old man, that no limit
appointed to the goodness of Providence. The only sign
e was growing old was that he was more easily brought
rs, and was becoming every day more irritable. The
st impatience with him could throw him into a violent

fury. His red face and short neck would grow redder tha ever. He would stutter angrily, and have to stop, chokin The family doctor, an old friend, had warned him to take ca and to moderate both his anger and his appetite. But w an old man's obstinacy he plunged into acts of still grea recklessness out of bravado, and he laughed at medicine a doctors. He pretended to despise death, and did not min his language when he declared that he was not afraid of it.

One summer day, when it was very hot, and he had dru copiously, and argued in the market-place, he went home a began to work quietly in his garden. He loved digging. Bu headed under the sun, still irritated by his argument, he d angrily. Jean-Christophe was sitting in the arbor with a bo in his hand, but he was not reading. He was dreaming a listening to the cheeping of the crickets, and mechanically f lowing his grandfather's movements. The old man's back w towards him; he was bending and plucking out weeds. Su denly Jean-Christophe saw him rise, beat against the air w his arms, and fall heavily with his face to the ground. F a moment he wanted to laugh; then he saw that the old m did not stir. He called to him, ran to him, and shook h with all his strength. Fear seized him. He knelt, and w his two hands tried to raise the great head from the grou It was so heavy and he trembled so that he could hardly m it. But when he saw the eyes turned up, white and bloo he was frozen with horror and, with a shrill cry, let the h fall. He got up in terror, ran away and out of the pla He cried and wept. A man passing by stopped the boy. Je Christophe could not speak, but he pointed to the ho The man went in, and Jean-Christophe followed him. Oth had heard his cries, and they came from the neighboring hou Soon the garden was full of people. They trampled the flow and bent down over the old man. They cried aloud. T or three men lifted him up. Jean-Christophe stayed by gate, turned to the wall, and hid his face in his hands. was afraid to look, but he could not help himself, and wa they passed him he saw through his fingers the old man's b body, limp and flabby. One arm dragged along the grou the head, leaning against the knee of one of the men carry

dy, bobbed at every step, and the face was scarred, covered mud, bleeding. The mouth was open and the eyes were l. He howled again, and took to flight. He ran as h something were after him, and never stopped until he d home. He burst into the kitchen with frightful cries. a was cleaning vegetables. He hurled himself at her, ugged her desperately, imploring her help. His face was ted with his sobs; he could hardly speak. But at the ord she understood. She went white, let the things fall her hands, and without a word rushed from the house.

n-Christophe was left alone, crouching against a cupboard. ent on weeping. His brothers were playing. He could ake out quite what had happened. He did not think grandfather; he was thinking only of the dreadful sights d just seen, and he was in terror lest he should be made urn to see them again.

l as it turned out in the evening, when the other children, of doing every sort of mischief in the house, were begin- o feel wearied and hungry, Louisa rushed in again, took by the hand, and led them to their grandfather's house. alked very fast, and Ernest and Rodolphe tried to com- as usual; but Louisa bade them be silent in such a tone ce that they held their peace. An instinctive fear seized and when they entered the house they began to weep. not yet night. The last hours of the sunset cast strange over the inside of the house—on the door-handle, on irror, on the violin hung on the wall in the chief room, was half in darkness. But in the old man's room a candle ight, and the flickering flame, vying with the livid, dying nade the heavy darkness of the room more oppressive. ior was sitting near the window, loudly weeping. The , leaning over the bed, hid from sight what was lying Jean-Christophe's heart beat so that it was like to break. a made the children kneel at the foot of the bed. Jean- ophe stole a glance. He expected something so terrifying what he had seen in the afternoon that at the first glimpse as almost comforted. His grandfather lay motionless, emed to be asleep. For a moment the child believed that d man was better, and that all was at an end. But when

he heard his heavy breathing; when, as he looked closer, h
saw the swollen face, on which the wound that he had con
by in the fall had made a broad scar; when he understood tha
here was a man at point of death, he began to tremble; a
while he repeated Louisa's prayer for the restoration of h
grandfather, in his heart he prayed that if the old man cou
not get well he might be already dead. He was terrified at th
prospect of what was going to happen.

The old man had not been conscious since the moment
his fall. He only returned to consciousness for a momen
enough to learn his condition, and that was lamentable. Th
priest was there, and recited the last prayers over him. Th
raised the old man on his pillow. He opened his eyes slow
and they seemed no longer to obey his will. He breathed noisi
and with unseeing eyes looked at the faces and the lights, a
suddenly he opened his mouth. A nameless terror showed
his features.

"But then . . ." he gasped—"but I am going to die!"

The awful sound of his voice pierced Jean-Christophe's hea
Never, never was it to fade from his memory. The old m
said no more. He moaned like a little child. The stupor t
him once more, but his breathing became more and more di
cult. He groaned, he fidgeted with his hands, he seemed
struggle against the mortal sleep. In his semi-consciousness
cried once:

"Mother!"

Oh, the biting impression that it made, this mumbling
the old man, calling in anguish on his mother, as Jean-Ch
tophe would himself have done—his mother, of whom he
never known to talk in life, to whom he now turned instin
tively, the last futile refuge in the last terror! . . . Then
seemed to be comforted for a moment. He had once mor
flicker of consciousness. His heavy eyes, the pupils of wh
seemed to move aimlessly, met those of the boy frozen in
fear. They lit up. The old man tried to smile and sp
Louisa took Jean-Christophe and led him to the bedside. J
Michel moved his lips, and tried to caress his head with
hand, but then he fell back into his torpor. It was the
They sent the children into the next room, but they had

to do to worry about them, and Jean-Christophe, under traction of the horror of it, peeped through the half-open at the tragic face on the pillow; the man strangled by m clutch that had him by the neck; the face which grew nore hollow as he watched; the sinking of the creature he void, which seemed to suck it down like a pump; and rrible death-rattle, the mechanical breathing, like a bubble bursting on the surface of waters; the last efforts of the which strives to live when the soul is no longer. Then ad fell on one side on the pillow. All, all was silence. ew moments later, in the midst of the sobs and prayers he confusion caused by the death, Louisa saw the child, wide-eyed, with gaping mouth, clutching convulsively at ndle of the door. She ran to him. He had a seizure arms. She carried him away. He lost consciousness. ke up to find himself in his bed. He howled in terror, e he had been left alone for a moment, had another , and fainted again. For the rest of the night and the ay he was in a fever. Finally, he grew calm, and on the ight fell into a deep sleep, which lasted until the middle following day. He felt that some one was walking in m, that his mother was leaning over his bed and kissing He thought he heard the sweet distant sound of bells. e would not stir; he was in a dream.

n he opened his eyes again his Uncle Gottfried was sit- t the foot of his bed. Jean-Christophe was worn out, uld remember nothing. Then his memory returned, and an to weep. Gottfried got up and kissed him.

ell, my boy—well?" he said gently.

, uncle, uncle!" sobbed the boy, clinging to him.

y, then . . ." said Gottfried. "Cry!"

also was weeping.

n he was a little comforted Jean-Christophe dried his nd looked at Gottfried. Gottfried understood that he l to ask something.

o," he said, putting a finger to his lips, "you must not It is good to cry, bad to talk."

boy insisted.

is no good."

"Only one thing—only one! . . ."

"What?"

Jean-Christophe hesitated.

"Oh, uncle!" he asked, "where is he now?"

Gottfried answered:

"He is with the Lord, my boy."

But that was not what Jean-Christophe had asked.

"No; you do not understand. Where is he—he *himself*?"

(He meant the body.)

He went on in a trembling voice:

"Is *he* still in the house?"

"They buried the good man this morning," said Gottfri
"Did you not hear the bells?"

Jean-Christophe was comforted. Then, when he thought
he would never see his beloved grandfather again, he wept
more bitterly.

"Poor little beast!" said Gottfried, looking pityingly at
child.

Jean-Christophe expected Gottfried to console him, but G
fried made no attempt to do so, knowing that it was useles

"Uncle Gottfried," asked the boy, "are not you afraid o
too?"

(Much did he wish that Gottfried should not have been afr
and would tell him the secret of it!)

"'Ssh!" he said, in a troubled voice. . . .

"And how is one not to be afraid?" he said, after a mom
"But what can one do? It is so. One must put up w
it."

Jean-Christophe shook his head in protest.

"One has to put up with it, my boy," said Gottfried. "
ordered it up yonder. One has to love what *He* has order

"I hate Him!" said Jean-Christophe, angrily shaking
fist at the sky.

Gottfried fearfully bade him be silent. Jean-Christophe
self was afraid of what he had just said, and he began to
with Gottfried. But blood boiled, and as he repeated the w
of servile humility and resignation there was in his in
heart a feeling of passionate revolt and horror of the abomin
thing and the monstrous Being who had been able to creat

s passed and nights of rain over the freshly-turned earth which lay the remains of poor old Jean Michel. At oment Melchior wept and cried and sobbed much, but ek was not out before Jean-Christophe heard him laugh- artily. When the name of the dead man was pronounced presence, his face grew longer and a lugubrious ex- n came into it, but in a moment he would begin to talk sticulate excitedly. He was sincerely afflicted, but it was ible for him to remain sad for long.

isa, passive and resigned, accepted the misfortune as she ed everything. She added a prayer to her daily prayers; nt regularly to the cemetery, and cared for the grass t were part of her household.

fried paid touching attention to the little patch of ground the old man slept. When he came to the neighborhood, ught a little souvenir—a cross that he had made, or that Jean Michel had loved. He never missed, even were only in the town for a few hours, and he did it by

etimes Louisa took Jean-Christophe with her on her visits cemetery. Jean-Christophe revolted in disgust against patch of earth clad in its sinister adornment of flowers es, and against the heavy scent which mounts to the sun, ng with the breath of the sonorous cypress. But he dared nfess his disgust, because he condemned it in himself as ly and impious. He was very unhappy. His grand- s death haunted him incessantly, and yet he had long what death was, and had thought about it and been of it. But he had never before seen it, and he who for the first time learns that he knew nothing, neither h nor of life. One moment brings everything tottering. is of no avail. You thought you were alive, you thought d some experience of life; you see then that you knew r, that you have been living in a veil of illusions spun r own mind to hide from your eyes the awful counte- of reality. There is no connection between the idea of g and the creature who bleeds and suffers. There is nection between the idea of death and the convulsions y and soul in combat and in death. Human language,

human wisdom, are only a puppet-show of stiff mechanical dol by the side of the grim charm of reality and the creatures mind and blood, whose desperate and vain efforts are strain to the fixing of a life which crumbles away with every day.

Jean-Christophe thought of death day and night. Memor of the last agony pursued him. He heard that horrible breat ing; every night, whatever he might be doing, he saw his gra father again. All Nature was changed; it seemed as thou there were an icy vapor drawn over her. Round him, ever where, whichever way he turned, he felt upon his face the fa breathing of the blind, all-powerful Beast; he felt himself the grip of that fearful destructive Form, and he felt t there was nothing to be done. But, far from crushing h the thought of it set him aflame with hate and indignati He was never resigned to it. He butted head down agai the impossible; it mattered nothing that he broke his he and was forced to realize that he was not the stronger. never ceased to revolt against suffering. From that time his life was an unceasing struggle against the savagery o Fate which he could not admit.

The very misery of his life afforded him relief from obsession of his thoughts. The ruin of his family, which Jean Michel had withheld, proceeded apace when he was moved. With him the Kraffts had lost their chief means support, and misery entered the house.

Melchior increased it. Far from working more, he abando himself utterly to his vice when he was free of the only fo that had held him in check. Almost every night he retur home drunk, and he never brought back his earnings. Bes he had lost almost all his lessons. One day he had appea at the house of one of his pupils in a state of complete toxication, and, as a consequence of this scandal, all doors w closed to him. He was only tolerated in the orchestra out regard for the memory of his father, but Louisa trembled he should be dismissed any day after a scene. He had alr been threatened with it on several evenings when he had tur up in his place about the end of the performance.

Twice or thrice he had forgotten altogether to put in appearance. And of what was he not capable in those mom

apid excitement when he was taken with the itch to do say idiotic things! Had he not taken it into his head evening to try and play his great violin concerto in the le of an act of the *Valkyrie?* They were hard put to it op him. Sometimes, too, he would shout with laughter e middle of a performance at the amusing pictures that presented on the stage or whirling in his own brain. He joy to his colleagues, and they passed over many things se he was so funny. But such indulgence was worse than ty, and Jean-Christophe could have died for shame.

e boy was now first violin in the orchestra. He sat so ne could watch over his father, and, when necessary, be- him, and make him be silent. It was not easy, and the hing was not to pay any attention to him, for if he did, n as the sot felt that eyes were upon him, he would take nking faces or launch out into a speech. Then Jean- ophe would turn away, trembling with fear lest he should it some outrageous prank. He would try to be absorbed work, but he could not help hearing Melchior's utter- and the laughter of his colleagues. Tears would come into es. The musicians, good fellows that they were, had seen nd were sorry for him. They would hush their laughter, nly talk about his father when Jean-Christophe was not But Jean-Christophe was conscious of their pity. He that as soon as he had gone their jokes would break out and that Melchior was the laughing-stock of the town uld not stop him, and he was in torment. He used to his father home after the play. He would take his arm, with his pleasantries, and try to conceal the stumbling walk. But he deceived no one, and in spite of all his it was very rarely that he could succeed in leading Mel- all the way home. At the corner of the street Melchior declare that he had an urgent appointment with some , and no argument could dissuade him from keeping ngagement. Jean-Christophe took care not to insist too so as not to expose himself to a scene and paternal ations which might attract the neighbors to their windows. the household money slipped away in this fashion. Mel- was not satisfied with drinking away his earnings; he

drank away all that his wife and son so hardly earned. Louisa used to weep, but she dared not resist, since her husband had harshly reminded her that nothing in the house belonged to her, and that he had married her without a sou. Jean-Christophe tried to resist. Melchior boxed his ears, treated him like a naughty child, and took the money out of his hands. The boy was twelve or thirteen. He was strong, and was beginning to kick against being beaten; but he was still afraid to rebel, and rather than expose himself to fresh humiliations of the kind he let himself be plundered. The only resource that Louisa and Jean-Christophe had was to hide their money; but Melchior was singularly ingenious in discovering their hiding-places when they were not there.

Soon that was not enough for him. He sold the things that he had inherited from his father. Jean-Christophe sadly saw the precious relics go—the books, the bed, the furniture, the portraits of musicians. He could say nothing. But one day when Melchior had crashed into Jean Michel's old piano, and swore as he rubbed his knee, and said that there was no longer room to move about in his own house, and that he would clear the house of all such gimcrackery. Jean-Christophe cried aloud. It was true that the rooms were too full, since all Jean Michel's belongings were crowded into them, so as to be able to sell the house, that dear house in which Jean-Christophe had spent the happiest hours of his childhood. It was true also that the old piano was not worth much, that it was husky in tone, and that for a long time Jean-Christophe had not used it, since he played on the fine new piano due to the generosity of the Prince; but however old and useless it might be, it was Jean-Christophe's best friend. It had awakened the child to the boundless world of music; on its worn yellow keys he had discovered with his fingers the kingdom of sounds and its laws; it had been his grandfather's work (months had gone to repairing it for his grandson), and he was proud of it; it was in some sort a holy relic, and Jean-Christophe protested that his father had no right to sell it. Melchior bade him be silent. Jean-Christophe cried louder than ever that the piano was his, and that he forbade any one to touch it; but Melchior looked at him with an evil smile, and said nothing.

xt day Jean-Christophe had forgotten the affair. He came
tired, but in a fairly good temper. He was struck by
ly looks of his brothers. They pretended to be absorbed
eir books, but they followed him with their eyes, and
ed all his movements, and bent over their books again
he looked at them. He had no doubt that they had played
trick upon him, but he was used to that, and did not
about it, but determined, when he had found it out, to
them a good thrashing, as he always did on such occasions.
corned to look into the matter, and he began to talk to his
r, who was sitting by the fire, and questioned him as to
oings of the day with an affectation of interest which suited
but ill; and while he talked he saw that Melchior was
nging stealthy nods and winks with the two children.
thing caught at his heart. He ran into his room. The
where the piano had stood was empty! He gave a cry
guish. In the next room he heard the stifled laughter of
rothers. The blood rushed to his face. He rushed in to
, and cried:

ly piano!"

lchior raised his head with an air of calm bewilderment
made the children roar with laughter. He could not
in himself when he saw Jean-Christophe's piteous look,
he turned aside to guffaw. Jean-Christophe no longer
what he was doing. He hurled himself like a mad thing
is father. Melchior, lolling in his chair, had no time to
ct himself. The boy seized him by the throat and cried:
hief! Thief!"

was only for a moment. Melchior shook himself, and sent
-Christophe rolling down on to the tile floor, though in
ury he was clinging to him like grim death. The boy's
crashed against the tiles. Jean-Christophe got upon his
. He was livid, and he went on saying in a choking
:

hief, thief! . . . You are robbing us—mother and me.
Thief! . . . You are selling my grandfather!"

lchior rose to his feet, and held his fist above Jean-Chris-
's head. The boy stared at him with hate in his eyes.
as trembling with rage. Melchior began to tremble, too.

He sat down, and hid his face in his hands. The two children had run away screaming. Silence followed the uproar. Melchior groaned and mumbled. Jean-Christophe, against the wall, never ceased glaring at him with clenched teeth, and he trembled in every limb. Melchior began to blame himself.

"I am a thief! I rob my family! My children despise me. It were better if I were dead!"

When he had finished whining, Jean-Christophe did not budge, but asked him harshly:

"Where is the piano?"

"At Wormser's," said Melchior, not daring to look at him.

Jean-Christophe took a step forward, and said:

"The money!"

Melchior, crushed, took the money from his pocket and gave it to his son. Jean-Christophe turned towards the door. Melchior called him:

"Jean-Christophe!"

Jean-Christophe stopped. Melchior went on in a quavering voice:

"Dear Jean-Christophe . . . do not despise me!"

Jean-Christophe flung his arms round his neck and sobbed:

"No, father—dear father! I do not despise you! I am so unhappy!"

They wept loudly. Melchior lamented:

"It is not my fault. I am not bad. That's true, Jean-Christophe? I am not bad?"

He promised that he would drink no more. Jean-Christophe wagged his head doubtfully, and Melchior admitted that he could not resist it when he had money in his hands. Jean-Christophe thought for a moment and said:

"You see, father, we must . . ."

He stopped.

"What then?"

"I am ashamed . . ."

"Of whom?" asked Melchior naïvely

"Of you."

Melchior made a face and said:

"That's nothing."

Jean-Christophe explained that they would have to put a

mily money, even Melchior's contribution, into the hands me one else, who would dole it out to Melchior day by or week by week, as he needed it. Melchior, who was mble mood—he was not altogether starving—agreed to roposition, and declared that he would then and there a letter to the Grand Duke to ask that the pension which to him should be regularly paid over in his name to Jean-tophe. Jean-Christophe refused, blushing for his father's liation. But Melchior, thirsting for self-sacrifice, insisted riting. He was much moved by his own magnanimity. Christophe refused to take the letter, and when Louisa in and was acquainted with the turn of events, she declared she would rather beg in the streets than expose her hus-to such an insult. She added that she had every confidence m, and that she was sure he would make amends out of for the children and herself. In the end there was a of tender reconciliation and Melchior's letter was left on ble, and then fell under the cupboard, where it remained aled.

t a few days later, when she was cleaning up, Louisa it there, and as she was very unhappy about Melchior's outbreaks—he had forgotten all about it—instead of tear-t up, she kept it. She kept it for several months, always ing the idea of making use of it, in spite of the suffering ad to endure. But one day, when she saw Melchior once beating Jean-Christophe and robbing him of his money, ould bear it no longer, and when she was left alone with oy, who was weeping, she went and fetched the letter, and it him, and said:

o!"

n-Christophe hesitated, but he understood that there was her way if they wished to save from the wreck the little vas left to them. He went to the Palace. He took nearly ur to walk a distance that ordinarily took twenty minutes. as overwhelmed by the shame of what he was doing. His which had grown great in the years of sorrow and isola-bled at the thought of publicly confessing his father's He knew perfectly well that it was known to everybody, a strange and natural inconsequence he would not admit

it, and pretended to notice nothing, and he would rather ha been hewn in pieces than agree. And now, of his own accor he was going! . . . Twenty times he was on the point of tur ing back. He walked two or three times round the town, tur ing away just as he came near the Palace. He was not ai in his plight. His mother and brothers had also to be co sidered. Since his father had deserted them and betrayed the it was his business as eldest son to take his place and come their assistance. There was no room for hesitation or pri he had to swallow down his shame. He entered the Pala On the staircase he almost turned and fled. He knelt down a step; he stayed for several minutes on the landing, with hand on the door, until some one coming made him go in.

Every one in the offices knew him. He asked to see H Excellency the Director of the Theaters, Baron de Hamm Langbach. A young clerk, sleek, bald, pink-faced, with a wh waistcoat and a pink tie, shook his hand familiarly, and beg to talk about the opera of the night before. Jean-Christop repeated his question. The clerk replied that His Excelle was busy for the moment, but that if Jean-Christophe had request to make they could present it with other docume which were to be sent in for His Excellency's signature. Jea Christophe held out his letter. The clerk read it, and ga a cry of surprise.

"Oh, indeed!" he said brightly. "That is a good idea. H ought to have thought of that long ago! He never did an thing better in his life! Ah, the old sot! How the devil d he bring himself to do it?"

He stopped short. Jean-Christophe had snatched the pa out of his hands, and, white with rage, shouted:

"I forbid you! . . . I forbid you to insult me!"

The clerk was staggered.

"But, my dear Jean-Christophe," he began to say, "who thought of insulting you? I only said what everybody thi and what you think yourself."

"No!" cried Jean-Christophe angrily.

"What! you don't think so? You don't think that drinks?"

"It is not true!" said Jean-Christophe.

stamped his foot.
e clerk shrugged his shoulders.
n that case, why did he write this letter?"
ecause," said Jean-Christophe (he did not know what to —"because, when I come for my wages every month, I r to take my father's at the same time. It is no good oth putting ourselves out. . . . My father is very busy."
reddened at the absurdity of his explanation. The clerk d at him with pity and irony in his eyes. Jean-Christophe bled the paper in his hands, and turned to go. The clerk p and took him by the arm.
Vait a moment," he said. "I'll go and fix it up for you."
went into the Director's office. Jean-Christophe waited, the eyes of the other clerks upon him. His blood boiled. id not know what he was doing, what to do, or what he to do. He thought of going away before the answer was ht to him, and he had just made up his mind to that when oor opened.
His Excellency will see you," said the too obliging clerk.
n-Christophe had to go in.
s Excellency Baron de Hammer Langbach, a little neat old with whiskers, mustaches, and a shaven chin, looked at Christophe over his golden spectacles without stopping ig, nor did he give any response to the boy's awkward bow.
o," he said, after a moment, "you are asking, Herr t . . . ?"
Your Excellency," said Jean-Christophe hurriedly, "I ask pardon. I have thought better of it. I have nothing to

e old man sought no explanation for this sudden recon-tion. He looked more closely at Jean-Christophe, coughed, aid:
Herr Krafft, will you give me the letter that is in your ?"
n-Christophe saw that the Director's gaze was fixed on aper which he was still unconsciously holding crumpled his hand.
t is no use, Your Excellency," he murmured. "It is not while now."

"Please give it me," said the old man quietly, as though he had not heard.

Mechanically Jean-Christophe gave him the crumpled letter but he plunged into a torrent of stuttered words while he held out his hand for the letter. His Excellency carefully smoothed out the paper, read it, looked at Jean-Christophe, let him flounder about with his explanations, then checked him, and said with a malicious light in his eyes:

"Very well, Herr Krafft; the request is granted."

He dismissed him with a wave of his hand and went on with his writing.

Jean-Christophe went out, crushed.

"No offense, Jean-Christophe!" said the clerk kindly, when the boy came into the office again. Jean-Christophe let him shake his hand without daring to raise his eyes. He found himself outside the Palace. He was cold with shame. Everything that had been said to him recurred in his memory, and he imagined that there was an insulting irony in the pity of the people who honored and were sorry for him. He went home and answered only with a few irritable words Louisa's questions, as though he bore a grudge against her for what he had just done. He was racked by remorse when he thought of his father. He wanted to confess everything to him, and to beg his pardon. Melchior was not there. Jean-Christophe kept awake far into the night, waiting for him. The more he thought of him the more his remorse quickened. He idealized him; he thought of him as weak, kind, unhappy, betrayed by his own family. As soon as he heard his step on the stairs he leaped from his bed to go and meet him, and throw himself in his arms; but Melchior was in such a disgusting state of intoxication that Jean-Christophe had not even the courage to go near him, and he went to bed again, laughing bitterly at his own illusions.

When Melchior learned a few days later of what had happened, he was in a towering passion, and, in spite of all Jean-Christophe's entreaties, he went and made a scene at the Palace. But he returned with his tail between his legs, and breathed not a word of what had happened. He had been very badly received. He had been told that he would have to take a very different tone about the matter, that the pension had only been

ıued out of consideration for the worth of his son, and f in the future there came any scandal concerning him ir ears, it would be suppressed. And so Jean-Christophe ıuch surprised and comforted to see his father accept his from day to day, and even boast about having taken the ive in the *sacrifice*.

that did not keep Melchior from complaining outside ıe had been robbed by his wife and children, that he had imself out for them all his life, and that now they let ant for everything. He tried also to extract money from Christophe by all sorts of ingenious tricks and devices, often used to make Jean-Christophe laugh, although he ıardly ever taken in by them. But as Jean-Christophe irm, Melchior did not insist. He was curiously intimi- by the severity in the eyes of this boy of fourteen who l him. He used to avenge himself by some stealthy, trick. He used to go to the cabaret and eat and drink ch as he pleased, and then pay nothing, pretending that n would pay his debts. Jean-Christophe did not protest, ar of increasing the scandal, and he and Louisa exhausted resources in discharging Melchior's debts. In the end ior more and more lost interest in his work as violinist, he no longer received his wages, and his absence from ıeater became so frequent that, in spite of Jean-Chris- s entreaties, they had to dismiss him. The boy was left port his father, his brothers, and the whole household. at fourteen Jean-Christophe became the head of the .

stoutly faced his formidable task. His pride would not him to resort to the charity of others. He vowed that uld pull through alone. From his earliest days he had d too much from seeing his mother accept and even ask umiliating charitable offerings. He used to argue the with her when she returned home triumphant with some t that she had obtained from one of her patronesses. aw no harm in it, and was glad to be able, thanks to the , to spare Jean-Christophe a little, and to bring another r dish forth for supper. But Jean-Christophe would be-

come gloomy, and would not talk all evening, and would eve refuse, without giving any reason, to touch food gained this way. Louisa was vexed, and clumsily urged her son eat. He was not to be budged, and in the end she would l her temper, and say unkind things to him, and he would retor Then he would fling his napkin on the table and go out. H father would shrug his shoulders and call him a *poseur; h* brothers would laugh at him and eat his portion.

But he had somehow to find a livelihood. His earnings fro the orchestra were not enough. He gave lessons. His tale as an instrumentalist, his good reputation, and, above all, Prince's patronage, brought him a numerous *clientèle* amo the middle classes. Every morning from nine o'clock on taught the piano to little girls, many of them older than h self, who frightened him horribly with their coquetry and m dened him with the clumsiness of their playing. They we absolutely stupid as far as music went, but, on the other han they had all, more or less, a keen sense of ridicule, and th mocking looks spared none of Jean-Christophe's awkwardnes It was torture for him. Sitting by their side on the edge his chair, stiff, and red in the face; bursting with anger, a not daring to stir; controlling himself so as not to say stu things, and afraid of the sound of his own voice, so that could hardly speak a word; trying to look severe, and feel that his pupil was looking at him out of the corner of her e he would lose countenance, grow confused in the middle o remark; fearing to make himself ridiculous, he would beco so, and break out into violent reproach. But it was very e for his pupils to avenge themselves, and they did not fail do so, and upset him by a certain way of looking at him, by asking him the simplest questions, which made him bl up to the roots of his hair; or they would ask him to do th some small service, such as fetching something they had f gotten from a piece of furniture, and that was for him a r painful ordeal, for he had to cross the room under fire malicious looks, which pitilessly remarked the least awkw ness in his movements and his clumsy legs, his stiff arms, body cramped by his shyness.

From these lessons he had to hasten to rehearsal at the thea

ıe had no time for lunch, and he used to carry a piece
d and some cold meat in his pocket to eat during the
. Sometimes he had to take the place of Tobias Pfeiffer,
sik Direktor, who was interested in him, and sometimes
ı to conduct the orchestra rehearsals instead of himself.
· had also to go on with his own musical education.
)iano lessons filled his day until the hour of the per-
:e, and very often in the evening after the play he was
· to play at the Palace. There he had to play for an
two. The Princess laid claim to a knowledge of music.
s very fond of it, but had never been able to perceive
;rence between good and bad. She used to make Jean-
)he play through strange programmes, in which dull
ics stood side by side with masterpieces. But her
pleasure was to make him improvise, and she used to
him with heartbreakingly sentimental themes.

Christophe used to leave about midnight, worn out, with
ls burning, his head aching, his stomach empty. He
a sweat, and outside snow would be falling, or there
e an icy fog. He had to walk across half the town to
)me. He went on foot, his teeth chattering, longing
and to cry, and he had to take care not to splash his
ning dress-suit in the puddles.

ould go up to his room, which he still shared with his
, and never was he so overwhelmed by disgust and
with his life as at the moment when in his attic,
stifling smell, he was at last permitted to take off
ır of his misery. He had hardly the heart to undress
Happily, no sooner did his head touch the pillow
would sink into a heavy sleep which deprived him of
iousness of his troubles.

e had to get up by dawn in summer, and before dawn
:r. He wished to do his own work. It was all the
e that he had between five o'clock and eight. Even
had to waste some of it by work to command, for his
Iof Musicus and his favor with the Grand Duke exacted
ı official compositions for the Court festivals.

very source of his life was poisoned. Even his dreams
free, but, as usual, this restraint made them only the

stronger. When nothing hampers action, the soul has fe
reasons for action, and the closer the walls of Jean-Christop
prison of care and banal tasks were drawn about him, the
his heart in its revolt felt its independence. In a life with
obstacles he would doubtless have abandoned himself to ch
and to the voluptuous sauntering of adolescence. As he c
be free only for an hour or two a day, his strength flowed
that space of time like a river between walls of rock. It
good discipline for art for a man to confine his efforts bet
unshakable bounds. In that sense it may be said that m
is a master, not only of thought, but of style; it teaches sob
to the mind as to the body. When time is doled out
thoughts measured, a man says no word too much, and g
accustomed to thinking only what is essential; so he liv
double pressure, having less time for living.

This had happened in Jean-Christophe's case. Under
yoke he took full stock of the value of liberty and he
frittered away the precious minutes with useless word
actions. His natural tendency to write diffusely, given
all the caprice of a mind sincere but indiscriminating, f
correction in being forced to think and do as much as po
in the least possible time. Nothing had so much influ
on his artistic and moral development—not the lesson
his masters, nor the example of the masterpieces. D
the years when the character is formed he came to con
music as an exact language, in which every sound has a
ing, and at the same time he came to loathe those musi
who talk without saying anything.

And yet the compositions which he wrote at this time
still far from expressing himself completely, because h
still very far from having completely discovered himself
was seeking himself through the mass of acquired feelings
education imposes on a child as second nature. He had
intuitions of his true being, until he should feel the pa
of adolescence, which strip the personality of its borrowe
ments as a thunder-clap purges the sky of the mists tha
over it. Vague and great forebodings were mingled in
with strange memories, of which he could not rid himself
raged against these lies; he was wretched to see how in

e wrote was to what he thought; he had bitter doubts elf. But he could not resign himself to such a stupid He longed passionately to do better, to write great and always he missed fire. After a moment of illusion rote, he saw that what he had done was worthless. He up; he burned everything that he did; and, to crown iliation, he had to see his official works, the most e of all, preserved, and he could not destroy them— certo, *The Royal Eagle,* for the Prince's birthday and ata, *The Marriage of Pallas,* written on the occasion narriage of Princess Adelaide—published at great ex- *éditions de luxe,* which perpetuated his imbecilities erity; for he believed in posterity. He wept in his ion.

ed years! No respite, no release—nothing to create ion from such maddening toil; no games, no friends. ould he have them? In the afternoon, when other played, young Jean-Christophe, with his brows knit tion, was at his place in the orchestra in the dusty ghted theater; and in the evening, when other children ed, he was still there, sitting in his chair, bowed with s.

timacy with his brothers. The younger, Ernest, was He was a little ragamuffin, vicious and impudent, nt his days with other rapscallions like himself, and eir company had caught not only deplorable manners, eful habits which good Jean-Christophe, who had never as suspected their existence, was horrified to see one ne other, Rodolphe, the favorite of Uncle Theodore, o into business. He was steady, quiet, but sly. He himself much superior to Jean-Christophe, and did not s authority in the house, although it seemed natural eat the food that he provided. He had espoused the Theodore and Melchior's ill-feeling against Jean-Chris- nd used to repeat their absurd gossip. Neither of ers cared for music, and Rodolphe, in imitation of his fected to despise it. Chafing against Jean-Christophe's and lectures—for he took himself very seriously as of the family—the two boys had tried to rebel; but

Jean-Christophe, who had lusty fists and the consciousness of right, sent them packing. Still they did not for that cease to do with him as they liked. They abused his credulity, laid traps for him, into which he invariably fell. They came to extort money from him with barefaced lies, and laughed at him behind his back. Jean-Christophe was always taken in. He had so much need of being loved that an affectionate word was enough to disarm his rancor. He would have forgiven them everything for a little love. But his confidence was cruelly shaken when he heard them laughing at his stupidity after a scene of hypocritical embracing which had moved him to tears, and they had taken advantage of it to rob him of a gold watch, a present from the Prince, which they coveted. He despised them, and yet went on letting himself be taken in from his unconquerable tendency to trust and to love. He knew it, and raged against himself, and he used to thrash his brain soundly when he discovered once more that they had taken him in. That did not keep him from swallowing almost immediately the fresh hook which it pleased them to bait for him.

A more bitter cause of suffering was in store for him. He learned from officious neighbors that his father was speaking ill of him. After having been proud of his son's successes, after having boasted of them everywhere, Melchior was weak and shameful enough to be jealous of them. He tried to belittle them. It was stupid to weep; Jean-Christophe could only shrug his shoulders in contempt. It was no use being angry about it, for his father did not know what he was doing, and was embittered by his own downfall. The boy said nothing. He was afraid, if he said anything, of being too hard; but he was cut to the heart.

They were melancholy gatherings at the family evening round the lamp, with a spotted cloth, with all the stupid chatter and the sound of the jaws of these people whom he despised and pitied, and yet loved in spite of everything. Only between himself and his brave mother did Jean-Christophe feel a breath of affection. But Louisa, like himself, exhausted herself during the day, and in the evening she was worn out and hardly spoke, and after dinner used to sleep in her chair over her darning. And she was so good that she seemed to make no difference

ve between her husband and her three sons. She loved
l equally. Jean-Christophe did not find in her the
friend that he so much needed.

was driven in upon himself. For days together he
ot speak, fulfilling his tiresome and wearing task with
f silent rage. Such a mode of living was dangerous,
y for a child at a critical age, when he is most sensitive,
xposed to every agent of destruction and the risk of
formed for the rest of his life. Jean-Christophe's
ffered seriously. He had been endowed by his parents
ealthy constitution and a sound and healthy body; but
healthiness only served to feed his suffering when the
f weariness and too early cares had opened up a gap
it might enter. Quite early in life there were signs
nervous disorders. When he was a small boy he was
o fainting-fits and convulsions and vomiting whenever
ntered opposition. When he was seven or eight, about
of the concert, his sleep had been troubled. He used
cry, laugh and weep in his sleep, and this habit re-
him whenever he had too much to think of. Then
ruel headaches, sometimes shooting pains at the base
ull or the top of his head, sometimes a leaden heavi-
is eyes troubled him. Sometimes it was as though
eedles were piercing his eyeballs. He was subject to
izziness, when he could not see to read, and had to
a minute or two. Insufficient and unsound food and
meals ruined the health of his stomach. He was
internal pains or exhausted by diarrhea. But noth-
ght him more suffering than his heart. It beat with
rregularity. Sometimes it would leap in his bosom,
like to break; sometimes it would hardly beat at
seem like to stop. At night his temperature would
mingly; it would change suddenly from fever-point
to nothing. He would burn, then shiver with cold,
ugh agony. His throat would go dry; a lump in it
revent his breathing. Naturally his imagination

He dared not say anything to his family of what
ing through, but he was continually dissecting it with
ness which either enlarged his sufferings or created

new ones. He decided that he had every known illness ... after the other. He believed that he was going blind, and ... he sometimes used to turn giddy as he walked, he thou... that he was going to fall down dead. Always that dre... fear of being stopped on his road, of dying before his t... obsessed him, overwhelmed him, and pursued him. Ah, if ... had to die, at least let it not be now, not before he had ta... victory! . . .

Victory . . . the fixed idea which never ceases to burn w... him without his being fully aware of it—the idea which b... him up through all his disgust and fatigues and the stag... morass of such a life! A dim and great foreknowledg... what he will be some day, of what he is already! . . . W... is he? A sick, nervous child, who plays the violin in ... orchestra and writes mediocre concertos? No; far more ... such a child. That is no more than the wrapping, the seem... of a day; that is not his Being. There is no connection betw... his Being and the existing shape of his face and thought. ... knows that well. When he looks at himself in the mirro... does not know himself. That broad red face, those promi... eyebrows, those little sunken eyes, that short thick nose, ... sullen mouth—the whole mask, ugly and vulgar, is foreig... himself. Neither does he know himself in his wri... He judges, he knows that what he does and what he is ... nothing; and yet he is sure of what he will be and do. S... times he falls foul of such certainty as a vain lie. He ... pleasure in humiliating himself and bitterly mortifying ... self by way of punishment. But his certainty endures; not ... can alter it. Whatever he does, whatever he thinks, not ... his thoughts, actions, or writings contain him or express ... He knows, he has this strange presentiment, that the more ... he is, is not contained in the present but is what he will ... what he *will be to-morrow*. *He will be!* . . . He is fire... that faith, he is intoxicated by that light! Ah, if only *To-...* does not block the way! If only he does not fall into ... of the cunning traps which *To-day* is forever laying for ...

So he steers his bark across the sea of days, turning his ... neither to right nor left, motionless at the helm, with his ... fixed on the bourne, the refuge, the end that he has in ...

orchestra, among the talkative musicians, at table with
1 family, at the Palace, while he is playing without a
s of what he is playing, for the entertainment of Royal
: is in that future, that future which a speck may bring
g to earth—no matter, it is in that that he lives.

s at his old piano, in his garret, alone. Night falls.
ng light of day is cast upon his music. He strains his
read the notes until the last ray of light is dead. The
ess of hearts that are dead breathed forth from the
age fills him with love. His eyes are filled with tears.
s to him that a beloved creature is standing behind him,
't breathing caresses his cheek, that two arms are about
x. He turns, trembling. He feels, he knows, that he
lone. A soul that loves and is loved is there, near him.
ns aloud because he cannot perceive it, and yet that
of bitterness falling upon his ecstasy has sweetness, too.
dness has its light. He thinks of his beloved masters,
enius that is gone, though its soul lives on in the music
t had lived in its life. His heart is overflowing with
dreams of the superhuman happiness which must have
lot of these glorious men, since the reflection only of
ppiness is still so much aflame. He dreams of being
m, of giving out such love as this, with lost rays to
his misery with a godlike smile. In his turn to be
o give out the warmth of joy, to be a sun of life! . . .
if one day he does become the equal of those whom he
he does achieve that brilliant happiness for which he
will see the illusion that was upon him. . . .

II

OTTO

Sunday when Jean-Christophe had been invited by his
irektor to dine at the little country house which Tobias
owned an hour's journey from the town, he took the
eamboat. On deck he sat next to a boy about his own

age, who eagerly made room for him. Jean-Christophe p no attention, but after a moment, feeling that his neigh had never taken his eyes off him, he turned and looked at h He was a fair boy, with round pink cheeks, with his hair par on one side, and a shade of down on his lip. He looked fran what he was—a hobbledehoy—though he made great efforts seem grown up. He was dressed with ostentatious care—flan suit, light gloves, white shoes, and a pale blue tie—and he ried a little stick in his hand. He looked at Jean-Christo out of the corner of his eye without turning his head, w his neck stiff, like a hen; and when Jean-Christophe loo at him he blushed up to his ears, took a newspaper from pocket, and pretended to be absorbed in it, and to look im tant over it. But a few minutes later he dashed to pick Jean-Christophe's hat, which had fallen. Jean-Christophe, prised at such politeness, looked once more at the boy, once more he blushed. Jean-Christophe thanked him curtly, he did not like such obsequious eagerness, and he hated to fussed with. All the same, he was flattered by it.

Soon it passed from his thoughts; his attention was occu by the view. It was long since he had been able to e from the town, and so he had keen pleasure in the wind beat against his face, in the sound of the water against boat, in the great stretch of water and the changing spec presented by the banks—bluffs gray and dull, willow-trees under water, pale vines, legendary rocks, towns crowned w Gothic towers and factory chimneys belching black sm And as he was in ecstasy over it all, his neighbor in a cle voice timidly imparted a few historic facts concerning the t that they saw, cleverly restored and covered with ivy. seemed to be lecturing to himself. Jean-Christophe, rouse interest, plied him with questions. The other replied eag glad to display his knowledge, and with every sentence he dressed himself directly to Jean-Christophe, calling him "*Hof Violinist.*"

"You know me, then?" said Jean-Christophe.

"Oh yes," said the boy, with a simple admiration that ti Jean-Christophe's vanity.

They talked. The boy had often seen Jean-Christoph

rts, and his imagination had been touched by everything he had heard about him. He did not say so to Jean-tophe, but Jean-Christophe felt it, and was pleasantly sur-d by it. He was not used to being spoken to in this tone ger respect. He went on questioning his neighbor about istory of the country through which they were passing. other set out all the knowledge that he had, and Jean-tophe admired his learning. But that was only the peg hich their conversation hung. What interested them was naking of each other's acquaintance. They dared not ly approach the subject; they returned to it again and with awkward questions. Finally they plunged, and Jean-tophe learned that his new friend was called Otto Diener, vas the son of a rich merchant in the town. It appeared, ally, that they had friends in common, and little by little tongues were loosed. They were talking eagerly when oat arrived at the town at which Jean-Christophe was t out. Otto got out, too. That surprised them, and Jean-tophe proposed that they should take a walk together until r-time. They struck out across the fields. Jean-Chris- had taken Otto's arm familiarly, and was telling him lans as if he had known him from his birth. He had been uch deprived of the society of children of his own age he found an inexpressible joy in being with this boy, arned and well brought up, who was in sympathy with

ne passed, and Jean-Christophe took no count of it. Diener, l of the confidence which the young musician showed him, not point out that the dinner-hour had rung. At last ought that he must remind him of it, but Jean-Christophe, had begun the ascent of a hill in the woods, declared that must go to the top, and when they reached it he lay down e grass as though he meant to spend the day there. After rter of an hour Diener, seeing that he seemed to have ntention of moving, hazarded again:

And your dinner?"

n-Christophe, lying at full length, with his hands behind ead, said quietly:

'ssh!"

Then he looked at Otto, saw his scared look, and began to laugh.

"It is too good here," he explained. "I shan't go. Let them wait for me!"

He half rose.

"Are you in a hurry? No? Do you know what we'll do? We'll dine together. I know of an inn."

Diener would have had many objections to make—not that any one was waiting for him, but because it was hard for him to come to any sudden decision, whatever it might be. He was methodical, and needed to be prepared beforehand. But Jean-Christophe's question was put in such a tone as allowed of no refusal. He let himself be dragged off, and they began to talk again.

At the inn their eagerness died down. Both were occupied with the question as to who should give the dinner, and each within himself made it a point of honor to give it—Diener because he was the richer, Jean-Christophe because he was the poorer. They made no direct reference to the matter, but Diener made great efforts to assert his right by the tone of authority which he tried to take as he asked for the menu. Jean-Christophe understood what he was at and turned the tables on him by ordering other dishes of a rare kind. He wanted to show that he was as much at his ease as anybody, and when Diener tried again by endeavoring to take upon himself the choice of wine, Jean-Christophe crushed him with a look, and ordered a bottle of one of the most expensive vintages they had in the inn.

When they found themselves seated before a considerable repast, they were abashed by it. They could find nothing to say, ate mincingly, and were awkward and constrained in their movements. They became conscious suddenly that they were strangers, and they watched each other. They made vain efforts to revive the conversation; it dropped immediately. Their first half-hour was a time of fearful boredom. Fortunately, the meat and drink soon had an effect on them, and they looked at each other more confidently. Jean-Christophe especially, who was not used to such good things, became extraordinarily loquacious. He told of the difficulties

is life, and Otto, breaking through his reserve, confessed he also was not happy. He was weak and timid, and his olfellows put upon him. They laughed at him, and could forgive him for despising their vulgar manners. They ed all sorts of tricks on him. Jean-Christophe clenched fists, and said they had better not try it in his presence. also was misunderstood by his family. Jean-Christophe the unhappiness of that, and they commiserated each other heir common misfortunes. Diener's parents wanted him ecome a merchant, and to step into his father's place, but anted to be a poet. He would be a poet, even though he to fly the town, like Schiller, and brave poverty! (His er's fortune would all come to him, and it was considerable.) confessed blushingly that he had already written verses on sadness of life, but he could not bring himself to recite , in spite of Jean-Christophe's entreaties. But in the end id give two or three of them, dithering with emotion. Jean-stophe thought them admirable. They exchanged plans. r on they would work together; they would write dramas song-cycles. They admired each other. Besides his reputa- as a musician, Jean-Christophe's strength and bold ways e an impression on Otto, and Jean-Christophe was sensible tto's elegance and distinguished manners—everything in world is relative—and of his ease of manner—that ease of ner which he looked and longed for.

ade drowsy by their meal, with their elbows on the table, talked and listened to each other with softness in their

The afternoon drew on; they had to go. Otto made a attempt to procure the bill, but Jean-Christophe nailed him is seat with an angry look which made it impossible for to insist. Jean-Christophe was only uneasy on one point— he might be asked for more than he had. He would have his watch and everything that he had about him rather admit it to Otto. But he was not called on to go so far. ad to spend on the dinner almost the whole of his month's ey.

ey went down the hill again. The shades of evening were ning to fall over the pine-woods. Their tops were still ed in rosy light; they swung slowly with a surging sound.

The carpet of purple pine-needles deadened the sound of their footsteps. They said no word. Jean-Christophe felt a strange sweet sadness welling through his heart. He was happy; he wished to talk, but was weighed down with his sweet sorrow. He stopped for a moment, and so did Otto. All was silence. Flies buzzed high above them in a ray of sunlight; a rotten branch fell. Jean-Christophe took Otto's hand, and in a trembling voice said:

"Will you be my friend?"

Otto murmured:

"Yes."

They shook hands; their hearts beat; they dared hardly look at each other.

After a moment they walked on. They were a few paces away from each other, and they dared say no more until they were out of the woods. They were fearful of each other, and of their strange emotion. They walked very fast, and never stopped until they had issued from the shadow of the trees; then they took courage again, and joined hands. They marveled at the limpid evening falling, and they talked disconnectedly.

On the boat, sitting at the bows in the brilliant twilight, they tried to talk of trivial matters, but they gave no heed to what they were saying. They were lost in their own happiness and weariness. They felt no need to talk, or to hold hands, or even to look at each other; they were near each other.

When they were near their journey's end they agreed to meet again on the following Sunday. Jean-Christophe took Otto to his door. Under the light of the gas they timidly smiled and murmured *au revoir*. They were glad to part, so wearied were they by the tension at which they had been living for those hours and by the pain it cost them to break the silence with a single word.

Jean-Christophe returned alone in the night. His heart was singing: "I have a friend! I have a friend!" He saw nothing, he heard nothing, he thought of nothing else.

He was very sleepy, and fell asleep as soon as he reached

oom; but he was awakened twice or thrice during the night, y some fixed idea. He repeated, "I have a friend," and to sleep again at once.

ext morning it seemed to be all a dream. To test the reality , he tried to recall the smallest details of the day. He absorbed by this occupation while he was giving his lessons, even during the afternoon he was so absent during the stra rehearsal that when he left he could hardly remember he had been playing.

hen he returned home he found a letter waiting for him. ad no need to ask himself whence it came. He ran and himself up in his room to read it. It was written on pale paper in a labored, long, uncertain hand, with very correct ishes:

AR HERR JEAN-CHRISTOPHE—dare I say HONORED FRIEND?—

am thinking much of our doings yesterday, and I do k you tremendously for your kindness to me. I am so ful for all that you have done, and for your kind words, the delightful walk and the excellent dinner! I am only ied that you should have spent so much money on it. t a lovely day! Do you not think there was something dential in that strange meeting? It seems to me that s Fate decreed that we should meet. How glad I shall see you again on Sunday! I hope you will not have had nuch unpleasantness for having missed the *Hof Musik ctor's* dinner. I should be so sorry if you had any trouble se of me.

Dear Herr Jean-Christophe, I am always

"Your very devoted servant and friend,

"OTTO DIENER.

P. S.—On Sunday please do not call for me at home. It l be better, if you will, for us to meet at the *Schloss n.*"

n-Christophe read the letter with tears in his eyes. He it; he laughed aloud; he jumped about on his bed. Then

he ran to the table and took pen in hand to reply at once. He could not wait a moment. But he was not used to writing. He could not express what was swelling in his heart; he dug into the paper with his pen, and blackened his fingers with ink; he stamped impatiently. At last, by dint of putting out his tongue and making five or six drafts, he succeeded in writing in malformed letters, which flew out in all directions, and with terrific mistakes in spelling:

"My Soul,—

"How dare you speak of gratitude, because I love you? Have I not told you how sad I was and lonely before I knew you? Your friendship is the greatest of blessings. Yesterday I was happy, happy!—for the first time in my life. I weep for joy as I read your letter. Yes, my beloved, there is no doubt that it was Fate brought us together. Fate wishes that we should be friends to do great things. Friends! The lovely word! Can it be that at last I have a friend? Oh! you will never leave me? You will be faithful to me? Always! always. . . . How beautiful it will be to grow up together, to work together, to bring together—I my musical whimsies, and all the crazy things that go chasing through my mind; you your intelligence and amazing learning! How much you know! I have never met a man so clever as you. There are moments when I am uneasy. I seem to be unworthy of your friendship. You are so noble and so accomplished, and I am so grateful to you for loving so coarse a creature as myself! . . . But no! I have just said, let there be no talk of gratitude. In friendship there is no obligation nor benefaction. I would not accept any benefaction! We are equal, since we love. How impatient I am to see you! I will not call for you at home, since you do not wish it—although, to tell the truth, I do not understand all these precautions—but you are the wiser; you are surely right. . . .

"One word only! No more talk of money. I hate money—the word and the thing itself. If I am not rich, I am yet rich enough to give to my friend, and it is my joy to give all I can for him. Would not you do the same? And if I needed it, would you not be the first to give me all your fortune? But

shall never be! I have sound fists and a sound head, and all always be able to earn the bread that I eat. Till Sun-

Dear God, a whole week without seeing you! And for days I have not seen you! How have I been able to live ng without you?

The conductor tried to grumble, but do not bother about it more than I do. What are others to me? I care nothing they think or what they may ever think of me. Only matter. Love me well, my soul; love me as I love you! nnot tell you how much I love you. I am yours, yours, s, from the tips of my fingers to the apple of my

"Yours always,

"JEAN-CHRISTOPHE."

an-Christophe was devoured with impatience for the rest ie week. He would go out of his way, and make long turns ass by Otto's house. Not that he counted on seeing him, the sight of the house was enough to make him grow pale red with emotion. On the Thursday he could bear it no er, and sent a second letter even more high-flown than the

Otto answered it sentimentally.

nday came at length, and Otto was punctually at the meet- place. But Jean-Christophe had been there for an hour, ing impatiently for the walk. He began to imagine dread- that Otto would not come. He trembled lest Otto should ll, for he did not suppose for a moment that Otto might k his word. He whispered over and over again, "Dear let him come—let him come!" and he struck at the pebbles he avenue with his stick, saying to himself that if he ed three times Otto would not come, but if he hit them would appear at once. In spite of his care and the ess of the test, he had just missed three times when he Otto coming at his easy, deliberate pace; for Otto was e all things correct, even when he was most moved. Jean- stophe ran to him, and with his throat dry wished him od-day!" Otto replied, "Good-day!" and they found they had nothing more to say to each other, except that weather was fine and that it was five or six minutes past

ten, or it might be ten past, because the castle clock was alway slow.

They went to the station, and went by rail to a neighboring place which was a favorite excursion from the town. On the way they exchanged not more than ten words. They tried to make up for it by eloquent looks, but they were no more successful. In vain did they try to tell each other what friends they were; their eyes would say nothing at all. They were just play acting. Jean-Christophe saw that, and was humiliated. He did not understand how he could not express or even feel all that had filled his heart an hour before. Otto did not, perhaps, so exactly take stock of their failure, because he was less sincere, and examined himself with more circumspection, but he was just as disappointed. The truth is that the boys had, during their week of separation, blown out their feelings to such a diapason that it was impossible for them to keep them actually at that pitch, and when they met again their first impression must of necessity be false. They had to break away from it, but they could not bring themselves to agree to it.

All day they wandered in the country without ever breaking through the awkwardness and constraint that were upon them. It was a holiday. The inns and woods were filled with a rabble of excursionists—little *bourgeois* families who made a great noise and ate everywhere. That added to their ill-humor. They attributed to the poor people the impossibility of again finding the carelessness of their first walk. But they talked: they took great pains to find subjects of conversation; they were afraid of finding that they had nothing to say to each other. Otto displayed his school-learning; Jean-Christophe entered into technical explanations of musical compositions and violin-playing. They oppressed each other; they crushed each other by talking; and they never stopped talking, trembling lest they should, for then there opened before them abysses of silence which horrified them. Otto came near to weeping, and Jean-Christophe was near leaving him and running away as hard as he could, he was so bored and ashamed.

Only an hour before they had to take the train again did they thaw. In the depths of the woods a dog was barking; he was hunting on his own account. Jean-Christophe proposed

ıey should hide by his path to try and see his quarry.
ran into the midst of the thicket. The dog came near
ınd then went away again. They went to right and left,
orward and doubled. The barking grew louder: the
s choking with impatience in his lust for slaughter. He
ear once more. Jean-Christophe and Otto, lying on the
aves in the rut of a path, waited and held their breath.
king stopped; the dog had lost the scent. They heard his
ce again in the distance; then silence came upon the
Not a sound, only the mysterious hum of millions of
es, insects, and creeping things, moving unceasingly, de-
g the forest—the measured breathing of death, which
stops. The boys listened, they did not stir. Just
hey got up, disappointed, and said, "It is all over;
not come!" a little hare plunged out of the thicket.
ne straight upon them. They saw him at the same
, and gave a cry of joy. The hare turned in his tracks
nped aside. They saw him dash into the brushwood
er heels. The stirring of the rumpled leaves vanished
ke a ripple on the face of waters. Although they were
or having cried out, the adventure filled them with joy.
cked with laughter as they thought of the hare's terri-
p, and Jean-Christophe imitated it grotesquely. Otto
same. Then they chased each other. Otto was the
ean-Christophe the dog. They plunged through woods
adows, dashing through hedges and leaping ditches. A
shouted at them, because they had rushed over a field
They did not stop to hear him. Jean-Christophe
the hoarse barking of the dog to such perfection that
ghed until he cried. At last they rolled down a slope,
like mad things. When they could not utter another
hey sat up and looked at each other, with tears of
in their eyes. They were quite happy and pleased
mselves. They were no longer trying to play the heroic
they were frankly what they were—two boys.
came back arm-in-arm, singing senseless songs, and yet,
ey were on the point of returning to the town, they
they had better resume their pose, and under the last
the woods they carved their initials intertwined. But

then good temper had the better of their sentimentality, a in the train they shouted with laughter whenever they loo at each other. They parted assuring each other that they h had a "hugely delightful" (*kolossal entzückend*) day, a that conviction gained with them when they were alone or more.

They resumed their work of construction more patient a ingenious even than that of the bees, for of a few medio scraps of memory they fashioned a marvelous image of the selves and their friendship. After having idealized each o during the week, they met again on the Sunday, and in sp of the discrepancy between the truth and their illusion, t got used to not noticing it and to twisting things to fit in w their desires.

They were proud of being friends. The very contrast of th natures brought them together. Jean-Christophe knew noth so beautiful as Otto. His fine hands, his lovely hair, his f complexion, his shy speech, the politeness of his manners, his scrupulous care of his appearance delighted him. Otto subjugated by Jean-Christophe's brimming strength and dependence. Accustomed by age-old inheritance to relig respect for all authority, he took a fearful joy in the comp of a comrade in whose nature was so little reverence for established order of things. He had a little voluptuous th of terror whenever he heard him decry every reputation in town, and even mimic the Grand Duke himself. Jean-Ch tophe knew the fascination that he exercised over his fri and used to exaggerate his aggressive temper. Like s old revolutionary, he hewed away at social conventions the laws of the State. Otto would listen, scandalized delighted. He used timidly to try and join in, but he always careful to look round to see if any one could hear.

Jean-Christophe never failed, when they walked together leap the fences of a field whenever he saw a board forbid it, or he would pick fruit over the walls of private grou Otto was in terror lest they should be discovered. But s feelings had for him an exquisite savor, and in the even when he had returned, he would think himself a hero.

l Jean-Christophe fearfully. His instinct of obedience a satisfying quality in a friendship in which he had acquiesce in the will of his friend. Jean-Christophe ut him to the trouble of coming to a decision. He everything, decreed the doings of the day, decreed even ering of life, making plans, which admitted of no dis-, for Otto's future, just as he did for his own family. ll in with them, though he was a little put aback by hear-n-Christophe dispose of his fortune for the building later theater of his own contriving. But, intimidated by his imperious tones, he did not protest, being convinced his friend's conviction that the money amassed by *rzienrath* Oscar Diener could be put to no nobler use. hristophe never for a moment had any idea that he e violating Otto's will. He was instinctively a despot, ver imagined that his friend's wishes might be different s own. Had Otto expressed a desire different from his own, d not have hesitated to sacrifice his own personal prefer-He would have sacrificed even more for him. He was ed by the desire to run some risk for him. He wished ately that there might appear some opportunity of put-s friendship to the test. When they were out walking to hope that they might meet some danger, so that he fling himself forward to face it. He would have loved or Otto. Meanwhile, he watched over him with a rest-citude, gave him his hand in awkward places, as though a girl. He was afraid that he might be tired, afraid might be hot, afraid that he might be cold. When t down under a tree he took off his coat to put it about nd's shoulders; when they walked he carried his cloak. ld have carried Otto himself. He used to devour him s eyes like a lover, and, to tell the truth, he was in

lid not know it, not knowing yet what love was. But nes, when they were together, he was overtaken by a unease—the same that had choked him on that first heir friendship in the pine-woods—and the blood would his face and set his cheeks aflame. He was afraid. By nctive unanimity the two boys used furtively to separate

and run away from each other, and one would lag behind the road. They would pretend to be busy looking for bl berries in the hedges, and they did not know what it was so perturbed them.

But it was in their letters especially that their feelings high. They were not then in any danger of being contradi by facts, and nothing could check their illusions or intimid them. They wrote to each other two or three times a wee a passionately lyric style. They hardly ever spoke of real penings or common things; they raised great problems in apocalyptic manner, which passed imperceptibly from enthu to despair. They called each other, "My blessing, my h my beloved, my Self." They made a fearful hash of the w "Soul." They painted in tragic colors the sadness of lot, and were desolate at having brought into the existenc their friend the sorrows of their existence.

"I am sorry, my love," wrote Jean-Christophe, "for pain which I bring you. I cannot bear that you should su It must not be. *I will not have it.*" (He underlined the w with a stroke of the pen that dug into the paper.) "If suffer, where shall I find strength to live? I have no h ness but in you. Oh, be happy! I will gladly take all burden of sorrow upon myself! Think of me! Love I have such great need of being loved. From your love comes to me a warmth which gives me life. If you knew I shiver! There is winter and a biting wind in my heart. embrace your soul."

"My thought kisses yours," replied Otto.

"I take your face in my hands," was Jean-Christop answer, "and what I have not done and will not do wit lips I do with all my being. I kiss you as I love you, I dence!"

Otto pretended to doubt him.

"Do you love me as much as I love you?"

"O God," wrote Jean-Christophe, "not as much, but a hundred, a thousand times more! What! Do you not it? What would you have me do to stir your heart?"

"What a lovely friendship is ours!" sighed Otto. "there ever its like in history? It is sweet and fresh a

If only it does not pass away! If you were to cease me!"

w stupid you are, my beloved!" replied Jean-Christophe. ve me, but your weakling fear enrages me. How can whether I shall cease to love you! For me to live ve you. Death is powerless against my love. You your- ld do nothing if you wished to destroy it. Even if you l me, even if you rent my heart, I should die with a upon you for the love with which you fill me. Once then, do not be uneasy, and vex me no more with these y doubts!"

a week later it was he who wrote:

is three days now since I heard a word fall from your tremble. Would you forget me? My blood freezes thought. . . . Yes, doubtless. . . . The other day only our coldness towards me. You love me no longer! You nking of leaving me! . . . Listen! If you forget me, ver betray me, I will kill you like a dog!"

u do me wrong, my dear heart," groaned Otto. "You ars from me. I do not deserve this. But you can do will. You have such rights over me that, if you were k my soul, there would always be a spark left to live e you always!"

avenly powers!" cried Jean-Christophe. "I have made nd weep! . . . Heap insults on me, beat me, trample erfoot! I am a wretch! I do not deserve your love!" had special ways of writing the address on their letters, ing the stamp—upside down, askew, at bottom in a of the envelope—to distinguish their letters from those ney wrote to persons who did not matter. These childish had the charm of the sweet mysteries of love.

lay, as he was returning from a lesson, Jean-Christophe o in the street with a boy of his own age. They were g and talking familiarly. Jean-Christophe went pale, lowed them with his eyes until they had disappeared he corner of the street. They had not seen him. He me. It was as though a cloud had passed over the sun; dark.

When they met on the following Sunday, Jean-Christo said nothing at first; but after they had been walking for an hour he said in a choking voice:

"I saw you on Wednesday in the *Königgasse.*"

"Ah!" said Otto.

And he blushed.

Jean-Christophe went on:

"You were not alone."

"No," said Otto; "I was with some one."

Jean-Christophe swallowed down his spittle and asked in voice which he strove to make careless:

"Who was it?"

"My cousin Franz."

"Ah!" said Jean-Christophe; and after a moment: "have never said anything about him to me."

"He lives at Rheinbach."

"Do you see him often?"

"He comes here sometimes."

"And you, do you go and stay with him?"

"Sometimes."

"Ah!" said Jean-Christophe again.

Otto, who was not sorry to turn the conversation, po out a bird who was pecking at a tree. They talke other things. Ten minutes later Jean-Christophe broke again:

"Are you friends with him?"

"With whom?" asked Otto.

(He knew perfectly who was meant.)

"With your cousin."

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing!"

Otto did not like his cousin much, for he used to bo him with bad jokes; but a strange malign instinct made add a few moments later:

"He is very nice."

"Who?" asked Jean-Christophe.

(He knew quite well who was meant.)

"Franz."

Otto waited for Jean-Christophe to say something, but

not to have heard. He was cutting a switch from a
ee. Otto went on:
is amusing. He has all sorts of stories."
-Christophe whistled carelessly.
renewed the attack:
d he is so clever . . . and distinguished! . . ."
-Christophe shrugged his shoulders as though to say:
iat interest can this person have for me?"
as Otto, piqued, began to go on, he brutally cut him
nd pointed out a spot to which to run.
did not touch on the subject again the whole after-
ut they were frigid, affecting an exaggerated politeness
was unusual for them, especially for Jean-Christophe.
rds stuck in his throat. At last he could contain him-
longer, and in the middle of the road he turned to Otto,
s lagging five yards behind. He took him fiercely by
ds, and let loose upon him:
ten, Otto! I will not—I will not let you be so friendly
'ranz, because . . . because you are my friend, and I
t let you love any one more than me! I will not! You
are everything to me! You cannot . . . you must not!
I lost you, there would be nothing left but death.
t know what I should do. I should kill myself; I should
! No, forgive me! . . ."
s fell from his eyes.
, moved and frightened by the sincerity of such grief,
g out threats, made haste to swear that he did not and
would love anybody so much as Jean-Christophe, that
was nothing to him, and that he would not see him
if Jean-Christophe wished it. Jean-Christophe drank
words, and his heart took new life. He laughed and
d heavily; he thanked Otto effusively. He was ashamed
ng made such a scene, but he was relieved of a great
They stood face to face and looked at each other, not
, and holding hands. They were very happy and very
embarrassed. They became silent; then they began to
ain, and found their old gaiety. They felt more at one
er.
it was not the last scene of the kind. Now that Otto

felt his power over Jean-Christophe, he was tempted to ab it. He knew his sore spot, and was irresistibly tempted place his finger on it. Not that he had any pleasure in Je Christophe's anger; on the contrary, it made him unhapp but he felt his power by making Jean-Christophe suffer. was not bad; he had the soul of a girl.

In spite of his promises, he continued to appear arm arm with Franz or some other comrade. They made a g noise between them, and he used to laugh in an affected w When Jean-Christophe reproached him with it, he used to ta and pretend not to take him seriously, until, seeing Jean-Ch tophe's eyes change and his lips tremble with anger, he wo change his tone, and fearfully promise not to do it again, a the next day he would do it. Jean-Christophe would w him furious letters, in which he called him:

"Scoundrel! Let me never hear of you again! I do know you! May the devil take you and all dogs of y kidney!"

But a tearful word from Otto, or, as he ever did, the sen of a flower as a token of his eternal constancy, was enough Jean-Christophe to be plunged in remorse, and to write:

"My angel, I am mad! Forget my idiocy. You are best of men. Your little finger alone is worth more than stupid Jean-Christophe. You have the treasures of an genuous and delicate tenderness. I kiss your flower with te in my eyes. It is there on my heart. I thrust it into m skin with blows of my fist. I would that it could make bleed, so that I might the more feel your exquisite goodn and my own infamous folly! . . ."

But they began to weary of each other. It is false to p tend that little quarrels feed friendship. Jean-Christophe sore against Otto for the injustice that Otto made him guilty of. He tried to argue with himself; he laid the bla upon his own despotic temper. His loyal and eager nat brought for the first time to the test of love, gave itself utte and demanded a gift as utter without the reservation of particle of the heart. He admitted no sharing in friendsh Being ready to sacrifice all for his friend, he thought it ri and even necessary that his friend should wholly sacrifice hi

nd everything for him. But he was beginning to feel he world was not built on the model of his own inflexible ter, and that he was asking things which others could ve. Then he tried to submit. He blamed himself, he led himself as an egoist, who had no right to encroach the liberty of his friend, and to monopolize his affection. d sincerely endeavor to leave him free, whatever it might imself. In a spirit of humiliation he did set himself to Otto not to neglect Franz; he tried to persuade himself e was glad to see him finding pleasure in society other is own. But when Otto, who was not deceived, maliciously him, he could not help lowering at him, and then he out again.

necessary, he would have forgiven Otto for preferring friends to himself; but what he could not stomach was . Otto was neither liar nor hypocrite, but it was as difficult m to tell the truth as for a stutterer to pronounce words. he said was never altogether true nor altogether false. from timidity or from uncertainty of his own feelings ely spoke definitely. His answers were equivocal, and, all, upon every occasion he made mystery and was secret way that set Jean-Christophe beside himself. When he ught tripping, or was caught in what, according to the tions of their friendship, was a fault, instead of admit- t he would go on denying it and telling absurd stories. ay Jean-Christophe, exasperated, struck him. He thought st be the end of their friendship and that Otto would forgive him; but after sulking for a few hours Otto ack as though nothing had happened. He had no resent- for Jean-Christophe's violence—perhaps even it was not sing to him, and had a certain charm for him—and yet nted Jean-Christophe letting himself be tricked, gulping ll his mendacities. He despised him a little, and thought f superior. Jean-Christophe, for his part, resented Otto's ng blows without revolting.

y no longer saw each other with the eyes of those first Their failings showed up in full light. Otto found Jean- phe's independence less charming. Jean-Christophe was me companion when they went walking. He had no sort

of concern for correctness. He used to dress as he liked, take off his coat, open his waistcoat, walk with open collar, roll up his shirt-sleeves, put his hat on the end of his stick, and throw out his chest in the air. He used to swing his arms as he walked, whistle, and sing at the top of his voice. He used to be red in the face, sweaty, and dusty. He looked like a peasant returning from a fair. The aristocratic Otto used to be mortified at being seen in his company. When he saw a carriage coming he used to contrive to lag some ten paces behind, and to look as though he were walking alone.

Jean-Christophe was no less embarrassing company when he began to talk at an inn or in a railway-carriage when they were returning home. He used to talk loudly, and say anything that came into his head, and treat Otto with a disgusting familiarity. He used to express opinions quite recklessly concerning people known to everybody, or even about the appearance of people sitting only a few yards away from him, or would enter into intimate details concerning his health and domestic affairs. It was useless for Otto to roll his eyes and to make signals of alarm. Jean-Christophe seemed not to notice them, and no more controlled himself than if he had been alone. Otto would see smiles on the faces of his neighbors, and would gladly have sunk into the ground. He thought Jean-Christophe coarse, and could not understand how he could ever have found delight in him.

What was most serious was that Jean-Christophe was just as reckless and indifferent concerning all the hedges, fences, enclosures, walls, prohibitions of entry, threats of fines, notices of all sorts, and everything that sought to confine his liberty and protect the sacred rights of property against it. Otto lived in fear from moment to moment, and all his protests were useless. Jean-Christophe grew worse out of bravado.

One day, when Jean-Christophe, with Otto at his heels, was walking perfectly at home across a private wood, in spite of or because of, the walls fortified with broken bottles which they had had to clear, they found themselves suddenly face to face with a gamekeeper, who let fire a volley of oaths at them, and after keeping them for some time under a threat of legal proceedings, packed them off in the most ignominious fashion

lid not shine under this ordeal. He thought that he was
y in jail, and wept, stupidly protesting that he had gone
accident, and that he had followed Jean-Christophe with-
nowing whither he was going. When he saw that he
afe, instead of being glad, he bitterly reproached Jean-
ophe. He complained that Jean-Christophe had brought
nto trouble. Jean-Christophe quelled him with a look,
alled him "Lily-liver!" There was a quick passage of
Otto would have left Jean-Christophe if he had known
o find the way home. He was forced to follow him, but
ffected to pretend that they were not together.
storm was brewing. In their anger they had not seen
ning. The baking countryside resounded with the cries
sects. Suddenly all was still. They only grew aware
silence after a few minutes. Their ears buzzed. They
their eyes; the sky was black; huge, heavy, livid clouds
st it. They came up from every side like a cavalry-charge.
seemed all to be hastening towards an invisible point,
by a gap in the sky. Otto, in terror, dare not tell his
and Jean-Christophe took a malignant pleasure in pre-
g not to notice anything. But without saying a word
rew nearer together. They were alone in the wide coun-
Silence. Not a wind stirred,—hardly a fevered tremor
nade the little leaves of the trees shiver now and then.
nly a whirling wind raised the dust, twisted the trees
shed them furiously. And the silence came again, more
e than before. Otto, in a trembling voice, spoke at

is a storm. We must go home."
n-Christophe said:
t us go home."
it was too late. A blinding, savage light flashed, the
s roared, the vault of clouds rumbled. In a moment
ere wrapped about by the hurricane, maddened by the
ng, deafened by the thunder, drenched from head to
They were in deserted country, half an hour from the
t house. In the lashing rain, in the dim light, came the
red flashes of the storm. They tried to run but, their
othes clinging, they could hardly walk. Their shoes

slipped on their feet, the water trickled down their bodies. It was difficult to breathe. Otto's teeth were chattering, and he was mad with rage. He said biting things to Jean-Christophe. He wanted to stop; he declared that it was dangerous to walk; he threatened to sit down on the road, to sleep on the soil in the middle of the plowed fields. Jean-Christophe made no reply. He went on walking, blinded by the wind, the rain and the lightning; deafened by the noise; a little uneasy, but unwilling to admit it.

And suddenly it was all over. The storm had passed, as it had come. But they were both in a pitiful condition. In truth Jean-Christophe was, as usual, so disheveled that a little more disorder made hardly any difference to him. But Otto, so neat, so careful of his appearance, cut a sorry figure. It was as though he had just taken a bath in his clothes, and Jean-Christophe, turning and seeing him, could not help roaring with laughter. Otto was so exhausted that he could not even be angry. Jean-Christophe took pity and talked gaily to him. Otto replied with a look of fury. Jean-Christophe made him stop at a farm. They dried themselves before a great fire, and drank hot wine. Jean-Christophe thought the adventure funny, and tried to laugh at it; but that was not at all to Otto's taste, and he was morose and silent for the rest of their walk. They came back sulking and did not shake hands when they parted.

As a result of this prank they did not see each other for more than a week. They were severe in their judgment of each other. But after inflicting punishment on themselves by depriving themselves of one of their Sunday walks, they were so bored that their rancor died away. Jean-Christophe made the first advances as usual. Otto condescended to meet them, and they made peace.

In spite of their disagreement it was impossible for them to do without each other. They had many faults; they were both egoists. But their egoism was naïve; it knew not the self-seeking of maturity which makes it so repulsive; it knew not itself even; it was almost lovable, and did not prevent them from sincerely loving each other! Young Otto used to weep on his pillow as he told himself stories of romantic devotion

ch he was the hero; he used to invent pathetic adventures, ich he was strong, valiant, intrepid, and protected Jean- ophe, whom he used to imagine that he adored. Jean- ophe never saw or heard anything beautiful or strange t thinking: "If only Otto were here!" He carried the of his friend into his whole life, and that image used transfigured, and become so gentle that, in spite of all e knew about Otto, it used to intoxicate him. Certain of Otto's which he used to remember long after they poken, and to embellish by the way, used to make him e with emotion. They imitated each other. Otto aped hristophe's manners, gestures, and writing. Jean-Chris- was sometimes irritated by the shadow which repeated word that he said and dished up his thoughts as though ere its own. But he did not see that he himself was ng Otto, and copying his way of dressing, walking, and ncing certain words. They were under a fascination. were infused one in the other; their hearts were over- with tenderness. They trickled over with it on every ke a fountain. Each imagined that his friend was the f it. They did not know that it was the waking of their ence.

n-Christophe, who never distrusted any one, used to leave ers lying about. But an instinctive modesty made him ogether the drafts of the letters which he scrawled to nd the replies. But he did not lock them up; he just them between the leaves of one of his music-books, where certain that no one would look for them. He reckoned t his brothers' malice.

had seen them for some time laughing and whispering oking at him; they were declaiming to each other frag- of speech which threw them into wild laughter. Jean- phe could not catch the words, and, following his usual with them, he feigned utter indifference to everything ight do or say. A few words roused his attention; he t he recognized them. Soon he was left without doubt ey had read his letters. But when he challenged Ernest dolphe, who were calling each other "My dear soul,"

with pretended earnestness, he could get nothing from them. The little wretches pretended not to understand, and said that they had the right to call each other whatever they liked. Jean-Christophe, who had found all the letters in their places, did not insist farther.

Shortly afterwards he caught Ernest in the act of thieving. the little beast was rummaging in the drawer of the chest in which Louisa kept her money. Jean-Christophe shook him and took advantage of the opportunity to tell him everything that he had stored up against him. He enumerated, in terms of scant courtesy, the misdeeds of Ernest, and it was not a short catalogue. Ernest took the lecture in bad part; he replied impudently that Jean-Christophe had nothing to reproach him with, and he hinted at unmentionable things in his brother's friendship with Otto. Jean-Christophe did not understand, but when he grasped that Otto was being dragged into the quarrel he demanded an explanation of Ernest. The boy muttered; then, when he saw Jean-Christophe white with anger, he refused to say any more. Jean-Christophe saw that he would obtain nothing in that way; he sat down, shrugged his shoulders, and affected a profound contempt for Ernest. Ernest, piqued by this, was impudent again; he set himself to hurt his brother, and set forth a litany of things each more cruel and more vile than the last. Jean-Christophe kept a tight hand on himself. When at last he did understand, he saw red; he leaped from his chair. Ernest had no time to get out. Jean-Christophe had hurled himself on him, and rolled with him into the middle of the room, and beat his head against the tiles. On the frightful cries of the victim, Louisa, Melchior, everybody, came running. They rescued Ernest in a perilous state. Jean-Christophe would not loose his prey; they had to beat and beat him. They called him a savage beast, and he looked it. His eyes were bursting from his head, he was grinding his teeth, and his only thought was to hurl himself again on Ernest. When they asked him what had happened his fury increased, and he cried out that he would kill him. Ernest also refused to tell.

Jean-Christophe could not eat nor sleep. He was shaking with fever, and wept in his bed. It was not only for Ot

was suffering. A revolution was taking place in him. had no idea of the hurt that he had been able to brother. Jean-Christophe was at heart of a puritanical ance, which could not admit the dark ways of life, and covering them one by one with horror. At fifteen, with life and strong instincts, he remained strangely simple. tural purity and ceaseless toil had protected him. His 's words had opened up abyss on abyss before him. Never he have conceived such infamies, and now that the idea ad come to him, all his joy in loving and being loved oiled. Not only his friendship with Otto, but friendship as poisoned.

as much worse when certain sarcastic allusions made ink, perhaps wrongly, that he was the object of the un- me curiosity of the town, and especially, when, some terwards, Melchior made a remark about his walks with Probably there was no malice in Melchior, but Jean- phe, on the watch, read hidden meanings into every nd almost he thought himself guilty. At the same time is passing through a similar crisis.

tried still to see each other in secret. But it was ble for them to regain the carelessness of their old . Their frankness was spoiled. The two boys who ach other with a tenderness so fearful that they had lared exchange a fraternal kiss, and had imagined that ould be no greater happiness than in seeing each other, being friends, and sharing each other's dreams, now t they were stained and spotted by the suspicion of evil They came to see evil even in the most innocent acts: a hand-clasp—they blushed, they had evil thoughts. elation became intolerable.

out saying anything they saw each other less often. ried writing to each other, but they set a watch upon pressions. Their letters became cold and insipid. They isheartened. Jean-Christophe excused himself on the of his work, Otto on the ground of being too busy, eir correspondence ceased. Soon afterwards Otto left University, and the friendship which had lightened a nths of their lives died down and out.

And also, a new love, of which this had been only the fore-runner, took possession of Jean-Christophe's heart, and made every other light seem pale by its side.

III

MINNA

Four or five months before these events Frau Josepha von Kerich, widow of Councilor Stephan von Kerich, had left Berlin, where her husband's duties had hitherto detained them, and settled down with her daughter in the little Rhine town in her native country. She had an old house with a large garden, almost a park, which sloped down to the river. Not far from Jean-Christophe's home. From his attic Jean-Christophe could see the heavy branches of the trees hanging over the walls, and the high peak of the red roof with its moss-tiles. A little sloping alley, with hardly room to pass, ran alongside the park to the right; from there, by climbing a post you could look over the wall. Jean-Christophe did not fail to make use of it. He could then see the grassy avenues, the lawns like open meadows, the trees interlacing and growing wild, and the white front of the house with its shutters ordinately closed. Once or twice a year a gardener made the rounds and aired the house. But soon Nature resumed her sway over the garden, and silence reigned over all.

That silence impressed Jean-Christophe. He used often stealthily to climb up to his watch-tower, and as he grew taller his eyes, then his nose, then his mouth reached up to the top of the wall; now he could put his arms over it if he stood on tiptoe, and, in spite of the discomfort of that position, he used to stay so, with his chin on the wall, looking, listening, while the evening unfolded over the lawns its soft waves of gold which lit up with bluish rays the shade of the pines. There he could forget himself until he heard footsteps approaching in the street. The night scattered its scents over the garden: lilac in spring, acacia in summer, dead leaves in the autumn. When Jean-Christophe was on his way home in the evening from the

however weary he might be, he used to stand by the
drink in the delicious scent, and it was hard for him
ack to the smells of his room. And often he had played
he used to play—in the little square with its tufts of
etween the stones, before the gateway of the house of
richs. On each side of the gate grew a chestnut-tree
red years old; his grandfather used to come and sit
them, and smoke his pipe, and the children used to
nuts for missiles and toys.

morning, as he went up the alley, he climbed up the
usual. He was thinking of other things, and looked
y. He was just going to climb down when he felt that
as something unusual about it. He looked towards the
The windows were open; the sun was shining into them
though no one was to be seen, the old place seemed to
en roused from its fifteen years' sleep, and to be smiling
awakening. Jean-Christophe went home uneasy in his

inner his father talked of what was the topic of the
rhood: the arrival of Frau Kerich and her daughter
incredible quantity of luggage. The chestnut square
ed with rascals who had turned up to help unload the
Jean-Christophe was excited by the news, which, in his
life, was an important event, and he returned to his
ying to imagine the inhabitants of the enchanted house
s father's story, as usual hyperbolical. Then he became
l in his work, and had forgotten the whole affair when,
he was about to go home in the evening, he remembered
nd he was impelled by curiosity to climb his watch-
o spy out what might be toward within the walls. He
hing but the quiet avenue, in which the motionless trees
to be sleeping in the last rays of the sun. In a few
s he had forgotten why he was looking, and abandoned
as he always did to the sweetness of the silence. That
place—standing erect, perilously balanced on the top
st—was meet for dreams. Coming from the ugly alley,
nd dark, the sunny gardens were of a magical radiance.
rit wandered freely through these regions of harmony,
sic sang in him; they lulled him, and he forgot time

and material things, and was only concerned to miss none of the whisperings of his heart.

So he dreamed open-eyed and open-mouthed, and he could not have told how long he had been dreaming, for he saw nothing. Suddenly his heart leaped. In front of him, at a turning in an avenue, were two women's faces looking at him. One was a young lady in black, with fine irregular features and fair hair, tall, elegant, with carelessness and indifference in the poise of her head, was looking at him with kind, laughing eyes. The other, a girl of fifteen, also in deep mourning, looked as though she were going to burst out into a fit of wild laughter; she was standing a little behind her mother, who, without looking at her, signed to her to be quiet. She covered her lips with both hands, as if she were hard put to it not to burst out laughing. She was a little creature with a fresh face, white, pink, and round-cheeked; she had a plump little nose, a plump little mouth, a plump little chin, firm eyebrows, bright eyes, and a mass of fair hair plaited and wound round her head in a crown to show her rounded neck and her smooth white forehead. A Cranach face.

Jean-Christophe was turned to stone by this apparition. He could not go away, but stayed, glued to his post, with his mouth wide open. It was only when he saw the young lady coming towards him with her kindly mocking smile that he wrenched himself away, and jumped—tumbled—down into the alley, dislodging with him pieces of plaster from the wall. He heard a kind voice calling him, "Little boy!" and a shout of childish laughter, clear and liquid as the song of a bird. He found himself in the alley on hands and knees, and, after a moment's bewilderment, he ran away as hard as he could go, as though he were afraid of being pursued. He was ashamed, and his shame was bursting upon him again when he was alone in his room at home. After that he dared not go down the alley, fearing oddly that they might be lying in wait for him. When he had to go by the house, he kept close to the walls, lowered his head and almost ran without ever looking back. At the same time he never ceased to think of the two faces that he had seen. He used to go up to the attic, taking off his shoes so as not to be heard, and to look his hardest out through the skylight

direction of the Kerichs' house and park, although he erfectly well that it was impossible to see anything but s of the trees and the topmost chimneys.

t a month later, at one of the weekly concerts of the *usik Verein,* he was playing a concerto for piano and ra of his own composition. He had reached the last nt when he chanced to see in the box facing him Frau äulein Kerich looking at him. He so little expected hem that he was astounded, and almost missed out his o the orchestra. He went on playing mechanically to of the piece. When it was finished he saw, although not looking in their direction, that Frau and Fräulein were applauding a little exaggeratedly, as though they him to see that they were applauding. He hurried away he stage. As he was leaving the theater he saw Frau in the lobby, separated from him by several rows of and she seemed to be waiting for him to pass. It was ble for him not to see her, but he pretended not to do . brushing his way through, he left hurriedly by the or of the theater. Then he was angry with himself, knew quite well that Frau Kerich meant no harm. But that in the same situation he would do the same again. in terror of meeting her in the street. Whenever he a distance a figure that resembled her, he used to turn d take another road.

s she who came to him. She sought him out at home. morning when he came back to dinner Louisa proudly n that a lackey in breeches and livery had left a letter , and she gave him a large black-edged envelope, on the which was engraved the Kerich arms. Jean-Christophe it, and trembled as he read these words:

u Josepha von Kerich requests the pleasure of *Hof* Jean-Christophe Krafft's company at tea to-day at half- ."

hall not go," declared Jean-Christophe.

t!" cried Louisa. "I said that you would go."

Jean-Christophe made a scene, and reproached his mo with meddling in affairs that were no concern of hers.

"The servant waited for a reply. I said that you were to-day. You have nothing to do then."

In vain did Jean-Christophe lose his temper, and swear he would not go; he could not get out of it now. When appointed time came, he got ready fuming; in his heart hearts he was not sorry that chance had so done violenc his whims.

Frau von Kerich had had no difficulty in recognizing in pianist at the concert the little savage whose shaggy head appeared over her garden wall on the day of her arrival. had made inquiries about him of her neighbors, and what learned about Jean-Christophe's family and the boy's brave difficult life had roused interest in him, and a desire to tal him.

Jean-Christophe, trussed up in an absurd coat, which m him look like a country parson, arrived at the house quit with shyness. He tried to persuade himself that Frau Fräulein Kerich had had no time to remark his features on day when they had first seen him. A servant led him d a long corridor, thickly carpeted, so that his footsteps mad sound, to a room with a glass-paneled door which openec to the garden. It was raining a little, and cold; a good was burning in the fireplace. Near the window, through w he had a peep of the wet trees in the mist, the two ladies sitting. Frau Kerich was working and her daughter was ing a book when Jean-Christophe entered. When they him they exchanged a sly look.

"They know me again," thought Jean-Christophe, aba He bobbed awkwardly, and went on bobbing.

Frau von Kerich smiled cheerfully, and held out hand.

"Good-day, my dear neighbor," she said. "I am gla see you. Since I heard you at the concert I have been wan to tell you how much pleasure you gave me. And as the way of telling you was to invite you here, I hope you will fo me for having done so."

In the kindly, conventional words of welcome there w

ch cordiality, in spite of a hidden sting of irony, that Jean-ristophe grew more at his ease.

"They do not know me again," he thought, comforted.

Frau von Kerich presented her daughter, who had closed her k and was looking interestedly at Jean-Christophe.

"My daughter Minna," she said. "She wanted so much to you."

"But, mamma," said Minna, "it is not the first time that have seen each other."

And she laughed aloud.

"They do know me again," thought Jean-Christophe, crest-en.

"True," said Frau von Kerich, laughing too, "you paid a visit the day we came."

At these words the girl laughed again, and Jean-Christophe ked so pitiful that when Minna looked at him she laughed e than ever. She could not control herself, and she laughed il she cried. Frau von Kerich tried to stop her, but she, could not help laughing, and Jean-Christophe, in spite of constraint, fell victim to the contagiousness of it. Their riment was irresistible; it was impossible to take offense it. But Jean-Christophe lost countenance altogether when na caught her breath again, and asked him whatever he d be doing on the wall. She was tickled by his uneasi-. He murmured, altogether at a loss. Frau von Kerich e to his aid, and turned the conversation by pouring out

he questioned him amiably about his life. But he did not confidence. He could not sit down; he could not hold cup, which threatened to upset; and whenever they offered water, milk, sugar or cakes, he thought that he had to up hurriedly and bow his thanks, stiff, trussed up in his k-coat, collar, and tie, like a tortoise in its shell, not daring not being able to turn his head to right or left, and over-lmed by Frau von Kerich's innumerable questions, and the nth of her manner, frozen by Minna's looks, which he felt taking in his features, his hands, his movements, his es. They made him even more uncomfortable by trying ut him at his ease—Frau von Kerich by her flow of words,

Minna by the coquettish eyes which instinctively she mad him to amuse herself.

Finally they gave up trying to get anything more from than bows and monosyllables, and Frau von Kerich, who the whole burden of the conversation, asked him, when she worn out, to play the piano. Much more shy of them tha a concert audience, he played an adagio of Mozart. But very shyness, the uneasiness which was beginning to fill heart from the company of the two women, the ingen emotion with which his bosom swelled, which made him h and unhappy, were in tune with the tenderness and yout modesty of the music, and gave it the charm of spring. von Kerich was moved by it; she said so with the exagger words of praise customary among men and women of the w she was none the less sincere for that, and the very exce the flattery was sweet coming from such charming Naughty Minna said nothing, and looked astonished at the who was so stupid when he talked, but was so eloquent wit fingers. Jean-Christophe felt their sympathy, and grew under it. He went on playing; then, half turning tow Minna, with an awkward smile and without raising his eye said timidly:

"This is what I was doing on the wall."

He played a little piece in which he had, in fact, deve the musical ideas which had come to him in his favorite as he looked into the garden, not, be it said, on the eve when he had seen Minna and Frau von Kerich—for obscure reason, known only to his heart, he was trying to suade himself that it was so—but long before, and in the rhythm of the *andante con moto,* there were to be found serene impression of the singing of birds, mutterings of b and the majestic slumber of the great trees in the peace o sunset.

The two hearers listened delightedly. When he had fin Frau von Kerich rose, took his hands with her usual viv and thanked him effusively. Minna clapped her hands cried that it was "admirable," and that to make him co other works as "sublime" as that, she would have a l placed against the wall, so that he might work there a

e. Frau von Kerich told Jean-Christophe not to listen to
y Minna; she begged him to come as often as he liked to
garden, since he loved it, and she added that he need never
her to call on them if he found it tiresome.
"You need never bother to come and see us," added Minna.
nly if you do not come, beware!"
She wagged her finger in menace.
Minna was possessed by no imperious desire that Jean-Chris-
he should come to see her, or should even follow the rules
politeness with regard to herself, but it pleased her to pro-
e a little effect which instinctively she felt to be charming.
ean-Christophe blushed delightedly. Frau von Kerich won
completely by the tact with which she spoke of his mother
grandfather, whom she had known. The warmth and kind-
of the two ladies touched his heart; he exaggerated their
urbanity, their worldly graciousness, in his desire to think
eartfelt and deep. He began to tell them, with his naïve
tfulness, of his plans and his wretchedness. He did not
ce that more than an hour had passed, and he jumped with
rise when a servant came and announced dinner. But
confusion turned to happiness when Frau von Kerich told
to stay and dine with them, like the good friends that they
going to be, and were already. A place was laid for
between the mother and daughter, and at table his talents
not show to such advantage as at the piano. That part
is education had been much neglected; it was his impression
eating and drinking were the essential things at table,
not the manner of them. And so tidy Minna looked at
pouting and a little horrified.
hey thought that he would go immediately after supper.
he followed them into the little room, and sat with them,
had no idea of going. Minna stifled her yawns, and made
to her mother. He did not notice them, because he was
with his happiness, and thought they were like himself—
use Minna, when she looked at him, made eyes at him from
t—and finally, once he was seated, he did not quite know
to get up and take his leave. He would have stayed all
t had not Frau von Kerich sent him away herself, without
mony, but kindly.

He went, carrying in his heart the soft light of the br eyes of Frau von Kerich and the blue eyes of Minna; on hands he felt the sweet contact of soft fingers, soft as flow and a subtle perfume, which he had never before breat enveloped him, bewildered him, brought him almost to sw ing.

He went again two days later, as was arranged, to Minna a music-lesson. Thereafter, under this arrangement went regularly twice a week in the morning, and very ofte went again in the evening to play and talk.

Frau von Kerich was glad to see him. She was a clever a kind woman. She was thirty-five when she lost her husb and although young in body and at heart, she was not s to withdraw from the world in which she had gone far s her marriage. Perhaps she left it the more easily because had found it very amusing, and thought wisely that she c not both eat her cake and have it. She was devoted to memory of Herr von Kerich, not that she had felt anyt like love for him when they married; but good-fellowship enough for her; she was of an easy temper and an affectio disposition.

She had given herself up to her daughter's education the same moderation which she had had in her love, hel check the impulsive and morbid quality which is sometim motherhood, when the child is the only creature upon w the woman can expend her jealous need of loving and l loved. She loved Minna much, but was clear in her judg of her, and did not conceal any of her imperfections any than she tried to deceive herself about herself. Witty clever, she had a keen eye for discovering at a glance the v ness, and ridiculous side, of any person; she took great ple in it, without ever being the least malicious, for she w indulgent as she was scoffing, and while she laughed at p she loved to be of use to them.

Young Jean-Christophe gave food both to her kindnes to her critical mind. During the first days of her sojou the little town, when her mourning kept her out of so Jean-Christophe was a distraction for her—primarily b

nt. She loved music, although she was no musician; she nd in it a physical and moral well-being in which her ughts could idly sink into a pleasant melancholy. Sitting the fire—while Jean-Christophe played—a book in her hands, smiling vaguely, she took a silent delight in the mechani- movements of his fingers, and the purposeless wanderings her reverie, hovering among the sad, sweet images of the t.

But more even than the music, the musician interested her. was clever enough to be conscious of Jean-Christophe's gifts, although she was not capable of perceiving his really inal quality. It gave her a curious pleasure to watch the ing of those mysterious fires which she saw kindling in . She had quickly appreciated his moral qualities, his ightness, his courage, the sort of Stoicism in him, so touch- in a child. But for all that she did not view him the less the usual perspicacity of her sharp, mocking eyes. His wardness, his ugliness, his little ridiculous qualities amused , she did not take him altogether seriously; she did not many things seriously. Jean-Christophe's antic outbursts, violence, his fantastic humor, made her think sometimes he was a little unbalanced; she saw in him one of the ffts, honest men and good musicians, but always a little ng in the head. Her light irony escaped Jean-Christophe; was conscious only of Frau von Kerich's kindness. He so unused to any one being kind to him! Although his es at the Palace brought him into daily contact with the d, poor Jean-Christophe had remained a little savage, un- red and uneducated. The selfishness of the Court was only erned in turning him to its profit and not in helping him in way. He went to the Palace, sat at the piano, played, and away again, and nobody ever took the trouble to talk im, except absently to pay him some banal compliment. e his grandfather's death, no one, either at home or out- had ever thought of helping him to learn the conduct of or to be a man. He suffered cruelly from his ignorance the roughness of his manners. He went through an agony bloody sweat to shape himself alone, but he did not succeed. s, conversation, example—all were lacking. He would fain

have confessed his distress to a friend, but could not b himself to do so. Even with Otto he had not dared, bec at the first words he had uttered, Otto had assumed a of disdainful superiority which had burned into him like iron.

And now with Frau von Kerich it all became easy. Of own accord, without his having to ask anything—it cost J Christophe's pride so much!—she showed him gently wha should not do, told him what he ought to do, advised him to dress, eat, walk, talk, and never passed over any faul manners, taste, or language; and he could not be hurt b so light and careful was her touch in the handling of the l easily injured vanity. She took in hand also his literary ed tion without seeming to be concerned with it; she never sho surprise at his strange ignorance, but never let slip an op tunity of correcting his mistakes simply, easily, as if it natural for him to have been in error; and, instead of alarm him with pedantic lessons, she conceived the idea of emplo their evening meetings by making Minna or Jean-Christo read passages of history, or of the poets, German and fore She treated him as a son of the house, with a few fine sh of patronizing familiarity which he never saw. She was concerned with his clothes, gave him new ones, knitted a woolen comforter, presented him with little toilet things, all so gently that he never was put about by her care or presents. In short, she gave him all the little attentions the quasi-maternal care which come to every good woman stinctively for a child who is intrusted to her, or trusts him to her, without her having any deep feeling for it. But J Christophe thought that all the tenderness was given to personally, and he was filled with gratitude; he would b out into little awkward, passionate speeches, which seem little ridiculous to Frau von Kerich, though they did not fa give her pleasure.

With Minna his relation was very different. When J Christophe met her again at her first lesson, he was still toxicated by his memories of the preceding evening an the girl's soft looks, and he was greatly surprised to find an altogether different person from the girl he had seen

w hours before. She hardly looked at him, and did not
n to what he said, and when she raised her eyes to him, he
in them so icy a coldness that he was chilled by it. He
ured himself for a long time to discover wherein lay his
nse. He had given none, and Minna's feelings were neither
e nor less favorable than on the preceding day; just as she
been then, Minna was completely indifferent to him. If
the first occasion she had smiled upon him in welcome, it
from a girl's instinctive coquetry, who delights to try the
er of her eyes on the first comer, be it only a trimmed poodle
turns up to fill her idle hours. But since the preceding
the too-easy conquest had already lost interest for her. She
subjected Jean-Christophe to a severe scrutiny and she
ght him an ugly boy, poor, ill-bred, who played the piano
, though he had ugly hands, held his fork at table abomi-
y, and ate his fish with a knife. Then he seemed to her
uninteresting. She wanted to have music-lessons from
; she wanted, even, to amuse herself with him, because for
moment she had no other companion, and because in spite
er pretensions of being no longer a child, she had still
usts a crazy longing to play, a need of expending her
rfluous gaiety, which was, in her as in her mother, still
her roused by the constraint imposed by their mourning.
she took no more account of Jean-Christophe than of a
estic animal, and if it still happened occasionally during
days of her greatest coldness that she made eyes at him,
s purely out of forgetfulness, and because she was thinking
mething else, or simply so as not to get out of practice.
when she looked at him like that, Jean-Christophe's heart
to leap. It is doubtful if she saw it; she was telling herself
es. For she was at the age when we delight the senses
sweet fluttering dreams. She was forever absorbed in
ghts of love, filled with a curiosity which was only innocent
ignorance. And she only thought of love, as a well-taught
g lady should, in terms of marriage. Her ideal was far
having taken definite shape. Sometimes she dreamed
arrying a lieutenant, sometimes of marrying a poet, prop-
sublime, *à la* Schiller. One project devoured another
the last was always welcomed with the same gravity and

just the same amount of conviction. For the rest, all of t were quite ready to give way before a profitable reality, it is wonderful to see how easily romantic girls forget t dreams, when something less ideal, but more certain, app before them.

As it was, sentimental Minna was, in spite of all, calm cold. In spite of her aristocratic name, and the pride which the ennobling particle filled her, she had the soul little German housewife in the exquisite days of adolesce

Naturally Jean-Christophe did not in the least unders the complicated mechanism—more complicated in appear than in reality—of the feminine heart. He was often ba by the ways of his friends, but he was so happy in loving t that he credited them with all that disturbed and made sad with them, so as to persuade himself that he was as m loved by them as he loved them himself. A word or an a tionate look plunged him in delight. Sometimes he wa bowled over by it that he would burst into tears.

Sitting by the table in the quiet little room, with Frau Kerich a few yards away sewing by the light of the lam Minna reading on the other side of the table, and no talking, he looking through the half-open garden-door at gravel of the avenue glistening under the moon, a murmur coming from the tops of the trees—his heart w be so full of happiness that suddenly, for no reason, he w leap from his chair, throw himself at Frau von Kerich's seize her hand, needle or no needle, cover it with kisses, it to his lips, his cheeks, his eyes, and sob. Minna would her eyes, lightly shrug her shoulders, and make a face. von Kerich would smile down at the big boy groveling at feet, and pat his head with her free hand, and say to hi her pretty voice, affectionately and ironically:

"Well, well, old fellow! What is it?"

Oh, the sweetness of that voice, that peace, that silence, soft air in which were no shouts, no roughness, no viol that oasis in the harsh desert of life, and—heroic light gil with its rays people and things—the light of the encha world conjured up by the reading of the divine poets! Go

ller, Shakespeare, springs of strength, of sorrow, and of
! . . .

inna, with her head down over the book, and her face
tly colored by her animated delivery, would read in her
ı voice, with its slight lisp, and try to sound important
ı she spoke in the characters of warriors and kings. Some-
s Frau von Kerich herself would take the book; then she
d lend to tragic histories the spiritual and tender gracious-
of her own nature, but most often she would listen, lying
in her chair, her never-ending needlework in her lap;
would smile at her own thoughts, for always she would
back to them through every book.

an-Christophe also had tried to read, but he had had to
it up; he stammered, stumbled over the words, skipped
punctuation, seemed to understand nothing, and would be
oved that he would have to stop in the middle of the pathetic
ıges, feeling tears coming. Then in a tantrum he would
v the book down on the table, and his two friends would
out laughing. . . . How he loved them! He carried the
e of them everywhere with him, and they were mingled
the persons in Shakespeare and Goethe. He could hardly
ıguish between them. Some fragrant word of the poets
h called up from the depths of his being passionate emo-
could not in him be severed from the beloved lips that
made him hear it for the first time. Even twenty years
he could never read Egmont or Romeo, or see them played,
ut there leaping up in him at certain lines the memory
ose quiet evenings, those dreams of happiness, and the
ed faces of Frau von Kerich and Minna.

would spend hours looking at them in the evening when
were reading; in the night when he was dreaming in his
wake, with his eyes closed; during the day, when he was
ing at his place in the orchestra, playing mechanically
his eyes half closed. He had the most innocent tenderness
em, and, knowing nothing of love, he thought he was in
But he did not quite know whether it was with the mother
e daughter. He went into the matter gravely, and did
now which to choose. And yet, as it seemed to him that
ıst at all costs make his choice, he inclined towards Frau

von Kerich. And he did in fact discover, as soon as he made up his mind to it, that it was she that he loved. loved her quick eyes, the absent smile upon her half-open her pretty forehead, so young in seeming, and the partin one side in her fine, soft hair, her rather husky voice, with little cough, her motherly hands, the elegance of her m ments, and her mysterious soul. He would thrill with ha ness when, sitting by his side, she would kindly explain him the meaning of some passage in a book which he did understand; she would lay her hand on Jean-Christophe's sl der; he would feel the warmth of her fingers, her breath his cheek, the sweet perfume of her body; he would liste ecstasy, lose all thought of the book, and understand not at all. She would see that and ask him to repeat what had said; then he would say nothing, and she would laughi be angry, and tap his nose with her book, telling him he would always be a little donkey. To that he would r that he did not care so long as he was *her* little donkey, she did not drive him out of her house. She would preten make objections; then she would say that although he wa ugly little donkey, and very stupid, she would agree to him—and perhaps even to love him—although he was good nothing, if at the least he would be just *good*. Then would both laugh, and he would go swimming in his joy.

When he discovered that he loved Frau von Kerich, J Christophe broke away from Minna. He was beginning t irritated by her coldness and disdain, and as, by dint of se her often, he had been emboldened little by little to re his freedom of manner with her, he did not conceal his exas tion from her. She loved to sting him, and he would sharply. They were always saying unkind things to each o and Frau von Kerich only laughed at them. Jean-Christo who never got the better in such passages of words, used s times to issue from them so infuriated that he thought h tested Minna; and he persuaded himself that he only wen her house again because of Frau von Kerich.

He went on giving her music lessons. Twice a week, nine to ten in the morning, he superintended the girl's s

exercises. The room in which they did this was Minna's
o—an odd workroom, which, with an amusing fidelity,
ted the singular disorder of her little feminine mind.
1 the table were little figures of musical cats—a whole
stra—one playing a violin, another the violoncello—a little
t-mirror, toilet things and writing things, tidily arranged.
he shelves were tiny busts of musicians—Beethoven frown-
Wagner with his velvet cap, and the Apollo Belvedere.
he mantelpiece, by a frog smoking a red pipe, a paper
n which was painted the Bayreuth Theater. On the two
shelves were a few books—Lübke, Mommsen, Schiller,
is Famille," Jules Verne, Montaigne. On the walls large
graphs of the Sistine Madonna, and pictures by Herkomer,
with blue and green ribbons. There was also a view of
iss hotel in a frame of silver thistles; and above all, every-
e in profusion, in every corner of the room, photographs
icers, tenors, conductors, girl-friends, all with inscriptions,
t all with verse—or at least what is accepted as verse in
any. In the center of the room, on a marble pillar, was
oned a bust of Brahms, with a beard; and, above the piano,
plush monkeys and cotillion trophies hung by threads.
nna would arrive late, her eyes still puffy with sleep,
; she would hardly reach out her hand to Jean-Christophe,
bid him good-day, and, without a word, gravely and with
ty sit down at the piano. When she was alone, it pleased
o play interminable scales, for that allowed her agreeably
olong her half-somnolent condition and the dreams which
as spinning for herself. But Jean-Christophe would com-
er to fix her attention on difficult exercises, and so some-
she would avenge herself by playing them as badly as
uld. She was a fair musician, but she did not like music
many German women. But, like them, she thought she
to like it, and she took her lessons conscientiously enough,
t for certain moments of diabolical malice indulged in to
e her master. She could enrage him much more by the
ndifference with which she set herself to her task. But
orst was when she took it into her head that it was her
to throw her soul into an expressive passage: then she
become sentimental and feel nothing.

Young Jean-Christophe, sitting by her side, was not polite. He never paid her compliments—far from it. resented that, and never let any remark pass without answ it. She would argue about everything that he said, and she made a mistake she would insist that she was playing was written. He would get cross, and they would go o changing ungracious words and impertinences. With her on the keys, she never ceased to watch Jean-Christophe enjoy his fury. As a relief from boredom she would i stupid little tricks, with no other object than to interrup lesson and to annoy Jean-Christophe. She would prete choke, so as to make herself interesting; she would ha fit of coughing, or she would have something very impo to say to the maid. Jean-Christophe knew that she was acting; and Minna knew that Jean-Christophe knew tha was play-acting; and it amused her, for Jean-Christophe not tell her what he was thinking.

One day, when she was indulging in this amusemen was coughing languidly, hiding her mouth in her handke as if she were on the point of choking, but in reality wat Jean-Christophe's exasperation out of the corner of he she conceived the ingenious idea of letting the handke fall, so as to make Jean-Christophe pick it up, which h with the worst grace in the world. She rewarded him a "Thank you!" in her grand manner, which nearly mad explode.

She thought the game too good not to be repeated. Nex she did it again. Jean-Christophe did not budge; he wa ing with rage. She waited a moment, and then said injured tone:

"Will you please pick up my handkerchief?"

Jean-Christophe could not contain himself.

"I am not your servant!" he cried roughly. "Pick yourself!"

Minna choked with rage. She got up suddenly from her which fell over.

"Oh, this is too much!" she said, and angrily thu the piano; and she left the room in a fury.

Jean-Christophe waited. She did not come back. H

ned of what he had done; he felt that he had behaved like
tle cad. And he was at the end of his tether; she made
of him too impudently! He was afraid lest Minna should
lain to her mother, and he should be forever banished from
von Kerich's thoughts. He knew not what to do; for if
as sorry for his brutality, no power on earth would have
him ask pardon.

e came again on the chance the next day, although he
ght that Minna would refuse to take her lesson. But
na, who was too proud to complain to anybody—Minna,
e conscience was not shielded against reproach—appeared
, after making him wait five minutes more than usual;
she sat down at the piano, stiff, upright, without turning
ead or saying a word, as though Jean-Christophe no longer
d for her. But she did not fail to take her lesson, and
e subsequent lessons, because she knew very well that Jean-
tophe was a fine musician, and that she ought to learn
y the piano properly if she wished to be—what she wished
—a well-bred young lady of finished education.
t how bored she was! How they bored each other!

e misty morning in March, when little flakes of snow
flying, like feathers, in the gray air, they were in the
. It was hardly daylight. Minna was arguing, as usual,
a false note that she had struck, and pretending that it
written so." Although he knew perfectly well that she
ying, Jean-Christophe bent over the book to look at the
e in question closely. Her hand was on the rack, and
d not move it. His lips were near her hand. He tried
d and could not; he was looking at something else—a
soft, transparent, like the petals of a flower. Suddenly—
not know what he was thinking of—he pressed his lips
d as he could on the little hand.
y were both dumfounded by it. He flung backwards;
ithdrew her hand—both blushing. They said no word;
lid not look at each other. After a moment of confused
she began to play again; she was very uneasy: her
rose and fell as though she were under some weight:
uck wrong note after wrong note. He did not notice it:

he was more uneasy than she. His temples throbbed; he h nothing; he knew not what she was playing; and, to break silence, he made a few random remarks in a choking v He thought that he was forever lost in Minna's opinion. was confounded by what he had done, thought it stupid rude. The lesson-hour over, he left Minna without lookin her, and even forgot to say good-bye. She did not mind. had no thought now of deeming Jean-Christophe ill-manne and if she made so many mistakes in playing, it was bec all the time she was watching him out of the corner of eye with astonishment and curiosity, and—for the first tin sympathy.

When she was left alone, instead of going to look for mother as usual, she shut herself up in her room and exan this extraordinary event. She sat with her face in her h in front of the mirror. Her eyes seemed to her soft and gl ing. She bit gently at her lip in the effort of thinking. as she looked complacently at her pretty face, she visua the scene, and blushed and smiled. At dinner she was anim and merry. She refused to go out at once, and stayed in drawing-room for part of the afternoon; she had some in her hand, and did not make ten stitches without a mis but what did that matter! In a corner of the room, wit back turned to her mother, she smiled; or, under a su impulse to let herself go, she pranced about the room sang at the top of her voice. Frau von Kerich started called her mad. Minna flung her arms round her neck, ing with laughter, and hugged and kissed her.

In the evening, when she went to her room, it was a time before she went to bed. She went on looking at h in the mirror, trying to remember, and having thought through the day of the same thing—thinking of nothing. undressed slowly; she stopped every moment, sitting o bed, trying to remember what Jean-Christophe was like was a Jean-Christophe of fantasy who appeared, and n did not seem nearly so uncouth to her. She went to be put out the light. Ten minutes later the scene of the mo rushed back into her mind, and she burst out laughing. mother got up softly and opened the door, thinking that, a

rs, she was reading in bed. She found Minna lying quietly
r bed, with her eyes wide open in the dim candlelight.
What is it?" she asked. "What is amusing you?"
Nothing," said Minna gravely. "I was thinking."
You are very lucky to find your own company so amusing.
go to sleep."
Yes, mamma," replied Minna meekly. Inside herself she
grumbling: "Go away! Do go away!" until the door
closed, and she could go on enjoying her dreams. She
nto a sweet drowsiness. When she was nearly asleep, she
d for joy:
He loves me. . . . What happiness! How good of him to
me! . . . How I love him!"
e kissed her pillow and went fast asleep.

ien next they were together Jean-Christophe was surprised
inna's amiability. She gave him "Good-day," and asked
how he was in a very soft voice; she sat at the piano,
ng wise and modest; she was an angel of docility. There
none of her naughty schoolgirl's tricks, but she listened
ously to Jean-Christophe's remarks, acknowledged that
were right, gave little timid cries herself when she made a
ke and set herself to be more accurate. Jean-Christophe
not understand it. In a very short time she made
nding progress. Not only did she play better, but with
al feeling. Little as he was given to flattery, he had to
er a compliment. She blushed with pleasure, and thanked
for it with a look tearful with gratitude. She took pains
her toilet for him; she wore ribbons of an exquisite shade;
ave Jean-Christophe little smiles and soft glances, which
sliked, for they irritated him, and moved him to the
s of his soul. And now it was she who made conversation,
here was nothing childish in what she said; she talked
ly, and quoted the poets in a pedantic and pretentious
He hardly ever replied; he was ill at ease. This new
n that he did not know astonished and disquieted him.
ays she watched him. She was waiting. . . . For what?
Did she know herself? . . . She was waiting for him to
again. He took good care not to, for he was convinced

that he had behaved like a clod; he seemed never to gi thought to it. She grew restless, and one day when he sitting quietly at a respectful distance from her dangerous paws, she was seized with impatience: with a movement so q that she had no time to think of it, she herself thrust her hand against his lips. He was staggered by it, then fu and ashamed. But none the less he kissed it very passiona Her naïve effrontery enraged him; he was on the poi leaving her there and then.

But he could not. He was entrapped. Whirling thou rushed in his mind; he could make nothing of them. Like ascending from a valley they rose from the depths of his h He wandered hither and thither at random through this of love, and whatever he did, he did but turn round and r an obscure fixed idea, a Desire unknown, terrible and fasc ing as a flame to an insect. It was the sudden eruption o blind forces of Nature.

They passed through a period of waiting. They wa each other, desired each other, were fearful of each o They were uneasy. But they did not for that desist from little hostilities and sulkinesses; only there were no more fa arities between them; they were silent. Each was busy structing their love in silence.

Love has curious retroactive effects. As soon as Christophe discovered that he loved Minna, he discovered a same time that he had always loved her. For three m they had been seeing each other almost every day withou suspecting the existence of their love. But from the day he did actually love her, he was absolutely convinced th had loved her from all eternity.

It was a good thing for him to have discovered at last he loved. He had loved for so long without knowing w It was a sort of relief to him, like a sick man, who, suff from a general illness, vague and enervating, sees it b definite in sharp pain in some portion of his body. N is more wearing than love without a definite object; i away and saps the strength like a fever. A known p leads the mind to excess; that is exhausting, but at lea

ws why. It is an excess; it is not a wasting away. Any-
g rather than emptiness.
though Minna had given Jean-Christophe good reason to
ve that she was not indifferent to him, he did not fail
rture himself with the idea that she despised him. They
never had any very clear idea of each other, but this idea
never been more confused and false than it was now; it
sted of a series of strange fantasies which could never be
to agree, for they passed from one extreme to the other,
wing each other in turn with faults and charms which they
not possess—charms when they were parted, faults when
were together. In either case they were wide of the
.

ey did not know themselves what they desired. For Jean-
tophe his love took shape as that thirst for tenderness, im-
us, absolute, demanding reciprocation, which had burned in
ince childhood, which he demanded from others, and wished
pose on them by will or force. Sometimes this despotic
of full sacrifice of himself and others—especially others,
ps—was mingled with gusts of a brutal and obscure desire,
set him whirling, and he did not understand it. Minna,
us above all things, and delighted to have a romance, tried
tract as much pleasure as possible from it for her vanity
sentimentality; she tricked herself whole-heartedly as to
she was feeling. A great part of their love was purely
ry. They fed on the books they had read, and were forever
ing to themselves feelings which they did not possess.
t the moment was to come when all these little lies and
egoisms were to vanish away before the divine light of
A day, an hour, a few seconds of eternity. . . . And it
o unexpected! . . .

evening they were alone and talking. The room was
ng dark. Their conversation took a serious turn. They
of the infinite, of Life, and Death. It made a larger
for their little passion. Minna complained of her loneli-
which led naturally to Jean-Christophe's answer that she
ot so lonely as she thought.
o," she said, shaking her head. "That is only words.

Every one lives for himself; no one is interested in you; no loves you."

Silence.

"And I?" said Jean-Christophe suddenly, pale with emo

Impulsive Minna jumped to her feet, and took his han

The door opened. They flung apart. Frau von K entered. Jean-Christophe buried himself in a book, whic held upside down. Minna bent over her work, and pi her finger with her needle.

They were not alone together for the rest of the eve and they were afraid of being left. When Frau von Keric up to look for something in the next room, Minna, not u obliging, ran to fetch it for her, and Jean-Christophe advantage of her absence to take his leave without saying night to her.

Next day they met again, impatient to resume their rupted conversation. They did not succeed. Yet circums were favorable to them. They went a walk with Frau Kerich, and had plenty of opportunity for talking as mu they liked. But Jean-Christophe could not speak, and h so unhappy that he stayed as far away as possible from M And she pretended not to notice his discourtesy; but sh piqued by it, and showed it. When Jean-Christophe last contrive to utter a few words, she listened icily; h hardly the courage to finish his sentence. They were c to the end of the walk. Time was flying. And he was wr at not having been able to make use of it.

A week passed. They thought they had mistaken feeling for each other. They were not sure but that the dreamed the scene of that evening. Minna was resentful a Jean-Christophe. Jean-Christophe was afraid of meetin alone. They were colder to each other than ever.

A day came when it had rained all morning and part afternoon. They had stayed in the house without spe reading, yawning, looking out of the window; they were and cross. About four o'clock the sky cleared. They ra the garden. They leaned their elbows on the terrace wa looked down at the lawns sloping to the river. The ear steaming; a soft mist was ascending to the sun; little

s glittered on the grass; the smell of the damp earth and perfume of the flowers intermingled; around them buzzed lden swarm of bees. They were side by side, not looking ach other; they could not bring themselves to break the ce. A bee came up and clung awkwardly to a clump of aria heavy with rain, and sent a shower of water down on u. They both laughed, and at once they felt that they no longer cross with each other, and were friends again. still they did not look at each other. Suddenly, without ing her head, she took his hand, and said:

Come!"

e led him quickly to the little labyrinth with its box-ered paths, which was in the middle of the grove. They ed up the slope, slipping on the soaking ground, and wet trees shook out their branches over them. Near the she stopped to breathe.

Wait . . . wait . . ." she said in a low voice, trying to breath.

looked at her. She was looking away; she was smiling, hing hard, with her lips parted; her hand was trembling can-Christophe's. They felt the blood throbbing in their d hands and their trembling fingers. Around them all silent. The pale shoots of the trees were quivering in the a gentle rain dropped from the leaves with silvery sounds, in the sky were the shrill cries of swallows.

e turned her head towards him; it was a lightning flash. flung her arms about his neck; he flung himself into her

Minna! Minna! My darling! . . ."

love you, Jean Christophe! I love you!"

ey sat on a wet wooden seat. They were filled with love, , profound, absurd. Everything else had vanished. No egoism, no more vanity, no more reservation. Love, love t is what their laughing, tearful eyes were saying. The coquette of a girl, the proud boy, were devoured with the of self-sacrifice, of giving, of suffering, of dying for each . They did not know each other; they were not the same; thing was changed; their hearts, their faces, their eyes, out a radiance of the most touching kindness and tender-

ness. Moments of purity, of self-denial, of absolute givin themselves, which through life will never return!

After a desperate murmuring of words and passionate p ises to belong to each other forever, after kisses and incohe words of delight, they saw that it was late, and they ran hand in hand, almost falling in the narrow paths, bum into trees, feeling nothing, blind and drunk with the of it.

When he left her he did not go home; he could not have to sleep. He left the town, and walked over the fields walked blindly through the night. The air was fresh, the c try dark and deserted. A screech-owl hooted shrilly. J Christophe went on like a sleep-walker. The little light the town quivered on the plain, and the stars in the dark He sat on a wall by the road and suddenly burst into t He did not know why. He was too happy, and the exce his joy was compounded of sadness and delight; there wa it thankfulness for his happiness, pity for those who were happy, a melancholy and sweet feeling of the frailty of th the mad joy of living. He wept for delight, and slept in midst of his tears. When he awoke dawn was peeping. V mists floated over the river, and veiled the town, where M worn out, was sleeping, while in her heart was the light o smile of happiness.

They contrived to meet again in the garden next mor and told their love once more, but now the divine unconsc ness of it all was gone. She was a little playing the of the girl in love, and he, though more sincere, was playing a part. They talked of what their life should be. regretted his poverty and humble estate. She affected generous, and enjoyed her generosity. She said that she nothing for money. That was true, for she knew no about it, having never known the lack of it. He promised he would become a great artist; that she thought fine and a ing, like a novel. She thought it her duty to behave like a woman in love. She read poetry; she was sentim He was touched by the infection. He took pains with his he was absurd; he set a guard upon his speech; he was p

s. Frau von Kerich watched him and laughed, and asked elf what could have made him so stupid.

ut they had moments of marvelous poetry, and these would tenly burst upon them out of dull days, like sunshine through ist. A look, a gesture, a meaningless word, and they were ed in happiness; they had their good-byes in the evening the dimly-lighted stairs, and their eyes would seek each r, divine each other through the half darkness, and the il of their hands as they touched, the trembling in their s, all those little nothings that fed their memory at night, hey slept so lightly that the chiming of each hour would ke them, and their hearts would sing "I am loved," like murmuring of a stream.

hey discovered the charm of things. Spring smiled with arvelous sweetness. The heavens were brilliant, the air was as they had never been before. All the town—the red s, the old walls, the cobbled streets—showed with a kindly m that moved Jean-Christophe. At night, when everybody asleep, Minna would get up from her bed, and stand by window, drowsy and feverish. And in the afternoon, when vas not there, she would sit in a swing, and dream, with ok on her knees, her eyes half closed, sleepy and lazily y, mind and body hovering in the spring air. She would d hours at the piano, with a patience exasperating to others, g over and over again scales and passages which made her pale and cold with emotion. She would weep when she d Schumann's music. She felt full of pity and kindness all creatures, and so did he. They would give money thily to poor people whom they met in the street, and would exchange glances of compassion; they were happy in their ness.

o tell the truth, they were kind only by fits and starts. na suddenly discovered how sad was the humble life of tion of old Frida, who had been a servant in the house her mother's childhood, and at once she ran and hugged to the great astonishment of the good old creature, who busy mending the linen in the kitchen. But that did not her from speaking harshly to her a few hours later, when a did not come at once on the sound of the bell. And

Jean-Christophe, who was consumed with love for all humar and would turn aside so as not to crush an insect, was enti indifferent to his own family. By a strange reaction he colder and more curt with them the more affectionate he to all other creatures; he hardly gave thought to th he spoke abruptly to them, and found no interest seeing them. Both in Jean-Christophe and Minna their k ness was only a surfeit of tenderness which overflowed at in vals to the benefit of the first comer. Except for these c flowings they were more egoistic than ever, for their minds filled only with the one thought, and everything was bro back to that.

How much of Jean-Christophe's life was filled with the g face! What emotion was in him when he saw her white f in the distance, when he was looking for her in the gar when at the theater, sitting a few yards away from their e places, he heard the door of their box open, and the moc voice that he knew so well; when in some outside convers the dear name of Kerich cropped up! He would go pale blush; for a moment or two he would see and hear noth And then there would be a rush of blood over all his l the assault of unknown forces.

The little German girl, naïve and sensual, had odd tricks. She would place her ring on a little pile of flour, he would have to get it again and again with his teeth wit whitening his nose. Or she would pass a thread throu biscuit, and put one end of it in her mouth and one in and then they had to nibble the thread to see who coul to the biscuit first. Their faces would come together; would feel each other's breathing; their lips would touch, they would laugh forcedly, while their hands would tur ice. Jean-Christophe would feel a desire to bite, to hurt would fling back, and she would go on laughing forcedly. would turn away, pretend indifference, and steal glanc each other.

These disturbing games had a disquieting attraction for t they wanted to play them, and yet avoided them. Jean-C tophe was fearful of them, and preferred even the const of the meetings when Frau von Kerich or some one else

ent. No outside presence could break in upon the converse heir loving hearts; constraint only made their love sweeter more intense. Everything gained infinitely in value; a l, a movement of the lips, a glance were enough to make rich new treasure of their inner life shine through the dull of ordinary existence. They alone could see it, or so they ght, and smiled, happy in their little mysteries. Their ds were no more than those of a drawing-room conversation t trivial matters; to them they were an unending song ove. They read the most fleeting changes in their faces voices as in an open book; they could have read as well their eyes closed, for they had only to listen to their ts to hear in them the echo of the heart of the beloved. were full of confidence in life, in happiness, in themselves. r hopes were boundless. They loved, they were loved, y, without a shadow, without a doubt, without a fear of future. Wonderful serenity of those days of spring! Not ud in the sky. A faith so fresh that it seems that nothing ver tarnish it. A joy so abounding that nothing can ever ist it. Are they living? Are they dreaming? Doubtless are dreaming. There is nothing in common between life their dream—nothing, except in that moment of magic: are but a dream themselves; their being has melted away e touch of love.

was not long before Frau von Kerich perceived their little gue, which they thought very subtly managed, though it was clumsy. Minna had suspected it from the moment when nother had entered suddenly one day when she was talking an-Christophe, and standing as near to him as she could, n the click of the door they had darted apart as quickly ssible, covered with confusion. Frau von Kerich had pre- d to see nothing. Minna was almost sorry. She would liked a tussle with her mother; it would have been more ntic.

r mother took care to give her no opportunity for it; she oo clever to be anxious, or to make any remark about it. o Minna she talked ironically about Jean-Christophe, and merciless fun of his foibles; she demolished him in a few

words. She did not do it deliberately; she acted upon insti with the treachery natural to a woman who is defending own. It was useless for Minna to resist, and sulk, and impertinent, and go on denying the truth of her remarks; t was only too much justification for them, and Frau von Ke had a cruel skill in flicking the raw spot. The largenes Jean-Christophe's boots, the ugliness of his clothes, his brushed hat, his provincial accent, his ridiculous way of bow the vulgarity of his loud-voicedness, nothing was forgotten wh might sting Minna's vanity. Such remarks were always sin and made by the way; they never took the form of a set spe and when Minna, irritated, got upon her high horse to re Frau von Kerich would innocently be off on another sub But the blow struck home, and Minna was sore under it.

She began to look at Jean-Christophe with a less indul eye. He was vaguely conscious of it, and uneasily asked

"Why do you look at me like that?"

And she answered:

"Oh, nothing!"

But a moment after, when he was merry, she would ha reproach him for laughing so loudly. He was abashed never would have thought that he would have to take care to laugh too loudly with her: all his gaiety was spoiled. when he was talking absolutely at his ease, she would abs interrupt him to make some unpleasant remark about his clo or she would take exception to his common expressions pedantic aggressiveness. Then he would lose all desire to and sometimes would be cross. Then he would persuade self that these ways which so irritated him were a proo Minna's interest in him, and she would persuade herself that it was so. He would try humbly to do better. But was never much pleased with him, for he hardly ever succe

But he had no time—nor had Minna—to perceive the ch that was taking place in her. Easter came, and Minna to go with her mother to stay with some relations near Wei

During the last week before the separation they retu to the intimacy of the first days. Except for little outb of impatience Minna was more affectionate than ever. On eve of her departure they went for a long walk in the p

led Jean-Christophe mysteriously to the arbor, and put
ut his neck a little scented bag, in which she had placed
ck of her hair; they renewed their eternal vows, and swore
write to each other every day; and they chose a star out
he sky, and arranged to look at it every evening at the
e time.

he fatal day arrived. Ten times during the night he had
d himself, "Where will she be to-morrow?" and now he
ght. "It is to-day. This morning she is still here; to-night
will be here no longer." He went to her house before eight
ck. She was not up; he set out to walk in the park;
ould not; he returned. The passages were full of boxes
parcels; he sat down in a corner of the room listening for
creaking of doors and floors, and recognizing the footsteps
he floor above him. Frau von Kerich passed, smiled as
saw him and, without stopping, threw him a mocking good-
Minna came at last; she was pale, her eyelids were swollen;
had not slept any more than he during the night. She
orders busily to the servants; she held out her hand to
-Christophe, and went on talking to old Frida. She was
y to go. Frau von Kerich came back. They argued about
t-box. Minna seemed to pay no attention to Jean-Chris-
e, who was standing, forgotten and unhappy, by the piano.
went out with her mother, then came back; from the door
alled out to Frau von Kerich. She closed the door. They
alone. She ran to him, took his hand, and dragged him
the little room next door; its shutters were closed. Then
ut her face up to Jean-Christophe's and kissed him wildly.
tears in her eyes she said:

You promise—you promise that you will love me always?"
ey sobbed quietly, and made convulsive efforts to choke
sobs down so as not to be heard. They broke apart as
heard footsteps approaching. Minna dried her eyes, and
ned her busy air with the servants, but her voice trembled.
succeeded in snatching her handkerchief, which she had
all—her little dirty handkerchief, crumpled and wet with
ears.

went to the station with his friends in their carriage.
ng opposite each other Jean-Christophe and Minna hardly

dared look at each other for fear of bursting into tears. Th hands sought each other, and clasped until they hurt. F von Kerich watched them with quizzical good-humor, a seemed not to see anything. The time arrived. Jean-Ch tophe was standing by the door of the train when it began move, and he ran alongside the carriage, not looking wh he was going, jostling against porters, his eyes fixed on Minn eyes, until the train was gone. He went on running unti was lost from sight. Then he stopped, out of breath, found himself on the station platform among people of importance. He went home, and, fortunately, his family w all out, and all through the morning he wept.

For the first time he knew the frightful sorrow of part an intolerable torture for all loving hearts. The world empty; life is empty; all is empty. The heart is choked is impossible to breathe; there is mortal agony; it is diffic impossible, to live—especially when all around you there the traces of the departed loved one, when everything al you is forever calling up her image, when you remain in surroundings in which you lived together, she and you, w it is a torment to try to live again in the same places happiness that is gone. Then it is as though an abyss opened at your feet; you lean over it; you turn giddy; almost fall. You fall. You think you are face to face Death. And so you are; parting is one of his faces. watch the beloved of your heart pass away; life is effaced; a black hole is left—nothingness.

Jean-Christophe went and visited all the beloved spots as to suffer more. Frau von Kerich had left him the ke the garden, so that he could go there while they were a He went there that very day, and was like to choke with sor It seemed to him as he entered that he might find there a of her who was gone; he found only too much of her; image hovered over all the lawns; he expected to see her ap at all the corners of the paths; he knew well that she w not appear, but he tormented himself with pretending tha might, and he went over the tracks of his memories of lo the path to the labyrinth, the terrace carpeted with wis

seat in the arbor, and he inflicted torture on himself by
ng: "A week ago . . . three days ago . . . yesterday, it
so. Yesterday she was here . . . this very morning. . . ."
racked his heart with these thoughts until he had to stop,
ing, and like to die. In his sorrow was mingled anger with
elf for having wasted all that time, and not having made
of it. So many minutes, so many hours, when he had
ved the infinite happiness of seeing her, breathing her, and
ng upon her. And he had not appreciated it! He had
he time go by without having tasted to the full every tiny
ent! And now! . . . Now it was too late. . . . Irrepara-
Irreparable!

e went home. His family seemed odious to him. He could
bear their faces, their gestures, their fatuous conversation,
same as that of the preceding day, the same as that of all
preceding days—always the same. They went on living
usual life, as though no such misfortune had come to
in their midst. And the town had no more idea of it
they. The people were all going about their affairs, laugh-
noisy, busy; the crickets were chirping; the sky was bright.
ated them all; he felt himself crushed by this universal
m. But he himself was more egoistic than the whole
rse. Nothing was worth while to him. He had no kind-
He loved nobody.

passed several lamentable days. His work absorbed him
automatically: but he had no heart for living.

e evening when he was at supper with his family, silent
depressed, the postman knocked at the door and left a
for him. His heart knew the sender of it before he had
the handwriting. Four pairs of eyes, fixed on him with
guised curiosity, waited for him to read it, clutching at
ope that this interruption might take them out of their
boredom. He placed the letter by his plate, and would
pen it, pretending carelessly that he knew what it was
. But his brothers, annoyed, would not believe it, and
on prying at it; and so he was in tortures until the meal
nded. Then he was free to lock himself up in his room.
eart was beating so that he almost tore the letter as he
d it. He trembled to think what might be in it; but

as soon as he had glanced over the first words he was filled w
joy.

A few very affectionate words. Minna was writing to
by stealth. She called him "Dear *Christlein,*" and told
that she had wept much, had looked at the star every even
that she had been to Frankfort, which was a splendid to
where there were wonderful shops, but that she had never b
ered about anything because she was thinking of him.
reminded him that he had sworn to be faithful to her, and
to see anybody while she was away, so that he might think
of her. She wanted him to work all the time while she
gone, so as to make himself famous, and her too. She en
by asking him if he remembered the little room where
had said good-bye on the morning when she had left him:
assured him that she would be there still in thought, and
she would still say good-bye to him in the same way.
signed herself, "Eternally yours! Eternally! . . ." and
had added a postscript bidding him buy a straw hat instea
his ugly felt—all the distinguished people there were wea
them—a coarse straw hat, with a broad blue ribbon.

Jean-Christophe read the letter four times before he c
quite take it all in. He was so overwhelmed that he could
even be happy; and suddenly he felt so tired that he lay d
and read and re-read the letter and kissed it again and ag
He put it under his pillow, and his hand was forever ma
sure that it was there. An ineffable sense of well-being
meated his whole soul. He slept all through the night.

His life became more tolerable. He had ever sweet, soa
thoughts of Minna. He set about answering her; but he c
not write freely to her; he had to hide his feelings: that
painful and difficult for him. He continued clumsily to co
his love beneath formulæ of ceremonious politeness, whic
always used in an absurd fashion.

When he had sent it he awaited Minna's reply, and
lived in expectation of it. To win patience he tried to g
walks and to read. But his thoughts were only of Mi
he went on crazily repeating her name over and over ag
he was so abject in his love and worship of her name tha
carried everywhere with him a volume of Lessing, because

of Minna occurred in it, and every day when he left heater he went a long distance out of his way so as to mercery shop, on whose signboard the five adored letters written.

reproached himself for wasting time when she had bid o urgently to work, so as to make her famous. The naïve of her request touched him, as a mark of her confidence n. He resolved, by way of fulfilling it, to write a work should be not only dedicated, but consecrated, to her. uld not have written any other at that time. Hardly he scheme occurred to him than musical ideas rushed in him. It was like a flood of water accumulated in a oir for several months, until it should suddenly rush down, ng all its dams. He did not leave his room for a week. left his dinner at the door; for he did not allow even enter.

wrote a quintette for clarionet and strings. The first ient was a poem of youthful hope and desire; the last r's joke, in which Jean-Christophe's wild humor peeped But the whole work was written for the sake of the second ient, the *larghetto,* in which Jean-Christophe had depicted lent and ingenuous little soul, which was, or was meant a portrait of Minna. No one would have recognized it, f all herself; but the great thing was that it was perfectly izable to himself; and he had a thrill of pleasure in the of feeling that he had caught the essence of his beloved. rk had ever been so easily or happily written; it was an for the excess of love which the parting had stored up ; and at the same time his care for the work of art, the necessary to dominate and concentrate his passion into tiful and clear form, gave him a healthiness of mind, a in his faculties, which gave him a sort of physical —a sovereign enjoyment known to every creative artist. he is creating he escapes altogether from the slavery of and sorrow; he becomes then master in his turn; and t gave him joy or suffering seems then to him to be e fine play of his will. Such moments are too short; en they are done he finds about him, more heavy than e chains of reality.

While Jean-Christophe was busy with his work he hardl time to think of his parting from Minna; he was living her. Minna was no longer in Minna; she was in himself. when he had finished he found that he was alone, more than before, more weary, exhausted by the effort; he remen that it was a fortnight since he had written to Minna an she had not replied.

He wrote to her again, and this time he could not himself altogether to exercise the constraint which he ha posed on himself for the first letter. He reproached jocularly—for he did not believe it himself—with havin gotten him. He scolded her for her laziness and teas affectionately. He spoke of his work with much myste as to rouse her curiosity, and because he wished to k as a surprise for her when she returned. He described mi the hat that he had bought; and he told how, to carr the little despot's orders—for he had taken all her com literally—he did not go out at all, and said that he w as an excuse for refusing invitations. He did not add t was even on bad terms with the Grand Duke, because, in of zeal, he had refused to go to a party at the Palace to he had been invited. The whole letter was full of a c joy, and conveyed those little secrets so dear to lovers imagined that Minna alone had the key to them, and t himself very clever, because he had carefully replaced word of love with words of friendship.

After he had written he felt comforted for a moment because the letter had given him the illusion of conve with his absent fair, but chiefly because he had no dou that Minna would reply to it at once. He was very for the three days which he had allowed for the post his letter to Minna and bring back her answer; but wh fourth day had passed he began once more to find life d He had no energy or interest in things, except during th before the post's arrival. Then he was trembling wi patience. He became superstitious, and looked for the s sign—the crackling of the fire, a chance word—to give assurance that the letter would come. Once that ho passed he would collapse again. No more work, no more

ly object of his existence was to wait for the next post, ll his energy was expended in finding strength to wait long. But when evening came, and all hope was gone e day, then he was crushed; it seemed to him that he never live until the morrow, and he would stay for hours, at his table, without speaking or thinking, without even wer to go to bed, until some remnant of his will would im off to it; and he would sleep heavily, haunted by dreams, which made him think that the night would end.

s continual expectation became at length a physical tor- an actual illness. Jean-Christophe went so far as to t his father, his brother, even the postman, of having the letter and hidden it from him. He was racked with ness. He never doubted Minna's fidelity for an instant. did not write, it must be because she was ill, dying, s dead. Then he rushed to his pen and wrote a third a few heartrending lines, in which he had no more t of guarding his feelings than of taking care with his g. The time for the post to go was drawing near; he ossed out and smudged the sheet as he turned it over, the envelope as he closed it. No matter! He could it until the next post. He ran and hurled his letter e box and waited in mortal agony. On the next night e he had a clear vision of Minna, ill, calling to him; up, and was on the point of setting out on foot to go But where? Where should he find her?

he fourth morning Minna's letter came at last—hardly -sheet—cold and stiff. Minna said that she did not and what could have filled him with such stupid fears, e was quite well, that she had no time to write, and him not to get so excited in future, and not to write re.

-Christophe was stunned. He never doubted Minna's y. He blamed himself; he thought that Minna was nnoyed by the impudent and absurd letters that he had . He thought himself an idiot, and beat at his head is fist. But it was all in vain; he was forced to feel inna did not love him as much as he loved her.

The days that followed were so mournful that it is impos to describe them. Nothingness cannot be described. Dep of the only boon that made living worth while for him- letters to Minna—Jean-Christophe now only lived mechanic and the only thing which interested him at all was whe the evening, as he was going to bed, he ticked off on the cale like a schoolboy, one of the interminable days which lay bet himself and Minna's return. The day of the return was They ought to have been at home a week. Feverish excite had succeeded Jean-Christophe's prostration. Minna had p ised when she left to advise him of the day and hour of arrival. He waited from moment to moment to go and them; and he tied himself up in a web of guesses as t reasons for their delay.

One evening one of their neighbors, a friend of his g father, Fischer, the furniture dealer, came in to smoke chat with Melchior after dinner as he often did. Jean-C tophe, in torment, was going up to his room after waitin the postman to pass when a word made him tremble. F said that next day he had to go early in the morning t Kerichs' to hang up the curtains. Jean-Christophe st dead, and asked:

"Have they returned?"

"You wag! You know that as well as I do," said old F roguishly. "Fine weather! They came back the day yesterday."

Jean-Christophe heard no more; he left the room got ready to go out. His mother, who for some had secretly been watching him without his knowing i lowed him into the lobby, and asked him timidly wh was going. He made no answer, and went out. H hurt.

He ran to the Kerichs' house. It was nine o'clock evening. They were both in the drawing-room and d appear to be surprised to see him. They said "Good-eve quietly. Minna was busy writing, and held out her han the table and went on with her letter, vaguely asking h his news. She asked him to forgive her discourtesy, an tended to be listening to what he said, but she interrupt

k something of her mother. He had prepared touching
s concerning all that he had suffered during her absence;
uld hardly summon a few words; no one was interested
em, and he had not the heart to go on—it all rang so

en Minna had finished her letter she took up some work,
sitting a little away from him, began to tell him about
avels. She talked about the pleasant weeks she had spent
ng on horseback, country-house life, interesting society;
ot excited gradually, and made allusions to events and
whom Jean-Christophe did not know, and the memory
m made her mother and herself laugh. Jean-Christophe
hat he was a stranger during the story; he did not know
o take it, and laughed awkwardly. He never took his
rom Minna's face, beseeching her to look at him, implor-
er to throw him a glance for alms. But when she did
t him—which was not often, for she addressed herself
to her mother than to him—her eyes, like her voice, were
nd indifferent. Was she so constrained because of her
r, or was it that he did not understand? He wished
ak to her alone, but Frau von Kerich never left them
moment. He tried to bring the conversation round to
subject interesting to himself; he spoke of his work and
ns; he was dimly conscious that Minna was evading him,
nstinctively he tried to interest her in himself. Indeed,
emed to listen attentively enough; she broke in upon his
ive with various interjections, which were never very apt,
ways seemed to be full of interest. But just as he was
ing to hope once more, carried off his feet by one of
arming smiles, he saw Minna put her little hand to her
d yawn. He broke off short. She saw that, and asked
rdon amiably, saying that she was tired. He got up,
ng that they would persuade him to stay, but they said
g. He spun out his "Good-bye," and waited for a word
him to come again next day; there was no suggestion
He had to go. Minna did not take him to the door.
ld out her hand to him—an indifferent hand that drooped
in his—and he took his leave of them in the middle
room.

He went home with terror in his heart. Of the Minna of months before, of his beloved Minna, nothing was left. W had happened? What had become of her? For a poor who has never yet experienced the continual change, the plete disappearance, and the absolute renovation of living s of which the majority are not so much souls as collection souls in succession changing and dying away continually simple truth was too cruel for him to be able to believ He rejected the idea of it in terror, and tried to persuade self that he had not been able to see properly, and that M was just the same. He decided to go again to the house morning, and to talk to her at all costs.

He did not sleep. Through the night he counted one another the chimes of the clock. From one o'clock on he rambling round the Kerichs' house; he entered it as soo he could. He did not see Minna, but Frau von Kerich. Al busy and an early riser, she was watering the pots of flo on the veranda. She gave a mocking cry when she saw J Christophe.

"Ah!" she said. "It is you! . . . I am glad you come. I have something to talk to you about. Wait a ment. . . ."

She went in for a moment to put down her watering and to dry her hands, and came back with a little smile a saw Jean-Christophe's discomfiture; he was conscious of approach of disaster.

"Come into the garden," she said; "we shall be quiete In the garden that was full still of his love he followed von Kerich. She did not hasten to speak, and enjoye boy's uneasiness.

"Let us sit here," she said at last. They were sittin the seat in the place where Minna had held up her lips to on the eve of her departure.

"I think you know what is the matter," said Frau Kerich, looking serious so as to complete his confusion. should never have thought it of you, Jean-Christophe. I th you a serious boy. I had every confidence in you. I s never have thought that you would abuse it to try and my daughter's head. She was in your keeping. You

ve shown respect for her, respect for me, respect for your-

ere was a light irony in her accents. Frau von Kerich hed not the least importance to this childish love affair; ean-Christophe was not conscious of it, and her reproaches, he took, as he took everything, tragically, went to his

But, Madam . . . but, Madam . . ." he stammered, with in his eyes, "I have never abused your confidence. . . . e do not think that. . . . I am not a bad man, that I ! . . . I love Fräulein Minna. I love her with all my and I wish to marry her."

au von Kerich smiled.

So, my poor boy," she said, with that kindly smile in which so much disdain, as at last he was to understand, "no, impossible; it is just a childish folly."

Why? Why?" he asked.

took her hands, not believing that she could be speaking sly, and almost reassured by the new softness in her voice. miled still, and said:

ecause . . ."

insisted. With ironical deliberation—she did not take ltogether seriously—she told him that he had no fortune, Minna had different tastes. He protested that that made fference; that he would be rich, famous; that he would onors, money, all that Minna could desire. Frau von n looked skeptical; she was amused by his self-confidence, nly shook her head by way of saying no. But he stuck

o, Jean-Christophe," she said firmly, "no. It is not arguing. It is impossible. It is not only a question of . So many things! The position . . ."

had no need to finish. That was a needle that pierced very marrow. His eyes were opened. He saw the irony friendly smile, he saw the coldness of the kindly look, derstood suddenly what it was that separated him from oman whom he loved as a son, this woman who seemed t him like a mother; he was conscious of all that was izing and disdainful in her affection. He got up. He

was pale. Frau von Kerich went on talking to him her caressing voice, but it was the end; he heard no the music of the words; he perceived under every word falseness of that elegant soul. He could not answe word. He went. Everything about him was going round round.

When he regained his room he flung himself on his and gave way to a fit of anger and injured pride, just a used to do when he was a little boy. He bit his pillow crammed his handkerchief into his mouth, so that no one sh hear him crying. He hated Frau von Kerich. He hated Mi He despised them mightily. It seemed to him that he been insulted, and he trembled with shame and rage. He to reply, to take immediate action. If he could not av himself he would die.

He got up, and wrote an idiotically violent letter:

"MADAM,—

"I do not know if, as you say, you have been deceived in But I do know that I have been cruelly deceived in you thought that you were my friends. You said so. You tended to be so, and I loved you more than my life. I see that it was all a lie, that your affection for me was on sham; you made use of me. I amused you, provided you entertainment, made music for you. I was your servant. servant: that I am not! I am no man's servant!

"You have made me feel cruelly that I had no right to your daughter. Nothing in the world can prevent my from loving where it loves, and if I am not your equal in I am as noble as you. It is the heart that ennobles a If I am not a Count, I have perhaps more honor than Counts. Lackey or Count, when a man insults me, I de him. I despise as much any one who pretends to be noble is not noble of soul.

"Farewell! You have mistaken me. You have deceive I detest you!

"He who, in spite of you, loves, and will love till d Fräulein Minna, *because she is his,* and nothing can tak from him."

Hardly had he thrown his letter into the box than he was d with terror at what he had done. He tried not to think t, but certain phrases cropped up in his memory; he was cold sweat as he thought of Frau von Kerich reading those rmities. At first he was upheld by his very despair, but t day he saw that his letter could only bring about a final ration from Minna, and that seemed to him the direst of fortunes. He still hoped that Frau von Kerich, who knew violent fits, would not take it seriously, that she would only imand him severely, and—who knows?—that she would ouched perhaps by the sincerity of his passion. One word, he would have thrown himself at her feet. He waited for days. Then came a letter. She said:

EAR SIR,—

Since, as you say, there has been a misunderstanding be- n us, it would be wise not any further to prolong it. I ld be very sorry to force upon you a relationship which become painful to you. You will think it natural, there- , that we should break it off. I hope that you will in time ome have no lack of other friends who will be able to reciate you as you wish to be appreciated. I have no doubt o your future, and from a distance shall, with sympathy, w your progress in your musical career. Kind regards.

"JOSEPHA VON KERICH."

he most bitter reproaches would have been less cruel. Jean- stophe saw that he was lost. It is possible to reply to an st accusation. But what is to be done against the negative- of such polite indifference? He raged against it. He ght that he would never see Minna again, and he could ear it. He felt how little all the pride in the world weighs nst a little love. He forgot his dignity; he became cow- ; he wrote more letters, in which he implored forgiveness. were no less stupid than the letter in which he had railed nst her. They evoked no response. And everything was said.

e nearly died of it. He thought of killing himself. He ght of murder. At least, he imagined that he thought of

it. He was possessed by incendiary and murderous desi People have little idea of the paroxysm of love or hate wh sometimes devours the hearts of children. It was the m terrible crisis of his childhood. It ended his childhood. stiffened his will. But it came near to breaking it forever.

He found life impossible. He would sit for hours with elbows on the window-sill looking down into the courty and dreaming, as he used to when he was a little boy, of s means of escaping from the torture of life when it became great. The remedy was there, under his eyes. Immediate immediate? How could one know? . . . Perhaps after h —centuries—horrible sufferings! . . . But so utter was childish despair that he let himself be carried away by giddy round of such thoughts.

Louisa saw that he was suffering. She could not ga exactly what was happening to him, but her instinct gave a dim warning of danger. She tried to approach her son discover his sorrow, so as to console him. But the poor wo had lost the habit of talking intimately to Jean-Christophe. many years he had kept his thoughts to himself, and she been too much taken up by the material cares of life to find t to discover them or divine them. Now that she would so gl have come to his aid she knew not what to do. She hov about him like a soul in torment; she would gladly have fo words to bring him comfort, and she dared not speak for of irritating him. And in spite of all her care she did irri him by her every gesture and by her very presence, for was not very adroit, and he was not very indulgent. And he loved her; they loved each other. But so little is nee to part two creatures who are dear to each other, and love e other with all their hearts! A too violent expression, an a ward gesture, a harmless twitching of an eye or a nos trick of eating, walking, or laughing, a physical constr which is beyond analysis. . . . You say that these things nothing, and yet they are all the world. Often they are eno to keep a mother and a son, a brother and a brother, a fri and a friend, who live in proximity to each other, for strangers to each other.

Jean-Christophe did not find in his mother's grief a suffic

in the crisis through which he was passing. Besides, is the affection of others to the egoism of passion pre-pied with itself?

ne night when his family were sleeping, and he was sitting is desk, not thinking or moving, he was engulfed in his ous ideas, when a sound of footsteps resounded down the silent street, and a knock on the door brought him from stupor. There was a murmuring of thick voices. He mbered that his father had not come in, and he thought ily that they were bringing him back drunk, as they had a week or two before, when they had found him lying treet. For Melchior had abandoned all restraint, and was and more the victim of his vice, though his athletic health ed not in the least to suffer from an excess and a reckless- which would have killed any other man. He ate enough four, drank until he dropped, passed whole nights out of s in icy rain, was knocked down and stunned in brawls, would get up again next day, with his rowdy gaiety, wanting body about him to be gay too.

uisa, hurrying up, rushed to open the door. Jean-Chris-, who had not budged, stopped his ears so as not to hear hior's vicious voice and the tittering comments of the ibors. . . .

. Suddenly a strange terror seized him; for no reason gan to tremble, with his face hidden in his hands. And ne instant a piercing cry made him raise his head. He d to the door. . . .

the midst of a group of men talking in low voices, in ark passage, lit only by the flickering light of a lantern, , just as his grandfather had done, on a stretcher, was ly dripping with water, motionless. Louisa was clinging and sobbing. They had just found Melchior drowned in ill-race.

n-Christophe gave a cry. Everything else vanished; all ther sorrows were swept aside. He threw himself on his r's body by Louisa's side, and they wept together.

ted by the bedside, watching Melchior's last sleep, on face was now a severe and solemn expression, he felt rk peace of death enter into his soul. His childish passion

was gone from him like a fit of fever; the icy breath of grave had taken it all away. Minna, his pride, his love, himself. . . . Alas! What misery! How small everyth showed by the side of this reality, the only reality—dea Was it worth while to suffer so much, to desire so much, be so much put about to come in the end to that! . . .

He watched his father's sleep, and he was filled with infinite pity. He remembered the smallest of his acts of ki ness and tenderness. For with all his faults Melchior was bad; there was much good in him. He loved his family. was honest. He had a little of the uncompromising probity the Kraffts, which, in all questions of morality and hon suffered no discussion, and never would admit the least of t small moral impurities which so many people in society reg not altogether as faults. He was brave, and whenever t was any danger faced it with a sort of enjoyment. If he extravagant himself, he was so for others too; he could not l anybody to be sad, and very gladly gave away all that belon to him—and did not belong to him—to the poor devils he by the wayside. All his qualities appeared to Jean-Christo now, and he invented some of them, or exaggerated them. seemed to him that he had misunderstood his father. He proached himself with not having loved him enough. He him as broken by Life; he thought he heard that unhappy s drifting, too weak to struggle, crying out for the life so lessly lost. He heard that lamentable entreaty that had so him to the heart one day:

"Jean-Christophe! Do not despise me!"

And he was overwhelmed by remorse. He threw himself the bed, and kissed the dead face and wept. And as he done that day, he said again:

"Dear father, I do not despise you. I love you. For me!"

But that piteous entreaty was not appeased, and went on

"Do not despise me! Do not despise me!" And sudd Jean-Christophe saw himself lying in the place of the d man; he heard the terrible words coming from his own l he felt weighing on his heart the despair of a useless irreparably lost. And he thought in terror: "Ah! everyth

he suffering, all the misery in the world, rather than come hat! . . ." How near he had been to it! Had he not all yielded to the temptation to snap off his life himself, ardly to escape his sorrow? As if all the sorrows, all ayals, were not childish griefs beside the torture and the ie of self-betrayal, denial of faith, of self-contempt in death! fe saw that life was a battle without armistice, without cy, in which he who wishes to be a man worthy of the name man must forever fight against whole armies of invisible nies; against the murderous forces of Nature, uneasy desires, thoughts, treacherously leading him to degradation and ruction. He saw that he had been on the point of falling the trap. He saw that happiness and love were only the nds of a moment to lead the heart to disarm and abdicate. the little puritan of fifteen heard the voice of his God: Go, go, and never rest."

But whither, Lord, shall I go? Whatsoever I do, whither-er I go, is not the end always the same? Is not the end ll things in that?"

Go on to Death, you who must die! Go and suffer, you must suffer! You do not live to be happy. You live to l my Law. Suffer; die. But be what you must be—a Man."

YOUTH

Christofori faciem die quacunque tueris,
Illa nempe die non morte mala morieris.

e house was plunged in silence. Since Melchior's death hing seemed dead. Now that his loud voice was stilled, morning to night nothing was heard but the wearisome uring of the river.

istophe hurled himself into his work. He took a angry pleasure in self-castigation for having wished to py. To expressions of sympathy and kind words he made ly, but was proud and stiff. Without a word he went about ily task, and gave his lessons with icy politeness. His who knew of his misfortune were shocked by his in- lity. But those who were older and had some ex- e of sorrow knew that this apparent coldness might, hild, be used only to conceal suffering: and they pitied He was not grateful for their sympathy. Even music ring him no comfort. He played without pleasure, and ity. It was as though he found a cruel joy in no longer pleasure in anything, or in persuading himself that he t: in depriving himself of every reason for living, and ng on.

two brothers, terrified by the silence of the house of death, ay from it as quickly as possible. Rodolphe went into e of his uncle Theodore, and lived with him, and Ernest, rying two or three trades, found work on one of the steamers plying between Mainz and Cologne, and he o come back only when he wanted money. Chris- vas left alone with his mother in the house, which was ge for them; and the meagerness of their resources, e payment of certain debts which had been discovered is father's death, forced them, whatever pain it might seek another more lowly and less expensive dwelling. found a little flat,—two or three rooms on the second

floor of a house in the Market Street. It was a noisy di in the middle of the town, far from the river, far from the far from the country and all the familiar places. But had to consult reason, not sentiment, and Christophe in it a fine opportunity for gratifying his bitter creed of mortification. Besides, the owner of the house, old reg Euler, was a friend of his grandfather, and knew the fa that was enough for Louisa, who was lost in her empty and was irresistibly drawn towards those who had know creatures whom she had loved.

They got ready to leave. They took long draughts bitter melancholy of the last days passed by the sad, b fireside that was to be left forever. They dared hardly tell sorrow: they were ashamed of it, or afraid. Each though they ought not to show their weakness to the other. At sitting alone in a dark room with half-closed shutters dared not raise their voices: they ate hurriedly and did no at each other for fear of not being able to conceal their t They parted as soon as they had finished. Christophe back to his work; but as soon as he was free for a m he would come back, go stealthily home, and creep on to his room or to the attic. Then he would shut the sit down in a corner on an old trunk or on the window or stay there without thinking, letting the indefinable b and humming of the old house, which trembled with the l tread, thrill through him. His heart would tremble w He would listen anxiously for the faintest breath in or doors, for the creaking of floors, for all the imperc familiar noises: he knew them all. He would lose con ness, his thoughts would be filled with the images of th and he would issue from his stupor only at the sound Martin's clock, reminding him that it was time to go.

In the room below him he could hear Louisa's footstep ing softly to and fro, then for hours she could not be she made no noise. Christophe would listen intentl would go down, a little uneasy, as one is for a long tim a great misfortune. He would push the door ajar; Louisa turn her back on him; she would be sitting in front of board in the midst of a heap of things—rags, old belo

garments, treasures, which she had brought out intending
rt them. But she had no strength for it; everything
nded her of something; she would turn and turn it in her
s and begin to dream; it would drop from her hands; she
d stay for hours together with her arms hanging down,
back exhausted in a chair, given up to a stupor of sorrow.
or Louisa was now spending most of her life in the past—
sad past, which had been very niggardly of joy for her;
she was so used to suffering that she was still grateful
he least tenderness shown to her, and the pale lights which
shone here and there in the drab days of her life, were
enough to make them bright. All the evil that Melchior
done her was forgotten; she remembered only the good.
marriage had been the great romance of her life. If
lior had been drawn into it by a caprice, of which he had
ly repented, she had given herself with her whole heart;
hought that she was loved as much as she had loved; and
elchior she was ever most tenderly grateful. She did not
understand what he had become in the sequel. Incapable
ing reality as it is, she only knew how to bear it as it
mbly and honestly, as a woman who has no need of under-
ing life in order to be able to live. What she could not
n, she left to God for explanation. In her singular piety,
ut upon God the responsibility for all the injustice that
d suffered at the hands of Melchior and the others, and
isited them with the good that they had given her. And so
fe of misery had left her with no bitter memory. She
elt worn out—weak as she was—by those years of priva-
nd fatigue. And now that Melchior was no longer there,
hat two of her sons were gone from their home, and the
seemed to be able to do without her, she had lost all heart
tion; she was tired, sleepy; her will was stupefied. She
oing through one of those crises of neurasthenia which
come upon active and industrious people in the decline
e, when some unforeseen event deprives them of every
for living. She had not the heart even to finish the
ng she was knitting, to tidy the drawer in which she was
g, to get up to shut the window; she would sit there,
t a thought, without strength—save for recollection.

She was conscious of her collapse, and was ashamed of it blushed for it; she tried to hide it from her son; Christophe, wrapped up in the egoism of his own grief, n noticed it. No doubt he was often secretly impatient with mother's slowness in speaking, and acting, and doing the sn est thing; but different though her ways were from her u activity, he never gave a thought to the matter until then

Suddenly on that day it came home to him for the first when he surprised her in the midst of her rags, turned on the floor, heaped up at her feet, in her arms, and in lap. Her neck was drawn out, her head was bowed, her was stiff and rigid. When she heard him come in she star her white cheeks were suffused with red; with an instin movement she tried to hide the things she was holding, muttered with an awkward smile:

"You see, I was sorting . . ."

The sight of the poor soul stranded among the relics of past cut to his heart, and he was filled with pity. But he s with a bitter asperity and seemed to scold, to drag her her apathy:

"Come, come, mother; you must not stay there, in the mi of all that dust, with the room all shut up! It is not for you. You must pull yourself together, and have done all this."

"Yes," said she meekly.

She tried to get up to put the things back in the dra But she sat down again at once and listlessly let them fall her hands.

"Oh! I can't . . . I can't," she moaned. "I shall n finish!"

He was frightened. He leaned over her. He caressed forehead with his hands.

"Come, mother, what is it?" he said. "Shall I help Are you ill?"

She did not answer. She gave a sort of stifled sob. took her hands, and knelt down by her side, the better t her in the dusky room.

"Mother!" he said anxiously.

Louisa laid her head on his shoulder and burst into tea

My boy, my boy," she cried, holding close to him. "My
. . . You will not leave me? Promise me that you will
eave me?"
is heart was torn with pity.
No, mother, no. I will not leave you. What made you
of such a thing?"
am so unhappy! They have all left me, all. . . ."
e pointed to the things all about her, and he did not know
her she was speaking of them or of her sons and the

You will stay with me? You will not leave me? . . .
should I do, if you went too?"
will not go, I tell you; we will stay together. Don't cry.
mise."
e went on weeping. She could not stop herself. He dried
yes with his handkerchief.
What is it, mother dear? Are you in pain?"
don't know; I don't know what it is." She tried to calm
lf and to smile.
do try to be sensible. I do. But just nothing at all
s me cry. . . . You see, I'm doing it again. . . . Forgive
I am so stupid. I am old. I have no strength left. I
no taste for anything any more. I am no good for any-
. I wish I were buried with all the rest. . . ."
held her to him, close, like a child.
Don't worry, mother; be calm; don't think about it. . . ."
adually she grew quiet.
t is foolish. I am ashamed. . . . But what is it? What
"
e who had always worked so hard could not understand
her strength had suddenly snapped, and she was humili-
o the very depths of her being. He pretended not to see it.
little weariness, mother," he said, trying to speak care-
. "It is nothing; you will see; it is nothing."
t he too was anxious. From his childhood he had been
tomed to see her brave, resigned, in silence withstanding
test. And he was astonished to see her suddenly broken:
s afraid.
helped her to sort the things scattered on the floor. Every

now and then she would linger over something, but he w gently take it from her hands, and she suffered him.

From that time on he took pains to be more with her. soon as he had finished his work, instead of shutting hi up in his room, as he loved to do, he would return to her. felt her loneliness and that she was not strong enough t left alone: there was danger in leaving her alone.

He would sit by her side in the evening near the open wi looking on to the road. The view would slowly disap The people were returning home. Little lights appear the houses far off. They had seen it all a thousand t But soon they would see it no more. They would talk jointedly. They would point out to each other the smalle the familiar incidents and expectations of the evening, a with fresh interest. They would have long intimate sil or Louisa, for no apparent reason, would tell some r niscence, some disconnected story that passed through mind. Her tongue was loosed a little now that she that she was with one who loved her. She tried har talk. It was difficult for her, for she had grown to living apart from her family; she looked upon her son her husband as too clever to talk to her, and she had dared to join in their conversation. Christophe's t care was a new thing to her and infinitely sweet, th it made her afraid. She deliberated over her words; she f it difficult to express herself; her sentences were left unfi and obscure. Sometimes she was ashamed of what she saying; she would look at her son, and stop in the midd her narrative. But he would press her hand, and she w be reassured. He was filled with love and pity for the ch motherly creature, to whom he had turned when he was a and now she turned to him for support. And he took a m choly pleasure in her prattle, that had no interest for an but himself, in her trivial memories of a life that had a been joyless and mediocre, though it seemed to Louisa to infinite worth. Sometimes he would try to interrupt he was afraid that her memories would make her sadder than and he would urge her to sleep. She would understand he was at, and would say with gratitude in her eyes:

o. I assure you, it does one good; let us stay a little r."

y would stay until the night was far gone and the neigh- were abed. Then they would say good-night, she a little rted by being rid of some of her trouble, he with a heavy under this new burden added to that which already he bear.

day came for their departure. On the night before stayed longer than usual in the unlighted room. They ot speak. Every now and then Louisa moaned: "Fear Fear God!" Christophe tried to keep her attention on the thousand details of the morrow's removal. She not go to bed until he gently compelled her. But he up to his room and did not go to bed for a long time. leaning out of the window he tried to gaze through the ss to see for the last time the moving shadows of the beneath the house. He heard the wind in the tall trees nna's garden. The sky was black. There was no one street. A cold rain was just falling. The weathercocks d. In a house near by a child was crying. The night d with an overwhelming heaviness upon the earth and is soul. The dull chiming of the hours, the cracked note halves and quarters, dropped one after another into the silence, broken only by the sound of the rain on the nd the cobbles.

n Christophe at last made up his mind to go to bed, in body and soul, he heard the window below him And, as he lay, he thought sadly that it is cruel for or to dwell on the past, for they have no right to have , like the rich: they have no home, no corner of the wherein to house their memories: their joys, their sor- ll their days, are scattered in the wind.

day in beating rain they moved their scanty furniture r new dwelling. Fischer, the old furniture dealer, lent cart and a pony; he came and helped them himself. ey could not take everything, for the rooms to which ere going were much smaller than the old. Chris- ad to make his mother leave the oldest and most useless r belongings. It was not altogether easy; the least thing

had its worth for her: a shaky table, a broken chair, she wi to leave nothing behind. Fischer, fortified by the authorit his old friendship with Jean Michel, had to join C tophe in complaining, and, good-fellow that he was understanding her grief, had even to promise to some of her precious rubbish for her against the day w she should want it again. Then she agreed to tear self away.

The two brothers had been told of the removal, but E came on the night before to say that he could not be t and Rodolphe appeared for a moment about noon; he wat them load the furniture, gave some advice, and went again looking mightily busy.

The procession set out through the muddy streets. C tophe led the horse, which slipped on the greasy cob Louisa walked by her son's side, and tried to shelter him the rain. And so they had a melancholy homecoming in damp rooms, that were made darker than ever by the dull coming from the lowering sky. They could not have fo against the depression that was upon them had it not for the attentions of their landlord and his family. But, the cart had driven away, as night fell, leaving the furn heaped up in the room; and Christophe and Louisa sitting, worn out, one on a box, the other on a sack; heard a little dry cough on the staircase; there was a k at the door. Old Euler came in. He begged pardon elabora for disturbing his guests, and said that by way of celebr their first evening he hoped that they would be kind en to sup with himself and his family. Louisa, stunned by sorrow, wished to refuse. Christophe was not much tempted than she by this friendly gathering, but the old insisted and Christophe, thinking that it would be bette his mother not to spend their first evening in their new alone with her thoughts, made her accept.

They went down to the floor below, where they found whole family collected: the old man, his daughter, his so law, Vogel, and his grandchildren, a boy and a girl. bo little younger than Christophe. They clustered around guests, bade them welcome, asked if they were tired, if

pleased with their rooms, if they needed anything; putting
any questions that Christophe in bewilderment could make
ing of them, for everybody spoke at once. The soup was
ed on the table; they sat down. But the noise went on.
alia, Euler's daughter, had set herself at once to acquaint
isa with local details: with the topography of the district,
habits and advantages of the house, the time when the
man called, the time when she got up, the various trades-
le and the prices that she paid. She did not stop until
had explained everything. Louisa, half-asleep, tried hard
ke an interest in the information, but the remarks which
ventured showed that she had understood not a word, and
oked Amalia to indignant exclamations and repetition of
y detail. Old Euler, a clerk, tried to explain to Chris-
e the difficulties of a musical career. Christophe's other
bor, Rosa, Amalia's daughter, never stopped talking from
moment when they sat down,—so volubly that she had
ime to breathe; she lost her breath in the middle of a
nce, but at once she was off again. Vogel was gloomy and
lained of the food, and there were embittered arguments
he subject. Amalia, Euler, the girl, left off talking to
part in the discussion; and there were endless controversies
whether there was too much salt in the stew or not enough;
called each other to witness, and, naturally, no two opinions
the same. Each despised his neighbor's taste, and thought
his own healthy and reasonable. They might have gone
guing until the Last Judgment.

t, in the end, they all joined in crying out upon the bad
ner. They all commiserated Louisa and Christophe upon
troubles, and in terms which moved him greatly they
d him for his courageous conduct. They took great pleas-
n recalling not only the misfortunes of their guests, but
heir own, and those of their friends and all their acquaint-
and they all agreed that the good are always unhappy,
hat there is joy only for the selfish and dishonest. They
ed that life is sad, that it is quite useless, and that they
all better dead, were it not the indubitable will of God
they should go on living so as to suffer. As these ideas
very near to Christophe's actual pessimism, he thought

the better of his landlord, and closed his eyes to their lit oddities.

When he went upstairs again with his mother to the d ordered rooms, they were weary and sad, but they felt a lit less lonely; and while Christophe lay awake through the nig for he could not sleep because of his weariness and the n of the neighborhood, and listened to the heavy carts shak the walls, and the breathing of the family sleeping below, tried to persuade himself that he would be, if not happy, least less unhappy here, with these good people—a little t some, if the truth be told—who suffered from like misfortu who seemed to understand him, and whom, he thought, he un stood.

But when at last he did fall asleep, he was roused unpleasa at dawn by the voices of his neighbors arguing, and the cr ing of a pump worked furiously by some one who was i hurry to swill the yard and the stairs.

Justus Euler was a little bent old man, with uneasy, glo eyes, a red face, all lines and pimples, gap-toothed, w an unkempt beard, with which he was forever fidget with his hands. Very honest, quite able, profoundly m he had been on quite good terms with Christophe's gra father. He was said to be like him. And, in truth, was of the same generation and brought up with the s principles; but he lacked Jean Michel's strong physi that is, while he was of the same opinion on many po fundamentally he was hardly at all like him, for i temperament far more than ideas that makes a man, and w ever the divisions, fictitious or real, marked between men intellect, the great divisions between men and men are those who are healthy and those who are not. Old E was not a healthy man. He talked morality, like Jean Mi but his morals were not the same as Jean Michel's; he not his sound stomach, his lungs, or his jovial strength. E thing in Euler and his family was built on a more parsimon and niggardly plan. He had been an official for forty y was now retired, and suffered from that melancholy that c from inactivity and weighs so heavily upon old men, who

made provision in their inner life for their last years. is habits, natural and acquired, all the habits of his trade given him a meticulous and peevish quality, which was duced to a certain extent in each of his children.

s son-in-law, Vogel, a clerk at the Chancery Court, was years old. Tall, strong, almost bald, with gold spectacles, good-looking, he considered himself ill, and no doubt o, although obviously he did not have the diseases which ought he had, but only a mind soured by the stupidity s calling and a body ruined to a certain extent by his tary life. Very industrious, not without merit, even cul- up to a point, he was a victim of our ridiculous modern or like so many clerks, locked up in their offices, he had mbed to the demon of hypochondria. One of those un- nates whom Goethe called *"ein trauriger, ungriechischer chondrist"*—"a gloomy and un-Greek hypochondriac,"— itied, though he took good care to avoid them.

alia was neither the one nor the other. Strong, loud, etive, she wasted no sympathy on her husband's jeremiads; sed to shake him roughly. But no human strength can up against living together, and when in a household one her is neurasthenic, the chances are that in time they oth be so. In vain did Amalia cry out upon Vogel, n did she go on protesting either from habit or because s necessary; next moment she herself was lamenting her ion more loudly even than he, and, passing imperceptibly scolding to lamentation, she did him no good; she in- d his ills tenfold by loudly singing chorus to his follies. end not only did she crush the unhappy Vogel, terrified e proportions assumed by his own outcries sent sounding y this echo, but she crushed everybody, even herself. In rn she caught the trick of unwarrantably bemoaning her , and her father's, and her daughter's, and her son's. ame a mania; by constant repetition she came to believe she said. She took the least chill tragically; she was y and worried about everybody. More than that, when vere well, she still worried, because of the sickness that ound to come. So life was passed in perpetual fear. le that they were all in fairly good health, and it seemed

as though their state of continual moaning and groaning serve to keep them well. They all ate and slept and wo as usual, and the life of this household was not relaxed f all. Amalia's activity was not satisfied with working morning to night up and down the house; they all had to with her, and there was forever a moving of furniture, a w ing of floors, a polishing of wood, a sound of voices, foots quivering, movement.

The two children, crushed by such loud authority, lea nobody alone, seemed to find it natural enough to submit The boy, Leonard, was good looking, though insignifican feature, and stiff in manner. The girl, Rosa, fair-haired, pretty blue eyes, gentle and affectionate, would have been p ing especially with the freshness of her delicate comple and her kind manner, had her nose not been quite so or so awkwardly placed; it made her face heavy and gave a foolish expression. She was like a girl of Holbein, in gallery at Basle—the daughter of burgomaster Meier—sit with eyes cast down, her hands on her knees, her fair falling down to her shoulders, looking embarrassed and ashe of her uncomely nose. But so far Rosa had not been tro by it, and it never had broken in upon her inexhaustible ch Always her shrill voice was heard in the house telling st always breathless, as though she had no time to say everyt always excited and animated, in spite of the protests w she drew from her mother, her father, and even her g father, exasperated, not so much because she was forever ta as because she prevented them talking themselves. For good people, kind, loyal, devoted—the very cream of people—had almost all the virtues, but they lacked one v which is capital, and is the charm of life: the virtue of sil

Christophe was in tolerant mood. His sorrow had ened his intolerant and emphatic temper. His experien the cruel indifference of the elegant made him more cons of the worth of these honest folk, graceless and devilish some, who had yet an austere conception of life, and be they lived joylessly, seemed to him to live without weak Having decided that they were excellent, and that he oug like them, like the German that he was, he tried to pers

elf that he did in fact like them. But he did not succeed; icked that easy Germanic idealism, which does not wish to and does not see, what would be displeasing to its sight, ear of disturbing the very proper tranquillity of its judg- and the pleasantness of its existence. On the contrary, ever was so conscious of the defects of these people as he loved them, when he wanted to love them absolutely out reservation; it was a sort of unconscious loyalty, and nexorable demand for truth, which, in spite of himself, him more clear-sighted, and more exacting, with what was st to him. And it was not long before he began to be ted by the oddities of the family. They made no attempt nceal them. Contrary to the usual habit they displayed intolerable quality they possessed, and all the good in was hidden. So Christophe told himself, for he judged elf to have been unjust, and tried to surmount his first essions, and to discover in them the excellent qualities they so carefully concealed.

tried to converse with old Justus Euler, who asked nothing . He had a secret sympathy with him, remembering that randfather had liked to praise him. But good old Jean el had more of the pleasant faculty of deceiving himself his friends than Christophe, and Christophe soon saw In vain did he try to accept Euler's memories of his lfather. He could only get from him a discolored cari- e of Jean Michel, and scraps of talk that were utterly eresting. Euler's stories used invariably to begin with: s I used to say to your poor grandfather . . ." ould remember nothing else. He had heard only what d said himself.

haps Jean Michel used only to listen in the same way. friendships are little more than arrangements for mutual ction, so that each party may talk about himself to the But at least Jean Michel, however naïvely he used to imself up to the delight of talking, had sympathy which s always ready to lavish on all sides. He was interested rything; he always regretted that he was no longer fifteen, to be able to see the marvelous inventions of the new tions, and to share their thoughts. He had the quality,

perhaps the most precious in life, a curiosity always fr
never changing with the years, born anew every morning.
had not the talent to turn this gift to account; but how m
men of talent might envy him! Most men die at twenty
thirty; thereafter they are only reflections of themselves:
the rest of their lives they are aping themselves, repeating fr
day to day more and more mechanically and affectedly w
they said and did and thought and loved when they were al

It was so long since old Euler had been alive, and he
been such a small thing then, that what was left of him
was very poor and rather ridiculous. Outside his former t
and his family life he knew nothing, and wished to know n
ing. On every subject he had ideas ready-made, dating f
his youth. He pretended to some knowledge of the arts,
he clung to certain hallowed names of men, about whom
was forever reiterating his emphatic formulæ: everything
was naught and had never been. When modern interests w
mentioned he would not listen, and talked of something
He declared that he loved music passionately, and he w
ask Christophe to play. But as soon as Christophe,
had been caught once or twice, began to play, the old fe
would begin to talk loudly to his daughter, as th
the music only increased his interest in everything
music. Christophe would get up exasperated in the mi
of his piece, so one would notice it. There were only a
old airs—three or four—some very beautiful, others very
but all equally sacred, which were privileged to gain compar
silence and absolute approval. With the very first notes
old man would go into ecstasies, tears would come to his
not so much for the pleasure he was enjoying as for the ple
which once he had enjoyed. In the end Christophe
a horror of these airs, though some of them, like the *Ad*
of Beethoven, were very dear to him; the old man was al
humming the first bars of them, and never failed to de
"There, that is music," contemptuously comparing it with
the blessed modern music, in which there is no melody." T
to tell, he knew nothing whatever about it.

His son-in-law was better educated and kept in touch
artistic movements; but that was even worse, for in his judg

re was always a disparaging tinge. He was lacking neither taste nor intelligence; but he could not bring himself to ire anything modern. He would have disparaged Mozart Beethoven, if they had been contemporary, just as he would e acknowledged the merits of Wagner and Richard Strauss they been dead for a century. His discontented temper sed to allow that there might be great men living during own lifetime; the idea was distasteful to him. He was so ittered by his wasted life that he insisted on pretending every life was wasted, that it could not be otherwise, and those who thought the opposite, or pretended to think so, one of two things: fools or humbugs.

nd so he never spoke of any new celebrity except in a tone itter irony, and as he was not stupid he never failed to ver at the first glance the weak or ridiculous sides of them. new name roused him to distrust; before he knew anything t the man he was inclined to criticise him—because he nothing about him. If he was sympathetic towards stophe it was because he thought that the misanthropic found life as evil as he did himself, and that he was not ius. Nothing so unites the small of soul in their suffering discontent as the statement of their common impotence. ing so much restores the desire for health or life to those are healthy and made for the joy of life as contact the stupid pessimism of the mediocre and the sick, who, se they are not happy, deny the happiness of others. stophe felt this. And yet these gloomy thoughts were liar to him; but he was surprised to find them on Vogel's where they were unrecognizable; more than that, they were nant to him; they offended him.

was even more in revolt against Amalia's ways. The creature did no more than practise Christophe's theories ity. The word was upon her lips at every turn. She ed unceasingly, and wanted everybody to work as she Her work was never directed towards making herself others happier; on the contrary. It almost seemed as h it was mainly intended to incommode everybody and ake life as disagreeable as possible so as to sanctify it. ing would induce her for a moment to relinquish her holy

duties in the household, that sacro-sanct institution which so many women takes the place of all other duties, social moral. She would have thought herself lost had she not the same day, at the same time, polished the wooden flo washed the tiles, cleaned the door-handles, beaten the carp moved the chairs, the cupboards, the tables. She was ost tatious about it. It was as though it was a point of ho with her. And after all, is it not in much the same spirit t many women conceive and defend their honor? It is a s of piece of furniture which they have to keep polished, a w waxed floor, cold, hard—and slippery.

The accomplishment of her task did not make Frau V more amicable. She sacrificed herself to the trivialities of household, as to a duty imposed by God. And she despi those who did not do as she did, those who rested, and w able to enjoy life a little in the intervals of work. She wo go and rouse Louisa in her room when from time to time sat down in the middle of her work to dream. Louisa wo sigh, but she submitted to it with a half-shamed smile. Fo nately, Christophe knew nothing about it; Amalia used wait until he had gone out before she made these irrupti into their rooms, and so far she had not directly attacked h he would not have put up with it. When he was with her was conscious of a latent hostility within himself. What could least forgive her was the noise she made. He was n dened by it. When he was locked in his room—a little room looking out on the yard—with the window hermetic sealed, in spite of the want of air, so as not to hear the cla in the house, he could not escape from it. Involuntarily was forced to listen attentively for the least sound coming from below, and when the terrible voice which penetrated the walls broke out again after a moment of silence he filled with rage; he would shout, stamp with his foot, roar insults at her through the wall. In the general upr no one ever noticed it; they thought he was composing. would consign Frau Vogel to the depths of hell. He had respect for her, nor esteem to check him. At such time seemed to him that he would have preferred the lo and most stupid of women, if only she did not talk, to

honesty, all the virtues, when they make too much

hatred of noise brought him in touch with Leonard. midst of the general excitement the boy was the only keep calm, and never to raise his voice more at one it than another. He always expressed himself correctly eliberately, choosing his words, and never hurrying. i, simmering, never had patience to wait until he had l; the whole family cried out upon his slowness. He t worry about it. Nothing could upset his calm, respect- erence. Christophe was the more attracted to him when rned that Leonard intended to devote his life to the i, and his curiosity was roused.

regard to religion, Christophe was in a queer posi- e did not know himself how he stood towards it. He ver had time to think seriously about it. He was not ough educated, and he was too much absorbed by the ies of existence to be able to analyze himself and to ideas in order. His violence led him from one extreme ther, from absolute facts to complete negation, without g to find out whether in either case he agreed with . When he was happy he hardly thought of God at he was quite ready to believe in Him. When he was v he thought of Him, but did not believe; it seemed impossible that a God could authorize unhappiness and . But these difficulties did not greatly exercise him. too fundamentally religious to think much about God. d in God; he had no need to believe in Him. That is ugh for the weak and worn, for those whose lives are They aspire to God, as a plant does to the sun. The ing to life. But he who bears in his soul the sun and t need has he to seek them outside himself?

ophe would probably never have bothered about estions had he lived alone. But the obligations of social ed him to bring his thoughts to bear on these puerile ss problems, which occupy a place out of all proportion world; it is impossible not to take them into account every step they are in the way. As if a healthy, gen- eature, overflowing with strength and love, had not a

thousand more worthy things to do than to worry as to wh
God exists or no! . . . If it were only a question of beli
in God! But it is needful to believe in *a* God, of wha
shape or size and color and race. So far Christophe
gave a thought to the matter. Jesus hardly occupie
thoughts at all. It was not that he did not love him: he
him when he thought of him: but he never thought of
Sometimes he reproached himself for it, was angry with hi
could not understand why he did not take more interest in
And yet he professed, all his family professed; his grandf
was forever reading the Bible; he went regularly to
he served it in a sort of way, for he was an organist; a
set about his task conscientiously and in an exemplary ma
But when he left the church he would have been hard p
it to say what he had been thinking about. He set h
to read the Holy Books in order to fix his ideas, and he
amusement and even pleasure in them, just as in any bea
strange books, not essentially different from other books,
no one ever thinks of calling sacred. In truth, if Jes
pealed to him, Beethoven did no less. And at his org
Saint Florian's Church, where he accompanied on Sunda
was more taken up with his organ than with Mass, a
was more religious when he played Bach than when he
Mendelssohn. Some of the ritual brought him to a fer
exaltation. But did he then love God, or was it only the
as an impudent priest said to him one day in jest, w
thinking of the unhappiness which his quip might ca
him? Anybody else would not have paid any attention
and would not have changed his mode of living—(so
people put up with not knowing what they think!)
Christophe was cursed with an awkward need for sin
which filled him with scruples at every turn. And when s
came to him they possessed him forever. He tortured hi
he thought that he had acted with duplicity. Did he
or did he not? . . . He had no means, material or intelle
(knowledge and leisure are necessary)—of solving the
lem by himself. And yet it had to be solved, or he was
indifferent or a hypocrite. Now, he was incapable of
either one or the other.

tried timidly to sound those about him. They all seemed sure of themselves. Christophe burned to know their s. He could not discover them. Hardly did he receive uite answer; they always talked obliquely. Some thought rrogant, and said that there is no arguing these things, housands of men cleverer and better than himself had ed without argument, and that he needed only to do as had done. There were some who were a little hurt, as h it were a personal affront to ask them such a question, et they were of all perhaps the least certain of their facts. s shrugged their shoulders and said with a smile: "Bah! 't do any harm." And their smile said: "And it is so ! . . ." Christophe despised them with all his heart.

had tried to lay his uncertainties before a priest, but s discouraged by the experiment. He could not discuss atter seriously with him. Though his interlocution was pleasant, he made Christophe feel, quite politely, that was no real equality between them; he seemed to in advance that his superiority was beyond dispute, and he discussion could not exceed the limits which he laid for it, without a kind of impropriety; it was just a g bout, and was quite inoffensive. When Christophe to exceed the limits and to ask questions, which the man was pleased not to answer, he stepped back with nizing smile, and a few Latin quotations, and a fatherly ation to pray, pray that God would enlighten him. phe issued from the interview humiliated and wounded love of polite superiority. Wrong or right, he would gain for anything in the world have recourse to a priest. nitted that these men were his superiors in intelligence reason of their sacred calling; but in argument there is superiority, nor inferiority, nor title, nor age, nor name; g is of worth but truth, before which all men are equal. e was glad to find a boy of his own age who believed. ked no more than belief, and he hoped that Leonard give him good reason for believing. He made advances Leonard replied with his usual gentleness, but without ess; he was never eager about anything. As they could rry on a long conversation in the house without being

Interrupted every moment by Amalia or the old man, C tophe proposed that they should go for a walk one eve after dinner. Leonard was too polite to refuse, althoug would gladly have got out of it, for his indolent nature liked walking, talking, and anything that cost him an effo

Christophe had some difficulty in opening up the versation. After two or three awkward sentences about triv ties he plunged with a brusqueness that was almost brutal. asked Leonard if he were really going to be a priest, an he liked the idea. Leonard was nonplussed, and looked at uneasily, but when he saw that Christophe was not tilely disposed he was reassured.

"Yes," he replied. "How could it be otherwise?"

"Ah!" said Christophe. "You are very happy." Leo was conscious of a shade of envy in Christophe's voice and agreeably flattered by it. He altered his manner, becam pansive, his face brightened.

"Yes," he said, "I am happy." He beamed.

"What do you do to be so?" asked Christophe.

Before replying Leonard proposed that they should sit on a quiet seat in the cloisters of St. Martin's. From they could see a corner of the little square, planted with ac and beyond it the town, the country, bathed in the ev mists. The Rhine flowed at the foot of the hill. A deserted cemetery, with graves lost under the rich gras in slumber beside them behind the closed gates.

Leonard began to talk. He said, with his eyes shining contentment, how happy he was to escape from life, to found a refuge, where a man is, and forever will be, in s Christophe, still sore from his wounds, felt passionately desire for rest and forgetfulness; but it was mingled with r He asked with a sigh:

"And yet, does it cost you nothing to renounce life gether?"

"Oh!" said Leonard quietly. "What is there to re Isn't life sad and ugly?"

"There are lovely things too," said Christophe, lookin the beautiful evening.

"There are some beautiful things, but very few."

The few that there are are yet many to me."

Oh, well! it is simply a matter of common sense. On the and a little good and much evil; on the other neither good evil on earth, and after, infinite happiness—how can one ate?"

ristophe was not very pleased with this sort of arith-. So economic a life seemed to him very poor. But he to persuade himself that it was wisdom.

o," he asked a little ironically, "there is no risk of your seduced by an hour's pleasure?"

low foolish! When you know that it is only an hour, and after it there is all eternity!"

ou are quite certain of eternity?"

f course."

ristophe questioned him. He was thrilled with hope lesire. Perhaps Leonard would at last give him im-able reasons for believing. With what a passion he would lf renounce all the world to follow him to God.

first Leonard, proud of his rôle of apostle, and convinced Christophe's doubts were only a matter of form, and they would of course give way before his first argu-, relied upon the Holy Books, the authority of the Gospel, iracles, and traditions. But he began to grow gloomy after Christophe had listened for a few minutes, pped him and said that he was answering questions with ons, and that he had not asked him to tell exactly what that he was doubting, but to give some means of resolv-is doubts. Leonard then had to realize that Christophe nuch more ill than he seemed, and that he would llow himself to be convinced by the light of reason. But ill thought that Christophe was playing the free r—(it never occurred to him that he might be so sin-).—He was not discouraged, and, strong in his recently ed knowledge, he turned back to his school learning: he ed higgledy, piggledy, with more authority than order, etaphysical proofs of the existence of God and the im-ity of the soul. Christophe, with his mind at stretch, is brow knit in the effort, labored in silence, and made ay it all over again; tried hard to gather the mean-

ing, and to take it to himself, and to follow the rea ing. Then suddenly he burst out, vowed that Leon was laughing at him, that it was all tricks, jests of the talkers who forged words and then amused themselves pretending that these words were things. Leonard was net and guaranteed the good faith of his authors. Christ shrugged his shoulders, and said with an oath that they only humbugs, infernal writers; and he demanded fresh p

Leonard perceived to his horror that Christophe incurably attainted, and took no more interest in him. remembered that he had been told not to waste his tim arguing with skeptics,—at least when they stubbornly r to believe. There was the risk of being shaken himself, wit profiting the other. It was better to leave the unfortu fellow to the will of God, who, if He so designs, would a it that the skeptic was enlightened: or if not, who w dare to go against the will of God? Leonard did not i then on carrying on the discussion. He only said gently for the time being there was nothing to be done, that no re ing could show the way to a man who was determined n see it, and that Jean-Christophe must pray and appe Grace: nothing is possible without that: he must desire g and the will to believe.

"The will," thought Christophe bitterly. "So then. will exist because I will Him to exist? So then, death not exist, because it pleases me to deny it! . . . Alas! easy life is to those who have no need to see the truth, to who can see what they wish to see, and are forever fo pleasant dreams in which softly to sleep!" In such a Christophe knew well that he would never sleep. . . .

Leonard went on talking. He had fallen back on his fa subject, the sweets of the contemplative life, and once on neutral ground, he was inexhaustible. In his monotonous that shook with the pleasure in him, he told of the jo the life in God, outside, above the world, far from noi which he spoke in a sudden tone of hatred (he detest almost as much as Christophe), far from violence, from frivolity, far from the little miseries that one h suffer every day, in the warm, secure nest of faith, from

an contemplate in peace the wretchedness of a strange distant world. And as Christophe listened, he per- l the egoism of that faith. Leonard saw that. He hur- explained: the contemplative life was not a lazy life. ie contrary, a man is more active in prayer than in action. would the world be without prayer? You expiate the of others, you bear the burden of their misdeeds, you up your talents, you intercede between the world and

istophe listened in silence with increasing hostility. as conscious of the hypocrisy of such renunciation in rd. He was not unjust enough to assume hypocrisy in ose who believe. He knew well that with a few, such tion of life comes from the impossibility of living, from er despair, an appeal to death,—that with still fewer, n ecstasy of passion. . . . (How long does it last?) . . . ith the majority of men is it not too often the cold reason- souls more busied with their own ease and peace than he happiness of others, or with truth? And if sincere re conscious of it, how much they must suffer by such ation of their ideal! . . .

nard was quite happy, and now set forth the beauty and ny of the world, seen from the loftiness of the divine below all was dark, unjust, sorrowful; seen from on it all became clear, luminous, ordered: the world was e works of a clock, perfectly ordered. . . .

Christophe only listened absently. He was asking f: "Does he believe, or does he believe that he believes?" ot his own faith, his own passionate desire for faith was aken. Not the mediocrity of soul, and the poverty of nt of a fool like Leonard could touch that. . . .

it came down over the town. The seat on which they tting was in darkness: the stars shone out, a white mist ip from the river, the crickets chirped under the trees cemetery. The bells began to ring: first the highest of alone, like a plaintive bird, challenging the sky: then ond, a third lower, joined in its plaint: at last came epest, on the fifth, and seemed to answer them. The oices were merged in each other. At the bottom of the

towers there was a buzzing, as of a gigantic hive of bees. air and the boy's heart quivered. Christophe held his br and thought how poor was the music of musicians pared with such an ocean of music, with all the sound thousands of creatures: the former, the free world of sou compared with the world tamed, catalogued, coldly labele human intelligence. He sank and sank into that sonorous immense world without continents or bounds. . . .

And when the great murmuring had died away, when air had ceased at last to quiver, Christophe woke He looked about him startled. . . . He knew nothing. Ar him and in him everything was changed. There wa God. . . .

As with faith, so the loss of faith is often equally a of grace, a sudden light. Reason counts for nothing: smallest thing is enough—a word, silence, the sound of A man walks, dreams, expects nothing. Suddenly the w crumbles away. All about him is in ruins. He is alone. no longer believes.

Christophe was terrified, and could not understand it had come about. It was like the flooding of a river in spring. . . .

Leonard's voice was still sounding, more monotonous the voice of a cricket. Christophe did not hear it: he h nothing. Night was fully come. Leonard stopped. Surp to find Christophe motionless, uneasy because of the lat of the hour, he suggested that they should go home. Christ did not reply. Leonard took his arm. Christophe trem and looked at Leonard with wild eyes.

"Christophe, we must go home," said Leonard.

"Go to hell!" cried Christophe furiously.

"Oh! Christophe! What have I done?" asked Le tremulously. He was dumfounded.

Christophe came to himself.

"Yes. You are right," he said more gently. "I d know what I'm saying. Go to God! Go to God!"

He was alone. He was in bitter distress.

"Ah! my God! my God!" he cried, wringing his h passionately raising his face to the dark sky. "Why do

r believe? Why can I believe no more? What has hap-
l to me? . . ."

e disproportion between the wreck of his faith and the
rsation that he had just had with Leonard was too great:
s obvious that the conversation had no more brought it
than that the boisterousness of Amalia's gabble and the
ess of the people with whom he lived were not the cause
e upheaval which for some days had been taking place
s moral resolutions. These were only pretexts. The un-
ss had not come from without. It was within himself.
lt stirring in his heart monstrous and unknown things,
e dared not rely on his thoughts to face the evil. The
Was it evil? A languor, an intoxication, a voluptuous
filled all his being. He was no longer master of him-
In vain he sought to fortify himself with his former
m. His whole being crashed down. He had a sudden
ousness of the vast world, burning, wild, a world immeas-
. . . . How it swallows up God!
y for a moment. But the whole balance of his old life
1 that moment destroyed.

re was only one person in the family to whom Christophe
no attention: this was little Rosa. She was not beau-
and Christophe, who was far from beautiful himself,
ery exacting of beauty in others. He had that calm
y of youth, for which a woman does not exist if she
ly,—unless she has passed the age for inspiring tender-
and there is then no need to feel for her anything
ave, peaceful, and quasi-religious sentiments. Rosa also
ot distinguished by any especial gift, although she was
ithout intelligence: and she was cursed with a chattering
which drove Christophe from her. And he had never
the trouble to know her, thinking that there was in her
g to know; and the most he ever did was to glance
.

she was of better stuff than most girls: she was certainly
than Minna, whom he had so loved. She was a good
o coquette, not at all vain, and until Christophe came
never occurred to her that she was plain, or if it had,

it had not worried her: for none of her family bothe about it. Whenever her grandfather or her mother told so out of a desire to grumble, she only laughed: she did believe it, or she attached no importance to it: nor did it So many others, just as plain, and more, had found some to love them! The Germans are very mildly indulgent physical imperfections: they cannot see them: they are able to embellish them, by virtue of an easy imagination wh finds unexpected qualities in the face of their desire to n them like the most illustrious examples of human beauty. Euler would not have needed much urging to make him dec that his granddaughter had the nose of the Juno Ludo Happily he was too grumpy to pay compliments: and K unconcerned about the shape of her nose, had no vanity ex in the accomplishment, with all the ritual, of the famous ho hold duties. She had accepted as Gospel all that she had taught. She hardly ever went out, and she had very l standard of comparison; she admired her family naïvely, believed what they said. She was of an expansive and fiding nature, easily satisfied, and tried to fall in with mournfulness of her home, and docilely used to repeat pessimistic ideas which she heard. She was a creatur devotion—always thinking of others, trying to please, sha anxieties, guessing at what others wanted; she had a g need of loving without demanding anything in return. urally her family took advantage of her, although they kind and loved her: but there is always a temptation to advantage of the love of those who are absolutely deliv into your hands. Her family were so sure of her atten that they were not at all grateful for them: whatever she they expected more. And then, she was clumsy; she was ward and hasty; her movements were jerky and boyish; had outbursts of tenderness which used to end in disaste broken glass, a jug upset, a door slammed to: things w let loose upon her the wrath of everybody in the house. was always being snubbed and would go and weep in a co Her tears did not last long. She would soon smile again, begin to chatter without a suspicion of rancor against body.

hristophe's advent was an important event in her life. had often heard of him. Christophe had some place ie gossip of the town: he was a sort of little local celebrity: name used often to recur in the family conversation, espe- y when old Jean Michel was alive, who, proud of his grand- used to sing his praises to all of his acquaintance. Rosa seen the young musician once or twice at concerts. When heard that he was coming to live with them, she clapped hands. She was sternly rebuked for her breach of man- and became confused. She saw no harm in it. In a life nonotonous as hers, a new lodger was a great distraction. spent the last few days before his arrival in a fever of ctancy. She was fearful lest he should not like the house, she tried hard to make every room as attractive as possible. he morning of his arrival, she even put a little bunch of rs on the mantelpiece to bid him welcome. As to herself, took no care at all to look her best; and one glance was gh to make Christophe decide that she was plain, slovenly dressed. She did not think the same of him, gh she had good reason to do so: for Christophe, , exhausted, ill-kempt, was even more ugly than usual. Rosa, who was incapable of thinking the least ill of any- , Rosa, who thought her grandfather, her father, and her er, all perfectly beautiful, saw Christophe exactly as had expected to see him, and admired him with all her . She was frightened at sitting next to him at table; and rtunately her shyness took the shape of a flood of words, h at once alienated Christophe's sympathies. She did ee this, and that first evening remained a shining memory er life. When she was alone in her room, after had all gone upstairs, she heard the tread of the new rs as they walked over her head; and the sound of it joyously through her; the house seemed to her to have new life.

e next morning for the first time in her life she looked rself in the mirror carefully and uneasily, and without ly knowing the extent of her misfortune she began to nscious of it. She tried to decide about her features, y one; but she could not. She was filled with sadness

and apprehension. She sighed deeply, and thought of in ducing certain changes in her toilet, but she only made her look still more plain. She conceived the unlucky idea overwhelming Christophe with her kindness. In her n desire to be always seeing her new friends, and doing t service, she was forever going up and down the stairs, bring them some utterly useless thing, insisting on helping th and always laughing and talking and shouting. Her zeal her stream of talk could only be interrupted by her moth impatient voice calling her. Christophe looked grim; for his good resolutions he must have lost his temper q twenty times. He restrained himself for two days; on third, he locked his door. Rosa knocked, called, underst went downstairs in dismay, and did not try again. When saw her he explained that he was very busy and could be disturbed. She humbly begged his pardon. She could deceive herself as to the failure of her innocent advances: t had accomplished the opposite of her intention: they alienated Christophe. He no longer took the trouble to ceal his ill-humor; he did not listen when she talked, and not disguise his impatience. She felt that her chatter irrit him, and by force of will she succeeded in keeping silent a part of the evening: but the thing was stronger than her suddenly she would break out again and her words w tumble over each other more tumultuously than ever. Cl tophe would leave her in the middle of a sentence. She not angry with him. She was angry with herself. She thou herself stupid, tiresome, ridiculous: all her faults assu enormous proportions and she tried to wrestle with them: she was discouraged by the check upon her first attempts. said to herself that she could not do it, that she was not st enough. But she would try again.

But there were other faults against which she was power what could she do against her plainness? There was no d about it. The certainty of her misfortune had suddenly revealed to her one day when she was looking at herself the mirror; it came like a thunderclap. Of course she e gerated the evil, and saw her nose as ten times larger t it was; it seemed to her to fill all her face; she dared

herself; she wished to die. But there is in youth such
wer of hope that these fits of discouragement never lasted
: she would end by pretending that she had been mistaken;
would try to believe it, and for a moment or two would
ally succeed in thinking her nose quite ordinary and almost
ely. Her instinct made her attempt, though very clumsily,
in childish tricks, a way of doing her hair so as not so
to show her forehead and so accentuate the disproportion
r face. And yet, there was no coquetry in her; no thought
ve had crossed her mind, or she was unconscious of it.
sked little: nothing but a little friendship: but Christophe
ot show any inclination to give her that little. It seemed
sa that she would have been perfectly happy had he only
scended to say good-day when they met. A friendly good-
ng with a little kindness. But Christophe usually looked
rd and so cold! It chilled her. He never said anything
reeable to her, but she would rather have had cruel re-
hes than such cruel silence.

e evening Christophe was playing his piano. He had
up his quarters in a little attic at the top of the house
not to be so much disturbed by the noise. Downstairs
was listening to him, deeply moved. She loved music
h her taste was bad and unformed. While her mother
here, she stayed in a corner of the room and bent over
wing, apparently absorbed in her work; but her heart was
the sounds coming from upstairs, and she wished to miss
ng. As soon as Amalia went out for a walk in the neigh-
od, Rosa leaped to her feet, threw down her sewing, and
upstairs with her heart beating until she came to the
door. She held her breath and laid her ear against the
She stayed like that until Amalia returned. She went
toe, taking care to make no noise, but as she was not
sure-footed, and was always in a hurry, she was always
ng upon the stairs; and once while she was listening,
g forward with her cheek glued to the keyhole, she lost
lance, and banged her forehead against the door. She
alarmed that she lost her breath. The piano stopped
she could not escape. She was getting up when the
pened. Christophe saw her, glared at her furiously, and

then without a word, brushed her aside, walked angrily dov stairs, and went out. He did not return until dinner ti paid no heed to the despairing looks with which she asked pardon, ignored her existence, and for several weeks he ne played at all. Rosa secretly shed many tears; no one noti it, no one paid any attention to her. Ardently she prayed God . . . for what? She did not know. She had to con her grief in some one. She was sure that Christophe dete her.

And, in spite of all, she hoped. It was enough for he Christophe seemed to show any sign of interest in her, if appeared to listen to what she said, if he pressed her h with a little more friendliness than usual. . . .

A few imprudent words from her relations set her imag tion off upon a false road.

The whole family was filled with sympathy for Christo The big boy of sixteen, serious and solitary, who had such l ideas of his duty, inspired a sort of respect in them all. fits of ill-temper, his obstinate silences, his gloomy air, brusque manner, were not surprising in such a house as Frau Vogel, herself, who regarded every artist as a loafer, d not reproach him aggressively, as she would have liked t with the hours that he spent in star-gazing in the even leaning, motionless, out of the attic window overlooking yard, until night fell; for she knew that during the rest o day he was hard at work with his lessons; and she hum him—like the rest—for an ulterior motive which no one pressed though everybody knew it.

Rosa had seen her parents exchanging looks and myste whisperings when she was talking to Christophe. At firs took no notice of it. Then she was puzzled and rouse it; she longed to know what they were saying, but dare ask.

One evening when she had climbed on to a garden se untie the clothes-line hung between two trees, she leane Christophe's shoulder to jump down. Just at that mo her eyes met her grandfather's and her father's; they sitting smoking their pipes, and leaning against the wa

house. The two men winked at each other, and Justus
r said to Vogel:
They will make a fine couple."
ogel nudged him, seeing that the girl was listening, and
overed his remark very cleverly—(or so he thought)—with
id "Hm! hm!" that could have been heard twenty yards
. Christophe, whose back was turned, saw nothing, but
was so bowled over by it that she forgot that she was
ing down, and sprained her foot. She would have fallen
not Christophe caught her, muttering curses on her clumsi-
She had hurt herself badly, but she did not show it;
hardly thought of it; she thought only of what she had
heard. She walked to her room; every step was agony to
she stiffened herself against it so as not to let it be seen.
elicious, vague uneasiness surged through her. She fell
a chair at the foot of her bed and hid her face in the
let. Her cheeks were burning; there were tears in her
and she laughed. She was ashamed, she wished to sink
the depths of the earth, she could not fix her ideas; her
beat in her temples, there were sharp pains in her ankle;
as in a feverish stupor. Vaguely she heard sounds out-
children crying and playing in the street, and her grand-
r's words were ringing in her ears; she was thrilled, she
ed softly, she blushed, with her face buried in the eider-
: she prayed, gave thanks, desired, feared—she loved.
r mother called her. She tried to get up. At the first
she felt a pain so unbearable that she almost fainted; her
swam. She thought she was going to die, she wished to
nd at the same time she wished to live with all the forces
r being, to live for the promised happiness. Her mother
at last, and the whole household was soon excited. She
scolded as usual, her ankle was dressed, she was put to
nd sank into the sweet bewilderment of her physical pain
ner inward joy. The night was sweet. . . . The smallest
ory of that dear evening was hallowed for her. She did
hink of Christophe, she knew not what she thought. She
appy.
e next day, Christophe, who thought himself in some
ire responsible for the accident, came to make inquiries,

and for the first time he made some show of affection for
She was filled with gratitude, and blessed her sprained a
She would gladly have suffered all her life, if, all her life
might have such joy.—She had to lie down for several
and never move; she spent them in turning over and
her grandfather's words, and considering them. Had he
"They will . . ."
Or:
"They would . . .?"

But it was possible that he had never said anything of
kind?—Yes. He had said it; she was certain of it. . . . W
Did they not see that she was ugly, and that Christophe
not bear her? . . . But it was so good to hope! She can
believe that perhaps she had been wrong, that she was n
ugly as she thought; she would sit up on her sofa to try
see herself in the mirror on the wall opposite, above the ma
piece; she did not know what to think. After all, her f
and her grandfather were better judges than herself; p
cannot tell about themselves. . . . Oh! Heaven, if it were
sible! . . . If it could be . . . if, she never dared thin
if . . . if she were pretty! . . . Perhaps, also, she had
gerated Christophe's antipathy. No doubt he was indiff
and after the interest he had shown in her the day afte
accident did not bother about her any more; he forgot t
quire; but Rosa made excuses for him, he was so busy!
should he think of her? An artist cannot be judged like
men. . . .

And yet, resigned though she was, she could not help ex
ing with beating heart a word of sympathy from him
he came near her. A word only, a look . . . her imagin
did the rest. In the beginning love needs so little food
is enough to see, to touch as you pass; such a power of dr
flows from the soul in such moments, that almost of its
can create its love: a trifle can plunge it into ecstasy
later, when it is more satisfied, and in proportion more exa
it will hardly find again when at last it does possess the
of its desire.—Rosa lived absolutely, though no one kn
in a romance of her own fashioning, pieced together by
self: Christophe loved her secretly, and was too shy to co

ve, or there was some stupid reason, fantastic or romantic,
ıtful to the imagination of the sentimental little ninny.
fashioned endless stories, and all perfectly absurd; she
it herself, but tried not to know it; she lied to herself
tuously for days and days as she bent over her sewing.
ade her forget to talk: her flood of words was turned
d, like a river which suddenly disappears underground.
hen the river took its revenge. What a debauch of speeches,
ıuttered conversations which no one heard but herself!
times her lips would move as they do with people who
to spell out the syllables to themselves as they read so
understand them.

en her dreams left her she was happy and sad. She knew
things were not as she had just told herself: but she was
ith a reflected happiness, and had greater confidence for
ife. She did not despair of winning Christophe.
did not admit it to herself, but she set about doing it.
the sureness of instinct that great affection brings, the
ard, ignorant girl contrived immediately to find the road
hich she might reach her beloved's heart. She did not
directly to him. But as soon as she was better and could
more walk about the house she approached Louisa. The
st excuse served. She found a thousand little services
der her. When she went out she never failed to under-
arious errands: she spared her going to the market, argu-
with tradespeople, she would fetch water for her from
ump in the yard; she cleaned the windows and polished
ors in spite of Louisa's protestations, who was confused
she did not do her work alone; but she was so weary that
d not the strength to oppose anybody who came to help
Christophe was out all day. Louisa felt that she was
d, and the companionship of the affectionate, chattering
as pleasant to her. Rosa took up her quarters in her
She brought her sewing, and talked all the time. By
devices she tried to bring conversation round to Chris-
Just to hear of him, even to hear his name, made
ppy; her hands would tremble; she would sit with down-
es. Louisa was delighted to talk of her beloved Chris-
and would tell little tales of his childhood, trivial and

just a little ridiculous; but there was no fear of Rosa thinr them so: she took a great joy, and there was a dear emc for her in imagining Christophe as a child, and doing all tricks and having all the darling ways of children: in her motherly tenderness which lies in the hearts of all women mingled deliciously with that other tenderness: she would l heartily and tears would come to her eyes. Louisa was tou by the interest that Rosa took in her. She guessed dimly was in the girl's heart, but she never let it appear that she so; but she was glad of it; for of all in the house she knew the worth of the girl's heart. Sometimes she would talking to look at her. Rosa, surprised by her silence, w raise her eyes from her work. Louisa would smile at her. would throw herself into her arms, suddenly, passionately would hide her face in Louisa's bosom. Then they wou on working and talking, as if nothing had happened.

In the evening when Christophe came home, Louisa, gr for Rosa's attentions, and in pursuance of the little pla had made, always praised the girl to the skies. Chris was touched by Rosa's kindness. He saw how much she was doing his mother, in whose face there was more ser and he would thank her effusively. Rosa would murmur escape to conceal her embarrassment: so she appeared a sand times more intelligent and sympathetic to Christophe if she had spoken. He looked at her less with a prej eye, and did not conceal his surprise at finding unsus qualities in her. Rosa saw that; she marked the progres she made in his sympathy and thought that his sympathy lead to love. She gave herself up more than ever to her d She came near to believing with the beautiful presumpt youth that what you desire with all your being is accomplished in the end. Besides, how was her desire un able? Should not Christophe have been more sensibl any other of her goodness and her affectionate need o devotion?

But Christophe gave no thought to her. He esteeme but she filled no room in his thoughts. He was busie far other things at the moment. Christophe was no Christophe. He did not know himself. He was in a

il that was like to sweep everything away, a complete
aval.

ristophe was conscious of extreme weariness and great un-
ss. He was for no reason worn out; his head was heavy,
es, his ears, all his senses were dumb and throbbing. He
not give his attention to anything. His mind leaped from
ubject to another, and was in a fever that sucked him dry.
erpetual fluttering of images in his mind made him giddy.
st he attributed it to fatigue and the enervation of the
lays of spring. But spring passed and his sickness only
worse.

was what the poets who only touch lightly on things call
nease of adolescence, the trouble of the cherubim, the
g of the desire of love in the young body and soul. As
fearful crisis of all a man's being, breaking up, dying,
oming to full rebirth, as if the cataclysm in which every-
faith, thought, action, all life, seems like to be blotted
nd then to be new-forged in the convulsions of sorrow
oy, can be reduced to terms of a child's folly!

his body and soul were in a ferment. He watched them,
no strength to struggle, with a mixture of curiosity and
t. He did not understand what was happening in himself.
hole being was disintegrated. He spent days together in
te torpor. Work was torture to him. At night he slept
y and in snatches, dreaming monstrously, with gusts of
; the soul of a beast was racing madly in him. Burning,
l in sweat, he watched himself in horror; he tried to
free of the crazy and unclean thoughts that possessed
nd he wondered if he were going mad.

day gave him no shelter from his brutish thoughts. In
pths of his soul he felt that he was slipping down and
there was no stay to clutch at; no barrier to keep back
All his defenses, all his citadels, with the quadruple
rt that hemmed him in so proudly—his God, his art, his
his moral faith, all was crumbling away, falling piece
e from him. He saw himself naked, bound, lying unable
e, like a corpse on which vermin swarm. He had spasms
lt: where was his will, of which he was so proud? He

called to it in vain: it was like the efforts that one mak sleep, knowing that one is dreaming, and trying to awake. one succeeds only in falling from one dream to another a lump of lead, and in being more and more choked b suffocation of the soul in bondage. At last he found t was less painful not to struggle. He decided not to do so, fatalistic apathy and despair.

The even tenor of his life seemed to be broken up. N slipped down a subterranean crevasse and was like to disap now he bounded up again with a violent jerk. The cha his days was snapped. In the midst of the even plain o hours great gaping holes would open to engulf his soul. tophe looked on at the spectacle as though it did not co him. Everything, everybody,—and himself—were stran him. He went about his business, did his work, automati it seemed to him that the machinery of his life might s any moment: the wheels were out of gear. At dinner wi mother and the others, in the orchestra with the mus and the audience, suddenly there would be a void and emp in his brain: he would look stupidly at the grinning faces him: and he could not understand. He would ask himsel

"What is there between these creatures and . . .?"

He dared not even say:

". . . and me."

For he knew not whether he existed. He would spea his voice would seem to issue from another body. He move, and he saw his movements from afar, from above— the top of a tower. He would pass his hand over his fac his eyes would wander. He was often near doing crazy t

It was especially when he was most in public that h to keep guard on himself. For example, on the evenings he went to the Palace or was playing in public. Then he suddenly be seized by a terrific desire to make a face, something outrageous, to pull the Grand Duke's nose, or t a running kick at one of the ladies. One whole evening he was conducting the orchestra, he struggled against sensate desire to undress himself in public: and he was h by the idea from the moment when he tried to check had to exert all his strength not to give way to it. Wh

l from the brute struggle he was dripping with sweat
is mind was blank. He was really mad. It was enough
im to think that he must not do a thing for it to fasten
n with the maddening tenacity of a fixed idea.
his life was spent in a series of unbridled outbreaks and
lless falls into emptiness. A furious wind in the desert.
ce came this wind? From what abyss came these desires
rrenched his body and mind? He was like a bow stretched
aking point by a strong hand,—to what end unknown?—
then springs back like a piece of dead wood. Of what
was he the prey? He dared not probe for it. He felt that
s beaten, humiliated, and he would not face his defeat. He
eary and broken in spirit. He understood now the people
formerly he had despised: those who will not seek awk-
truth. In the empty hours, when he remembered that
was passing, his work neglected, the future lost, he was
with terror. But there was no reaction: and his cowardice
excuses in desperate affirmation of the void in which he
he took a bitter delight in abandoning himself to it like
k on the waters. What was the good of fighting? There
thing beautiful, nor good; neither God, nor life, nor being
sort. In the street as he walked, suddenly the earth
sink away from him: there was neither ground, nor air,
ght, nor himself: there was nothing. He would fall, his
ould drag him down, face forwards: he could hardly hold
f up; he was on the point of collapse. He thought he
ing to die, suddenly, struck down. He thought he was
. . .

stophe was growing a new skin. Christophe was growing
soul. And seeing the worn out and rotten soul of his
od falling away he never dreamed that he was taking
ew one, young and stronger. As through life we change
dies, so also do we change our souls: and the metamor-
does not always take place slowly over many days; there
es of crisis when the whole is suddenly renewed. The
hanges his soul. The old soul that is cast off dies. In
ours of anguish we think that all is at an end. And
ole thing begins again. A life dies. Another life has
come into being.

One night he was alone in his room, with his elbow on desk under the light of a candle. His back was turned to window. He was not working. He had not been able to for weeks. Everything was twisting and turning in his He had brought everything under scrutiny at once: reli morals, art, the whole of life. And in the general dissol of his thoughts was no method, no order: he had plunged the reading of books taken haphazard from his grandfat heterogeneous library or from Vogel's collection of books: of theology, science, philosophy, an odd lot, of which he u stood nothing, having everything to learn: he could not any of them, and in the middle of them went off on divaga endless whimsies, which left him weary, empty, and in n sorrow.

So, that evening, he was sunk in an exhausted torpor. whole house was asleep. His window was open. Not a b came up from the yard. Thick clouds filled the sky. tophe mechanically watched the candle burn away at the b of the candlestick. He could not go to bed. He had no th of anything. He felt the void growing, growing from m to moment. He tried not to see the abyss that drew him brink: and in spite of himself he leaned over and his eyes into the depths of the night. In the void, chaos was st and faint sounds came from the darkness. Agony filled a shiver ran down his spine: his skin tingled: he clutch table so as not to fall. Convulsively he awaited nameless t a miracle, a God. . . .

Suddenly, like an opened sluice, in the yard behind H deluge of water, a heavy rain, large drops, down pouring The still air quivered. The dry, hard soil rang out like And the vast scent of the earth, burning, warm as that animal, the smell of the flowers, fruit, and amorous fles in a spasm of fury and pleasure. Christophe, under il at fullest stretch, shook. He trembled. . . . The veil wa He was blinded. By a flash of lightning, he saw, in the of the night, he saw—he was God. God was in himsel burst the ceiling of the room, the walls of the house; He c the very bounds of existence. He filled the sky, the un space. The world coursed through Him, like a catarac

orror and ecstasy of that cataclysm, Christophe fell too, along by the whirlwind which brushed away and crushed straws the laws of nature. He was breathless: he was k with the swift hurtling down into God . . . God-abyss! gulf! Fire of Being! Hurricane of life! Madness of living, less, uncontrolled, beyond reason,—for the fury of living!

en the crisis was over, he fell into a deep sleep and slept had not done for long enough. Next day when he awoke ad swam: he was as broken as though he had been drunk. n his inmost heart he had still a beam of that somber and light that had struck him down the night before. He to relight it. In vain. The more he pursued it, the more ded him. From that time on, all his energy was directed ds recalling the vision of a moment. The endeavor was . Ecstasy does not answer the bidding of the will.

t that mystic exaltation was not the only experience he had of it: it recurred several times, but never with ntensity of the first. It came always at moments when ophe was least expecting it, for a second only, a time so so sudden,—no longer than a wink of an eye or a raising hand—that the vision was gone before he could discover t was: and then he would wonder whether he had not ed it. After that fiery bolt that had set the night aflame, a gleaming dust, shedding fleeting sparks, which the uld hardly see as they sped by. But they reappeared and more often: and in the end they surrounded Chris- with a halo of perpetual misty dreams, in which his melted. Everything that distracted him in his state of allucination was an irritation to him. It was impossible rk; he gave up thinking about it. Society was odious ; and more than any, that of his intimates, even that mother, because they arrogated to themselves more rights is soul.

left the house: he took to spending his days abroad, and returned until nightfall. He sought the solitude of the and delivered himself up to it, drank his fill of it, like iac who wishes not to be disturbed by anything in the on of his fixed ideas.—But in the great sweet air, in

contact with the earth, his obsession relaxed, his ideas ce
to appear like specters. His exaltation was no less: rath
was heightened, but it was no longer a dangerous deliriu
the mind but a healthy intoxication of his whole being:
and soul crazy in their strength.

He rediscovered the world, as though he had never see
It was a new childhood. It was as though a magic word
been uttered. An "Open Sesame!"—Nature flamed with
ness. The sun boiled. The liquid sky ran like a clear
The earth steamed and cried aloud in delight. The pl
the trees, the insects, all the innumerable creatures were
dazzling tongues of flame in the fire of life writhing upw
Everything sang aloud in joy.

And that joy was his own. That strength was his own.
was no longer cut off from the rest of the world. Till
even in the happy days of childhood, when he saw nature
ardent and delightful curiosity, all creatures had seem
him to be little worlds shut up, terrifying and grotesque
related to himself, and incomprehensible. He was not
sure that they had feeling and life. They were strange mac
And sometimes Christophe had even, with the uncon
cruelty of a child, dismembered wretched insects without d
ing that they might suffer—for the pleasure of watching
queer contortions. His uncle Gottfried, usually so calm
one day indignantly to snatch from his hands an un
fly that he was torturing. The boy had tried to laugh at
then he had burst into tears, moved by his uncle's em
he began to understand that his victim did really exist, a
as himself, and that he had committed a crime. But if
after nothing would have induced him to do harm to the
he never felt any sympathy for them: he used to pass
by without ever trying to feel what it was that worked
machinery: rather he was afraid to think of it: it was
thing like a bad dream.—And now everything was made
These humble, obscure creatures became in their turn
of light.

Lying on his belly in the grass where creatures sw
in the shade of the trees that buzzed with insects, Chr
would watch the fevered movements of the ants, the long

ers, that seemed to dance as they walked, the bounding
shoppers, that leap aside, the heavy, bustling beetles, and
naked worms, pink and glabrous, mottled with white, or
his hands under his head and his eyes closed he would
n to the invisible orchestra, the roundelay of the frenzied
ts circling in a sunbeam about the scented pines, the
peting of the mosquitoes, the organ notes of the wasps, the
of the wild bees humming like bells in the tops of
rees, and the godlike whispering of the swaying trees, the
t moaning of the wind in the branches, the soft whispering
ne waving grass, like a breath of wind rippling the limpid
ace of a lake, like the rustling of a light dress and lovers'
teps coming near, and passing, then lost upon the air.
e heard all these sounds and cries within himself. Through
hese creatures from the smallest to the greatest flowed the
river of life: and in it he too swam. So, he was one of
, he was of their blood, and, brotherly, he heard the echo
eir sorrows and their joys: their strength was merged in
ike a river fed with thousands of streams. He sank into
. His lungs were like to burst with the wind, too freely
ng, too strong, that burst the windows and forced its way
the closed house of his suffocating heart. The change
too abrupt: after finding everywhere a void, when he had
buried only in his own existence, and had felt it slip-
from him and dissolving like rain, now everywhere he
l infinite and unmeasured Being, now that he longed to
t himself, to find rebirth in the universe. He seemed to
issued from the grave. He swam voluptuously in life
ng free and full: and borne on by its current he thought
he was free. He did not know that he was less free than
that no creature is ever free, that even the law that gov-
the universe is not free, that only death—perhaps—can
deliverance.
t the chrysalis issuing from its stifling sheath, joyously
hed its limbs in its new shape, and had no time as yet
ark the bounds of its new prison.

ere began a new cycle of days. Days of gold and fever,
rious, enchanted, like those of his childhood, when one

by one he discovered things for the first time. From d to set of sun he lived in one long mirage. He deserted all business. The conscientious boy, who for years had n missed a lesson, or an orchestra rehearsal, even when he ill, was forever finding paltry excuses for neglecting his w He was not afraid to lie. He had no remorse about it. stoic principles of life, to which he had hitherto delighted bend his will, morality, duty, now seemed to him to have truth, nor reason. Their jealous despotism was smashed aga Nature. Human nature, healthy, strong, free, that alone virtue: to hell with all the rest! It provoked pitying laug to see the little peddling rules of prudence and policy wh the world adorns with the name of morality, while it prete to inclose all life within them. A preposterous mole-hill, ant-like people! Life sees to it that they are brought to rea Life does but pass, and all is swept away. . . .

Bursting with energy Christophe had moments when he consumed with a desire to destroy, to burn, to smash, to with actions blind and uncontrolled the force which ch him. These outbursts usually ended in a sharp reaction would weep, and fling himself down on the ground, and the earth, and try to dig into it with his teeth and hands feed himself with it, to merge into it: he trembled then fever and desire.

One evening he was walking in the outskirts of a w His eyes were swimming with the light, his head was whirl he was in that state of exaltation when all creatures and th were transfigured. To that was added the magic of soft warm light of evening. Rays of purple and gold hov in the trees. From the meadows seemed to come a p phorescent glimmer. In a field near by a girl was making In her blouse and short skirt, with her arms and neck she was raking the hay and heaping it up. She had a s nose, wide cheeks, a round face, a handkerchief thrown her hair. The setting sun touched with red her sunbu skin, which, like a piece of pottery, seemed to absorb the beams of the day.

She fascinated Christophe. Leaning against a beech- he watched her come towards the verge of the woods, eag

onately. Everything else had disappeared. She took no
e of him. For a moment she looked at him cautiously:
w her eyes blue and hard in her brown face. She passed
ar to him that, when she leaned down to gather up the
through her open blouse he saw a soft down on her shoul-
and back. Suddenly the vague desire which was in him
d forth. He hurled himself at her from behind, seized her
and waist, threw back her head and fastened his lips upon
He kissed her dry, cracked lips until he came against
eeth that bit him angrily. His hands ran over her rough
, over her blouse wet with her sweat. She struggled.
ield her tighter, he wished to strangle her. She broke
, cried out, spat, wiped her lips with her hand, and hurled
ts at him. He let her go and fled across the fields. She
stones at him and went on discharging after him a litany
thy epithets. He blushed, less for anything that she might
r think, but for what he was thinking himself. The sudden
nscious act filled him with terror. What had he done?
should he do? What he was able to understand of it
ly filled him with disgust. And he was tempted by his
st. He fought against himself and knew not on which
was the real Christophe. A blind force beset him: in vain
e fly from it: it was only to fly from himself. What
l she do about him? What should he do to-morrow . . .
hour . . . the time it took to cross the plowed field to
the road? . . . Would he ever reach it? Should he not
and go back, and run back to the girl? And then? . . .
emembered that delirious moment when he had held her
e throat. Everything was possible. All things were worth
A crime even. . . . Yes, even a crime. . . . The tur-
in his heart made him breathless. When he reached the
e stopped to breathe. Over there the girl was talking to
er girl who had been attracted by her cries: and with
akimbo, they were looking at each other and shouting with
ter.

II

SABINE

He went home. He shut himself up in his room and n stirred for several days. He only went out even into the t when he was compelled. He was fearful of ever going beyond the gates and venturing forth into the fields: he afraid of once more falling in with the soft, maddening br that had blown upon him like a rushing wind during a in a storm. He thought that the walls of the town n preserve him from it. He never dreamed that for the en to slip within there needed be only the smallest c in the closed shutters, no more than is needed for a out.

In a wing of the house, on the other side of the yard, t lodged on the ground floor a young woman of twenty, months a widow, with a little girl. Frau Sabine Froe was also a tenant of old Euler's. She occupied the shop w opened on to the street, and she had as well two rooms loo on to the yard, together with a little patch of garden, ma off from the Eulers' by a wire fence up which ivy clin They did not often see her: the child used to play dow the garden from morning to night making mud pies: and garden was left to itself, to the great distress of old Ju who loved tidy paths and neatness in the beds. He had to bring the matter to the attention of his tenant: but was probably why she did not appear: and the garden wa improved by it.

Frau Froehlich kept a little draper's shop which might had customers enough, thanks to its position in a stre shops in the center of the town: but she did not bother a it any more than about her garden. Instead of doing housework herself, as, according to Frau Vogel, every respecting woman ought to do—especially when she is in cumstances which do not permit much less excuse idlen she had hired a little servant, a girl of fifteen, who can for a few hours in the morning to clean the rooms and

the shop, while the young woman lay in bed or dawdled
ıer toilet.

istophe used to see her sometimes, through his windows,
ıg about her room, with bare feet, in her long nightgown,
ting for hours together before her mirror: for she was
eless that she used to forget to draw her curtains: and
she saw him, she was so lazy that she could not take
ouble to go and lower them. Christophe, more modest
he, would leave the window so as not to incommode her:
he temptation was great. He would blush a little and
a glance at her bare arms, which were rather thin, as
ew them languidly around her flowing hair, and with her
clasped behind her head, lost herself in a dream, until
ere numbed, and then she would let them fall. Christophe
pretend that he only saw these pleasant sights inadver-
as he happened to pass the window, and that they did not
b him in his musical thoughts: but he liked it, and in the
e wasted as much time in watching Frau Sabine, as she
er her toilet. Not that she was a coquette: she was
careless, generally, and did not take anything like the
ılous care with her appearance that Amalia or Rosa did.
dawdled in front of her dressing table it was from pure
s: every time she put in a pin she had to rest from the
of it, while she made little piteous faces at herself in
irrors. She was never quite properly dressed at the end
day.

ın her servant used to go before Sabine was ready: and
omer would ring the shop-bell. She would let him ring
all once or twice before she could make up her mind
up from her chair. She would go down, smiling, and
hurrying,—never hurrying would look for the article
ed,—and if she could not find it after looking for some
or even (as happened sometimes) if she had to take
ıch trouble to reach it, as for instance, taking the ladder
ne end of the shop to the other,—she would say calmly
he did not have it in stock: and as she never bothered
her stock in order, or to order more of the articles of
she had run out, her customers used to lose patience
elsewhere. But she never minded. How could you be

angry with such a pleasant creature who spoke so sweetly, was never excited about anything! She did not mind w anybody said to her: and she made this so plain that t who began to complain never had the courage to go on: used to go, answering her charming smile with a smile: they never came back. She never bothered about it. She v on smiling.

She was like a little Florentine figure. Her well ma eyebrows were arched: her gray eyes were half open be the curtain of her lashes. The lower eyelid was a little swo with a little crease below it. Her little, finely drawn nose tu up slightly at the end. Another little curve lay betwee and her upper lip, which curled up above her half-open m pouting in a weary smile. Her lower lip was a little t the lower part of her face was rounded, and had the se expression of the little virgins of Filippo Lippi. Her plexion was a little muddy, her hair was light brown, a untidy, and done up in a slovenly chignon. She was sligh figure, small-boned. And her movements were lazy. Dr carelessly—a gaping bodice, buttons missing, ugly, worn s always looking a little slovenly—she charmed by her grac youth, her gentleness, her instinctively coaxing ways. V she appeared to take the air at the door of her shop, the y men who passed used to look at her with pleasure: an though she did not bother about them, she noticed it the less. Always then she wore that grateful and gla pression which is in the eyes of all women when they that they have been seen with sympathetic eyes. It seem say:

"Thank you! . . . Again! Look at me again!" But t it gave her pleasure to please, her indifference would let her make the smallest effort to please.

She was an object of scandal to the Euler-Vogels. H thing about her offended them: her indolence, the unti of her house, the carelessness of her dress, her polite in ence to their remarks, her perpetual smile, the imper serenity with which she had accepted her husband's deat child's illnesses, her straitened circumstances, the grea small annoyances of her daily life, while nothing could c

jot of her favorite habits, or her eternal longing,—every-
about her offended them: and the worst of all was that,
e was, she did give pleasure. Frau Vogel could not forgive
hat. It was almost as though Sabine did it on purpose,
irpose, ironically, to set at naught by her conduct the great
ions, the true principles, the savorless duty, the pleasure-
abor, the restlessness, the noise, the quarrels, the mooning
the healthy pessimism which was the motive power of
uler family, as it is that of all respectable persons, and
their life a foretaste of purgatory. That a woman who
othing but dawdle about all the blessed day should take
herself to defy them with her calm insolence, while they
their suffering in silence like galley-slaves,—and that
e should approve of her into the bargain—that was beyond
mit, that was enough to turn you against respectability!
Fortunately, thank God, there were still a few sensible
e left in the world. Frau Vogel consoled herself with
They exchanged remarks about the little widow, and
on her through her shutters. Such gossip was the joy
e family when they met at supper. Christophe would
absently. He was so used to hearing the Vogels set them-
up as censors of their neighbors that he never took any
of it. Besides he knew nothing of Frau Sabine except
ire neck and arms, and though they were pleasing enough,
lid not justify his coming to a definite opinion about her.
ver, he was conscious of a kindly feeling towards her:
n a contradictory spirit he was especially grateful to her
spleasing Frau Vogel.

er dinner in the evening when it was very hot it was
sible to stay in the stifling yard, where the sun shone
hole afternoon. The only place in the house where it
ossible to breathe was the rooms looking into the street.
and his son-in-law used sometimes to go and sit on the
p with Louisa. Frau Vogel and Rosa would only appear
moment: they were kept by their housework: Frau Vogel
pride in showing that she had no time for dawdling:
e used to say, loudly enough to be overheard, that all
ople sitting there and yawning on their doorsteps, with-

out doing a stitch of work, got on her nerves. As she c
not—(to her sorrow)—compel them to work, she would
tend not to see them, and would go in and work furio
Rosa thought she must do likewise. Euler and Vogel w
discover draughts everywhere, and fearful of catching
would go up to their rooms: they used to go to bed early,
would have thought themselves ruined had they changed
least of their habits. After nine o'clock only Louisa and C
tophe would be left. Louisa spent the day in her room:
in the evening, Christophe used to take pains to be with
whenever he could, to make her take the air. If she were
alone she would never go out: the noise of the street fright
her. Children were always chasing each other with shrill
All the dogs of the neighborhood took it up and barked.
sound of a piano came up, a little farther off a clarinet, a
the next street a cornet à piston. Voices chattered. P
came and went and stood in groups in front of their h
Louisa would have lost her head if she had been left
in all the uproar. But when her son was with her it gav
pleasure. The noise would gradually die down. The chi
and the dogs would go to bed first. The groups of people w
break up. The air would become more pure. Silence w
descend upon the street. Louisa would tell in her thin
the little scraps of news that she had heard from Amal
Rosa. She was not greatly interested in them. But she
knew what to talk about to her son, and she felt the ne
keeping in touch with him, of saying something to him.
Christophe, who felt her need, would pretend to be inte
in everything she said: but he did not listen. He was
vague dreams, turning over in his mind the doings of th

One evening when they were sitting there—while his m
was talking he saw the door of the draper's shop open
woman came out silently and sat in the street. Her
was only a few yards from Louisa. She was sitting i
darkest shadow. Christophe could not see her face: but h
ognized her. His dreams vanished. The air seemed s
to him. Louisa had not noticed Sabine's presence, and
on with her chatter in a low voice. Christophe paid
attention to her, and he felt impelled to throw out a r

nd there, to talk, perhaps to be heard. The slight figure
ere without stirring, a little limp, with her legs lightly
l and her hands lying crossed in her lap. She was look-
raight in front of her, and seemed to hear nothing. Louisa
vercome with drowsiness. She went in. Christophe said
uld stay a little longer.

vas nearly ten. The street was empty. The people were
indoors. The sound of the shops being shut was heard.
ghted windows winked and then were dark again. One
were still lit: then they were blotted out. Silence. . . .
were alone, they did not look at each other, they held
reath, they seemed not to be aware of each other. From
stant fields came the smell of the new-mown hay, and
a balcony in a house near by the scent of a pot of cloves.
nd stirred. Above their heads was the Milky Way. To
ight red Jupiter. Above a chimney Charles' Wain bent
es: in the pale green sky its stars flowered like daisies.
the bells of the parish church eleven o'clock rang out
s caught up by all the other churches, with their voices
r muffled, and, from the houses, by the dim chiming of
ck or husky cuckoos.

awoke suddenly from their dreams, and got up at the
noment. And just as they were going indoors they both
without speaking. Christophe went up to his room. He
his candle, and sat down by his desk with his head in
nds, and stayed so for a long time without a thought.
e sighed and went to bed.

day when he got up, mechanically he went to his
to look down into Sabine's room. But the curtains
awn. They were drawn the whole morning. They were
ever after.

evening Christophe proposed to his mother that they
go again to sit by the door. He did so regularly. Louisa
d of it: she did not like his shutting himself up in
n immediately after dinner with the window and shutters
—The little silent shadow never failed to come and sit
usual place. They gave each other a quick nod, which
never noticed. Christophe would talk to his mother.

Sabine would smile at her little girl, playing in the str about nine she would go and put her to bed and would return noiselessly. If she stayed a little Christophe w begin to be afraid that she would not come back. He w listen for sounds in the house, the laughter of the little who would not go to sleep: he would hear the rustlin Sabine's dress before she appeared on the threshold of the Then he would look away and talk to his mother more eag Sometimes he would feel that Sabine was looking at him. turn he would furtively look at her. But their eyes w never meet.

The child was a bond between them. She would run in the street with other children. They would find amuse in teasing a good-tempered dog sleeping there with his in his paws: he would cock a red eye and at last would e growl of boredom: then they would fly this way and screaming in terror and happiness. The little girl would piercing shrieks, and look behind her as though she were pursued: she would throw herself into Louisa's lap, and L would smile fondly. She would keep the child and qu her: and so she would enter into conversation with S Christophe never joined in. He never spoke to Sabine. S never spoke to him. By tacit agreement they pretend ignore each other. But he never lost a word of wha said as they talked over him. His silence seemed unfr to Louisa. Sabine never thought it so: but it would ma shy, and she would grow confused in her remarks. Th would find some excuse for going in.

For a whole week Louisa kept indoors for a cold. Chri and Sabine were left alone. The first time they were ened by it. Sabine, to seem at her ease, took her little her knees and loaded her with caresses. Christoph embarrassed and did not know whether he ought to ignoring what was happening at his side. It became di although they had not spoken a single word to each they did know each other, thanks to Louisa. He tried t several times: but the words stuck in his throat. Onc the little girl extricated them from their difficulty. She hide-and-seek, and went round Christophe's chair. He

as she passed and kissed her. He was not very fond of
ren: but it was curiously pleasant to him to kiss the little
She struggled to be free, for she was busy with her game.
ased her, she bit his hands: he let her fall. Sabine laughed.
looked at the child and exchanged a few trivial words.
Christophe tried—(he thought he must)—to enter into
rsation: but he had nothing very much to go upon: and
e did not make his task any the easier: she only repeated
he said:
t is a fine evening."
es. It is a very fine evening."
npossible to breathe in the yard."
es. The yard was stifling."
nversation became very difficult. Sabine discovered that
time to take the little girl in, and went in herself: and
d not appear again.
istophe was afraid she would do the same on the evenings
ollowed and that she would avoid being left alone with
as long as Louisa was not there. But on the contrary,
xt evening Sabine tried to resume their conversation.
id so deliberately rather than for pleasure: she was
sly taking a great deal of trouble to find subjects of
sation, and bored with the questions she put: questions
nswers came between heartbreaking silences. Christophe
bered his first interviews with Otto: but with Sabine
ubjects were even more limited than then, and she had
tto's patience. When she saw the small success of her
ors she did not try any more: she had to give herself
ch trouble, and she lost interest in it. She said no more,
followed her lead.
then there was sweet peace again. The night was calm
ore, and they returned to their inward thoughts. Sabine
slowly in her chair, dreaming. Christophe also was
ng. They said nothing. After half an hour Christophe
to talk to himself, and in a low voice cried out with
e in the delicious scent brought by the soft wind that
rom a cart of strawberries. Sabine said a word or two
ly. Again they were silent. They were enjoying the
of these indefinite silences, and trivial words. Their

dreams were the same, they had but one thought: they did know what it was: they did not admit it to themselves. eleven they smiled and parted.

Next day they did not even try to talk: they resumed sweet silence. At long intervals a word or two let them k that they were thinking of the same things.

Sabine began to laugh.

"How much better it is," she said, "not to try to talk! thinks one must, and it is so tiresome!"

"Ah!" said Christophe with conviction, "if only every thought the same."

They both laughed. They were thinking of Frau Voge

"Poor woman!" said Sabine; "how exhausting she is

"She is never exhausted," replied Christophe gloomily.

She was tickled by his manner and his jest.

"You think it amusing?" he asked. "That is easy for You are sheltered."

"So I am," said Sabine. "I lock myself in." She l little soft laugh that hardly sounded. Christophe heard it delight in the calm of the evening. He snuffed the fre luxuriously.

"Ah! It is good to be silent!" he said, stretching his l

"And talking is no use!" said she.

"Yes," returned Christophe, "we understand each oth well!"

They relapsed into silence. In the darkness they coul see each other. They were both smiling.

And yet, though they felt the same, when they were toget or imagined that they did—in reality they knew nothi each other. Sabine did not bother about it. Christoph more curious. One evening he asked her:

"Do you like music?"

"No," she said simply. "It bores me. I don't unde it."

Her frankness charmed him. He was sick of the lies of who said that they were mad about music, and were bo death when they heard it: and it seemed to him almost a not to like it and to say so. He asked if Sabine read.

"No. She had no books."

offered to lend her his.
erious books?" she asked uneasily.
ot serious books if she did not want them. Poetry."
ut those are serious books."
ovels, then."
pouted.
hey don't interest you?"
es. She was interested in them: but they were always
ng: she never had the patience to finish them. She for-
e beginning: skipped chapters and then lost the thread.
hen she threw the book away."
ine interest you take!"
ah! Enough for a story that is not true. She kept her
t for better things than books."
r the theater, then?"
o. . . . No."
idn't she go to the theater?"
o. It was too hot. There were too many people. So
better at home. The lights tired her eyes. And the
were so ugly!"
agreed with her in that. But there were other things in
ater: the play, for instance.
s," she said absently. "But I have no time."
hat do you do all day?"
smiled.
ere is so much to do."
ue," said he. "There is your shop."
!" she said calmly. "That does not take much time."
ur little girl takes up your time then?"
! no, poor child! She is very good and plays by her-

en?"
egged pardon for his indiscretion. But she was amused

ere are so many things."
at things?"
could not say. All sorts of things. Getting up, dress-
nking of dinner, cooking dinner, eating dinner, thinking
er, cleaning her room. . . . And then the day was over.

. . . And besides you must have a little time for doing ing!"

"And you are not bored?"

"Never."

"Even when you are doing nothing?"

"Especially when I am doing nothing. It is much doing something: that bores me."

They looked at each other and laughed.

"You are very happy!" said Christophe. "I can nothing."

"It seems to me that you know how."

"I have been learning lately."

"Ah! well, you'll learn."

When he left off talking to her he was at his ease and fortable. It was enough for him to see her. He was r his anxieties, and irritations, and the nervous trouble made him sick at heart. When he was talking to her h beyond care: and so when he thought of her. He dare admit it to himself: but as soon as he was in her pre he was filled with a delicious soft emotion that brought almost to unconsciousness. At night he slept as he had done.

When he came back from his work he would look this shop. It was not often that he did not see Sabine. bowed and smiled. Sometimes she was at the door then they would exchange a few words: and he would the door and call the little girl and hand her a pack sweets.

One day he decided to go in. He pretended that he w some waistcoat buttons. She began to look for them: bu could not find them. All the buttons were mixed up: impossible to pick them out. She was a little put out th should see her untidiness. He laughed at it and bent ov better to see it.

"No," she said, trying to hide the drawers with her "Don't look! It is a dreadful muddle. . . ."

She went on looking. But Christophe embarrassed her. was cross, and as she pushed the drawer back she said:

can't find any. Go to Lisi, in the next street. She
re to have them. She has everything that people
"

laughed at her way of doing business.
o you send all your customers away like that?"
ell. You are not the first," said Sabine warmly.
l yet she was a little ashamed.
is too much trouble to tidy up," she said. "I put off
it from day to day. . . . But I shall certainly do it
rrow."
hall I help you?" asked Christophe.
refused. She would gladly have accepted: but she dared
or fear of gossip. And besides it humiliated her.
y went on talking.
nd your buttons?" she said to Christophe a moment later.
'n't you going to Lisi?"
ever," said Christophe. "I shall wait until you have
up."
h!" said Sabine, who had already forgotten what she
ast said, "don't wait all that time!"
frankness delighted them both.
istophe went to the drawer that she had shut.
t me look."
ran to prevent his doing so.
, now please. I am sure I haven't any."
bet you have."
nce he found the button he wanted, and was triumphant.
nted others. He wanted to go on rummaging: but she
d the box from his hands, and, hurt in her vanity, she
to look herself.
light was fading. She went to the window. Christophe
ittle away from her: the little girl clambered on to his
He pretended to listen to her chatter and answered her
y. He was looking at Sabine and she knew that he was
at her. She bent over the box. He could see her neck
little of her cheek.—And as he looked he saw that she
ushing. And he blushed too.
child went on talking. No one answered her. Sabine
t move. Christophe could not see what she was doing:

he was sure she was doing nothing: she was not even loo at the box in her hands. The silence went on and on. little girl grew uneasy and slipped down from Christo knees.

"Why don't you say anything?"

Sabine turned sharply and took her in her arms. The was spilled on the floor: the little girl shouted with glee ran on hands and knees after the buttons rolling under furniture. Sabine went to the window again and laid her against the pane. She seemed to be absorbed in what she outside.

"Good-night!" said Christophe, ill at ease. She did turn her head, and said in a low voice:

"Good-night."

On Sundays the house was empty during the afternoon. whole family went to church for Vespers. Sabine did no Christophe jokingly reproached her with it once when he her sitting at her door in the little garden, while the lovely were bawling themselves hoarse summoning her. She re in the same tone that only Mass was compulsory: not Ves it was then no use, and perhaps a little indiscreet to b zealous: and she liked to think that God would be rather pl than angry with her.

"You have made God in your own image," said Christ

"I should be so bored if I were in His place," replied she conviction.

"You would not bother much about the world if you we His place."

"All that I should ask of it would be that it should not b itself about me."

"Perhaps it would be none the worse for that," said C tophe.

"Tssh!" cried Sabine, "we are being irreligious."

"I don't see anything irreligious in saying that God is you. I am sure He is flattered."

"Will you be silent!" said Sabine, half laughing, half a She was beginning to be afraid that God would be scanda She quickly turned the conversation.

esides," she said, "it is the only time in the week when
in enjoy the garden in peace."
es," said Christophe. "They are gone." They looked at
other.
ow silent it is," muttered Sabine. "We are not used to
ne hardly knows where one is. . . ."
h!" cried Christophe suddenly and angrily.
here are days when I would like to strangle her!" There
o need to ask of whom he was speaking.
nd the others?" asked Sabine gaily.
rue," said Christophe, a little abashed. "There is
,
oor child!" said Sabine.
y were silent.
only it were always as it is now!" sighed Christophe.
raised her laughing eyes to his, and then dropped them.
w that she was working.
hat are you doing?" he asked.
e fence of ivy that separated the two gardens was between
,
ook!" she said, lifting a basin that she was holding in
p. "I am shelling peas."
sighed.
it that is not unpleasant," he said, laughing.
n!" she replied, "it is disgusting, always having to think
ner."
bet that if it were possible," he said, "you would go
t your dinner rather than have the trouble of cooking

at's true," cried she.
ait! I'll come and help you."
climbed over the fence and came to her.
was sitting in a chair in the door. He sat on a step
feet. He dipped into her lap for handfuls of green
and he poured the little round peas into the basin that
held between her knees. He looked down. He saw
's black stockings clinging to her ankles and feet—one
feet was half out of its shoe. He dared not raise his
look at her.

The air was heavy. The sky was dull and clouds hung l there was no wind. No leaf stirred. The garden was incl within high walls: there was no world beyond them.

The child had gone out with one of the neighbors. They v alone. They said nothing. They could say nothing. Wit looking he went on taking handfuls of peas from Sab lap: his fingers trembled as he touched her: among the f smooth pods they met Sabine's fingers, and they trembled They could not go on. They sat still, not looking at each o she leaned back in her chair with her lips half-open and arms hanging: he sat at her feet leaning against her: a his shoulder and arm he could feel the warmth of Sabine's They were breathless. Christophe laid his hands against stones to cool them: one of his hands touched Sabine's that she had thrust out of her shoe, and he left it there, not move it. They shivered. Almost they lost control. C tophe's hand closed on the slender toes of Sabine's little Sabine turned cold, the sweat broke out on her brow, she le towards Christophe. . . .

Familiar voices broke the spell. They trembled. Christ leaped to his feet and crossed the fence again. Sabine p up the shells in her lap and went in. In the yard he tu She was at her door. They looked at each other. Dro rain were beginning to patter on the leaves of the trees. She closed her door. Frau Vogel and Rosa came in. . . went up to his room. . . .

In the yellow light of the waning day drowned in the tor of rain, he got up from his desk in response to an irresi impulse: he ran to his window and held out his arms t opposite window. At the same moment through the opp window in the half-darkness of the room he saw—he th he saw—Sabine holding out her arms to him.

He rushed from his room. He went downstairs. He r the garden fence. At the risk of being seen he was abo clear it. But when he looked at the window at which sh appeared, he saw that the shutters were closed. The seemed to be asleep. He stopped. Old Euler, going t cellar, saw him and called him. He retraced his footsteps thought he must have been dreaming.

was not long before Rosa began to see what was happening. ıad no diffidence and she did not yet know what jealousy She was ready to give wholly and to ask nothing in return. if she was sorrowfully resigned to not being loved by tophe, she had never considered the possibility of Chris- loving another.

e evening, after dinner, she had just finished a piece of oidery at which she had been working for months. She appy, and wanted for once in a way to leave her work and ıd talk to Christophe. She waited until her mother's was turned and then slipped from the room. She crept the house like a truant. She wanted to go and confound tophe, who had vowed scornfully that she would never her work. She thought it would be a good joke to go ake them by surprise in the street. It was no use the child knowing how Christophe felt towards her: she was s inclined to measure the pleasure which others should at seeing her by that which she had herself in meeting

went out. Christophe and Sabine were sitting as usual nt of the house. There was a catch at Rosa's heart. And ıe did not stop for the irrational idea that was in her: he chaffed Christophe warmly. The sound of her shrill in the silence of the night struck on Christophe like a ıote. He started in his chair, and frowned angrily. Rosa her embroidery in his face triumphantly. Christophe ed her impatiently.

is finished—finished!" insisted Rosa.

h! well—go and begin another," said Christophe curtly.

a was crestfallen. All her delight vanished. Christophe on crossly:

nd when you have done thirty, when you are very old, ill at least be able to say to yourself that your life has een wasted!"

a was near weeping.

ow cross you are, Christophe!" she said.

istophe was ashamed and spoke kindly to her. She was ed with so little that she regained confidence: and she once more to chatter noisily: she could not speak low,

she shouted deafeningly, like everybody in the house. In spite of himself Christophe could not conceal his ill-humor. At first he answered her with a few irritated monosyllables: then he said nothing at all, turned his back on her, fidgeted in his chair, and ground his teeth as she rattled on. Rosa saw that he was losing his temper and knew that she ought to stop, but she went on louder than ever. Sabine, a few yards away in the dark, said nothing, watched the scene with ironical passivity. Then she was weary and, feeling that the evening was wasted, she got up and went in. Christophe only noticed her departure after she had gone. He got up at once and without ceremony went away with a curt "Good-evening."

Rosa was left alone in the street, and looked in bewilderment at the door by which he had just gone in. Tears came to her eyes. She rushed in, went up to her room without a word so as not to have to talk to her mother, undressed hurriedly and when she was in her bed, buried under the clothes, sobbed and sobbed. She made no attempt to think over what had passed: she did not ask herself whether Christophe loved Sabine or whether Christophe and Sabine could not bear her: she knew only that all was lost, that life was useless, that there was nothing left to her but death.

Next morning thought came to her once more with elusive hope. She recalled the events of the evening and told herself that she was wrong to attach so much importance to them. No doubt Christophe did not love her: she was resigned to that, though in her heart she thought, though she did not admit the thought, that in the end she would win his love by her love for him. But what reason had she for thinking that there was anything between Sabine and him? How could he, so clever as he was, love a little creature whose insignificance and mediocrity were patent? She was reassured,—but for all that she did not watch Christophe any the less closely. She said nothing all day, because there was nothing to see: but Christophe seeing her prowling about him all day long without any sort of explanation was peculiarly irritated by it. She set the crown on her efforts in the evening when she appeared again and sat with them in the street. The scene of the previous evening was repeated. Rosa talked alone. But Sabine did

so long before she went indoors: and Christophe followed
xample. Rosa could no longer pretend that her presence
ot unwelcome: but the unhappy girl tried to deceive her-
She did not perceive that she could have done nothing
than to try so to impose on herself: and with her usual
iness she went on through the succeeding days.
t day with Rosa sitting by his side Christophe waited in
or Sabine to appear.
day after Rosa was alone. They had given up the
le. But she gained nothing by it save resentment from
ophe, who was furious at being robbed of his beloved
gs, his only happiness. He was the less inclined to for-
er, for being absorbed with his own feelings, he had no
ion of Rosa's.
ne had known them for some time: she knew that Rosa
alous even before she knew that she herself was in love:
e said nothing about it: and, with the natural cruelty
retty woman, who is certain of her victory, in quizzical
she watched the futile efforts of her awkward rival.

mistress of the field of battle Rosa gazed piteously upon
ults of her tactics. The best thing she could have done
have been not to persist, and to leave Christophe alone,
t for the time being: but that was not what she did:
the worst thing she could have done was to talk to him
Sabine, that was precisely what she did.
a fluttering at her heart, by way of sounding him, she
midly that Sabine was pretty. Christophe replied curtly
e was very pretty. And although Rosa might have fore-
ne reply she would provoke, her heart thumped when
rd him. She knew that Sabine was pretty: but she had
particularly remarked it: now she saw her for the first
ith the eyes of Christophe: she saw her delicate features,
rt nose, her fine mouth, her slender figure, her graceful
nts. . . . Ah! how sad! . . . What would not she have
o possess Sabine's body, and live in it! She did not go
into why it should be preferred to her own! . . . Her
. . What had she done to possess such a body? What
n it was upon her. How ugly it seemed to her! It

was odious to her. And to think that nothing but death co ever free her from it! . . . She was at once too proud too humble to complain that she was not loved: she had right to do so: and she tried even more to humble her But her instinct revolted. . . . No. It was not just! . . . W should she have such a body, she, and not Sabine? . . . why should Sabine be loved? What had she done to be lo . . . Rosa saw her with no kindly eye, lazy, careless, egoi indifferent towards everybody, not looking after her house her child, or anybody, loving only herself, living only for sl ing, dawdling, and doing nothing. . . . And it was suc woman who pleased . . . who pleased Christophe. . . . C tophe who was so severe, Christophe who was so discern Christophe whom she esteemed and admired more than body! . . . How could Christophe be blind to it?—She co not help from time to time dropping an unkind remark a Sabine in his hearing. She did not wish to do so: but impulse was stronger than herself. She was always sorry it, for she was a kind creature and disliked speaking i anybody. But she was the more sorry because she drew o on herself such cruel replies as showed how much Christ was in love. He did not mince matters. Hurt in his he tried to hurt in return: and succeeded. Rosa would no reply and go out with her head bowed, and her lips t pressed to keep from crying. She thought that it was her fault, that she deserved it for having hurt Christophe by att ing the object of his love.

Her mother was less patient. Frau Vogel, who saw ev thing, and old Euler, also, had not been slow to notice C tophe's interviews with their young neighbor: it was not diff to guess their romance. Their secret projects of one day m ing Rosa to Christophe were set at naught by it: and that se to them a personal affront of Christophe, although he wa supposed to know that they had disposed of him without sulting his wishes. But Amalia's despotism did not adm ideas contrary to her own: and it seemed scandalous to her Christophe should have disregarded the contemptuous op she had often expressed of Sabine.

She did not hesitate to repeat it for his benefit. When

as present she found some excuse for talking about her
bor: she cast about for the most injurious things to say
r, things which might sting Christophe most cruelly: and
the crudity of her point of view and language she had
ifficulty in finding them. The ferocious instinct of a
n, so superior to that of a man in the art of doing evil,
ll as of doing good, made her insist less on Sabine's lazi-
and moral failings than on her uncleanliness. Her in-
et and prying eye had watched through the window for
s of it in the secret processes of Sabine's toilet: and she
ed them with coarse complacency. When from decency
uld not say everything she left the more to be understood.
istophe would go pale with shame and anger: he would
ite as a sheet and his lips would quiver. Rosa, foreseeing
must happen, would implore her mother to have done:
ould even try to defend Sabine. But she only succeeded
king Amalia more aggressive.

l suddenly Christophe would leap from his chair. He
thump on the table and begin to shout that it was mon-
to speak of a woman, to spy upon her, to expose her
rtunes: only an evil mind could so persecute a creature
vas good, charming, quiet, keeping herself to herself, and
no harm to anybody, and speaking no ill of anybody.
hey were making a great mistake if they thought they
do her harm: they only made him more sympathetic and
her kindness shine forth only the more clearly.

alia would feel then that she had gone too far: but she
urt by feeling it: and, shifting her ground, she would
at it was only too easy to talk of kindness: that the word
lled in as an excuse for everything. Heavens! It was
nough to be thought kind when you never bothered about
ng or anybody, and never did your duty!

which Christophe would reply that the first duty of all
make life pleasant for others, but that there were people
nom duty meant only ugliness, unpleasantness, tiresome-
nd everything that interferes with the liberty of others
nnoys and injures their neighbors, their servants, their
es, and themselves. God save us from such people, and
notion of duty, as from the plague! . . .

They would grow venomous. Amalia would be very bi
Christophe would not budge an inch.—And the result of it
was that henceforth Christophe made a point of being seen
tinually with Sabine. He would go and knock at her d
He would talk gaily and laugh with her. He would ch
moments when Amalia and Rosa could see him. Amalia w
avenge herself with angry words. But the innocent Rosa's h
was rent and torn by this refinement of cruelty: she felt
he detested them and wished to avenge himself: and she w
bitterly.

So, Christophe, who had suffered so much from injus
learned unjustly to inflict suffering.

Some time after that Sabine's brother, a miller at Land
a little town a few miles away, was to celebrate the christe
of a child. Sabine was to be godmother. She invited C
tophe. He had no liking for these functions: but for
pleasure of annoying the Vogels and of being with Sabin
accepted eagerly.

Sabine gave herself the malicious satisfaction of inv
Amalia and Rosa also, being quite sure that they would re
They did. Rosa was longing to accept. She did not di
Sabine: sometimes even her heart was filled with tende
for her because Christophe loved her: sometimes she longe
tell her so and to throw her arms about her neck. But
was her mother and her mother's example. She stiffened
self in her pride and refused. Then, when they had gone,
she thought of them together, happy together, driving in
country on the lovely July day, while she was left shut u
her room, with a pile of linen to mend, with her mother g
bling by her side, she thought she must choke: and she c
her pride. Oh! if there were still time! . . . Alas! if it
all to do again, she would have done the same. . . .

The miller had sent his wagonette to fetch Christophe
Sabine. They took up several guests from the town and
farms on the road. It was fresh dry weather. The bright
made the red berries of the brown trees by the road and
wild cherry trees in the fields shine. Sabine was smiling.
pale face was rosy under the keen wind. Christophe had

girl on his knees. They did not try to talk to each other: talked to their neighbors without caring to whom or of they were glad to hear each other's voices: they were to be driving in the same carriage. They looked at each in childish glee as they pointed out to each other a house, , a passerby. Sabine loved the country: but she hardly went into it: her incurable laziness made excursions im-le: it was almost a year since she had been outside the and so she delighted in the smallest things she saw. They not new to Christophe: but he loved Sabine, and like all he saw everything through her eyes, and felt all her of pleasure, and all and more than the emotion that her: for, merging himself with his beloved, he endowed ith all that he was himself.

en they came to the mill they found in the yard all the of the farm and the other guests, who received them deafening noise. The fowls, the ducks, and the dogs in. The miller, Bertold, a great fair-haired fellow, of head and shoulders, as big and tall as Sabine was took his little sister in his arms and put her down gently ugh he were afraid of breaking her. It was not long Christophe saw that the little sister, as usual, did just liked with the giant, and that while he made heavy fun whims, and her laziness, and her thousand and one fail-e was at her feet, her slave. She was used to it, and t it natural. She did nothing to win love: it seemed right that she should be loved: and if she were not, did e: that is why everybody loved her.

stophe made another discovery not so pleasing. For a ning a godfather is necessary as well as a godmother, and lfather has certain rights over the godmother, rights he does not often renounce, especially when she is young tty. He learned this suddenly when he saw a farmer, tir curly hair, and rings in his ears, go up to Sabine g and kiss her on both cheeks. Instead of telling him-t he was an ass to have forgotten this privilege, and an an ass to be huffy about it, he was cross with Sabine, gh she had deliberately drawn him into the snare. His s grew worse when he found himself separated from

her during the ceremony. Sabine turned round every now then as the procession wound across the fields and threw a friendly glance. He pretended not to see it. She felt he was annoyed, and guessed why: but it did not trouble it amused her. If she had had a real squabble with some she loved, in spite of all the pain it might have caused she would never have made the least effort to break down misunderstanding: it would have been too much trouble. Ev thing would come right if it were only left alone.

At dinner, sitting between the miller's wife and a fat with red cheeks whom he had escorted to the service wit ever paying any attention to her, it occurred to Christop turn and look at his neighbor: and, finding her comely, o revenge, he flirted desperately with her with the idea of e ing Sabine's attention. He succeeded: but Sabine was no sort of woman to be jealous of anybody or anything: so as she was loved, she did not care whether her lover d did not pay court to others: and instead of being angry was delighted to see Christophe amusing himself. Fro other end of the table she gave him her most charming Christophe was disgruntled: there was no doubt then that S was indifferent to him: and he relapsed into his sulky from which nothing could draw him, neither the soft e his neighbor, nor the wine that he drank. Finally, wh was half asleep, he asked himself angrily what on ear was doing at such an interminable orgy, and did not hea miller propose a trip on the water to take certain of the home. Nor did he see Sabine beckoning him to come wit so that they should be in the same boat. When it oc to him, there was no room for him: and he had to go in a boat. This fresh mishap was not likely to make him amiable until he discovered that he was to be rid of all his companions on the way. Then he relaxed and was ant. Besides the pleasant afternoon on the water, the p of rowing, the merriment of these good people, rid him ill-humor. As Sabine was no longer there he lost his consciousness, and had no scruple about being frankly a like the others.

They were in their boats. They followed each other c

ried to pass each other. They threw laughing insults at other. When the boats bumped Christophe saw Sabine's ng face: and he could not help smiling too: they felt that was made. He knew that very soon they would return ner.

ey began to sing part songs. Each voice took up a line ne and the refrain was taken up in chorus. The people e different boats, some way from each other, now echoed ther. The notes skimmed over the water like birds. From to time a boat would go in to the bank: a few peasants climb out: they would stand there and wave to the boats ey went further and further away. Little by little they lisbanded. One by one voices left the chorus. At last they lone, Christophe, Sabine, and the miller.

y came back in the same boat, floating down the river. ophe and Bertold held the oars, but they did not row. e sat in the stern facing Christophe, and talked to her r and looked at Christophe. Talking so, they were able k at each other undisturbedly. They could never have so had the words ceased to flow. The deceitful words l to say: "It is not you that I see." But their eyes said h other: "Who are you? Who are you? You that I . . . You that I love, whoever you be! . . ."

sky was clouded, mists rose from the fields, the river d, the sun went down behind the clouds. Sabine shivered rapped her little black shawl round her head and shoul- She seemed to be tired. As the boat, hugging the bank, under the spreading branches of the willows, she closed es: her thin face was pale: her lips were sorrowful: she t stir, she seemed to suffer,—to have suffered,—to be Christophe's heart ached. He leaned over to her. She her eyes again and saw Christophe's uneasy eyes upon d she smiled into them. It was like a ray of sunlight . He asked in a whisper:

e you ill?"

shook her head and said:

m cold."

two men put their overcoats about her, wrapped up t, her legs, her knees, like a child being tucked up in

bed. She suffered it and thanked them with her eyes. A f
cold rain was beginning to fall. They took the oars and v
quietly home. Heavy clouds hung in the sky. The river
inky black. Lights showed in the windows of the houses h
and there in the fields. When they reached the mill the r
was pouring down and Sabine was numbed.

They lit a large fire in the kitchen and waited until the de
should be over. But it only grew worse, and the wind r
They had to drive three miles to get back to the town.
miller declared that he would not let Sabine go in such weat
and he proposed that they should both spend the night in
farmhouse. Christophe was reluctant to accept: he looke
Sabine for counsel: but her eyes were fixed on the fire on
hearth: it was as though they were afraid of influencing Ch
tophe's decision. But when Christophe had said "Yes,"
turned to him and she was blushing—(or was it the reflec
of the fire?)—and he saw that she was pleased.

A jolly evening. . . . The rain stormed outside. In the b
chimney the fire darted jets of golden sparks. They spun ro
and round. Their fantastic shapes were marked against
wall. The miller showed Sabine's little girl how to m
shadows with her hands. The child laughed and was not t
gether at her ease. Sabine leaned over the fire and poke
mechanically with a heavy pair of tongs: she was a little w
and smiled dreamily, while, without listening, she nodde
her sister-in-law's chatter of her domestic affairs. Christ
sat in the shadow by the miller's side and watched Sabine s
ing. He knew that she was smiling at him. They never
an opportunity of being alone all evening, or of looking at
other: they sought none.

They parted early. Their rooms were adjoining, and
municated by a door. Christophe examined the door and fo
that the lock was on Sabine's side. He went to bed and t
to sleep. The rain was pattering against the windows.
wind howled in the chimney. On the floor above him a
was banging. Outside the window a poplar bent and gro
under the tempest. Christophe could not close his eyes.
was thinking that he was under the same roof, near her.

only divided them. He heard no sound in Sabine's room. he thought he could see her. He sat up in his bed and l to her in a low voice through the wall: tender, passionate s he said: he held out his arms to her. And it seemed to that she was holding out her arms to him. In his heart ard the beloved voice answering him, repeating his words, g low to him: and he did not know whether it was he asked and answered all the questions, or whether it was she who spoke. The voice came louder, the call to him: uld not resist: he leaped from his bed: he groped his way e door: he did not wish to open it: he was reassured by osed door. And when he laid his hand once more on the e he found that the door was opening. . . .

stopped dead. He closed it softly: he opened it once more: sed it again. Was it not closed just now? Yes. He was t was. Who had opened it? . . . His heart beat so that oked. He leaned over his bed, and sat down to breathe

He was overwhelmed by his passion. It robbed him e power to see or hear or move: his whole body shook. as in terror of this unknown joy for which for months d been craving, which was with him now, near him, so nothing could keep it from him. Suddenly the violent led with love was afraid of these desires newly realized evolted from them. He was ashamed of them, ashamed at he wished to do. He was too much in love to dare oy what he loved: he was afraid: he would have done ng to escape his happiness. Is it only possible to love, , at the cost of the profanation of the beloved? . . .

went to the door again: and trembling with love and fear, is hand on the latch he could not bring himself to open it. on the other side of the door, standing barefooted on d floor, shivering with cold, was Sabine.

hey stayed . . . for how long? Minutes? Hours? . . . id not know that they were there: and yet they did know. eld out their arms to each other,—he was overwhelmed ove so great that he had not the courage to enter,—she to him, waited for him, trembled lest he should enter. nd when at last he made up his mind to enter, she had ade up her mind to turn the lock again.

Then he cursed himself for a fool. He leaned against door with all his strength. With his lips to the lock he impl her:

"Open."

He called to Sabine in a whisper: she could hear his he breathing. She stayed motionless near the door: she was fro her teeth were chattering: she had no strength either to the door or to go to bed again. . . .

The storm made the trees crack and the doors in the h bang. . . . They turned away and went to their beds, worn sad and sick at heart. The cocks crowed huskily. The light of dawn crept through the wet windows, a wretched, dawn, drowned in the persistent rain. . . .

Christophe got up as soon as he could: he went down t kitchen and talked to the people there. He was in a hurr be gone and was afraid of being left alone with Sabine a He was almost relieved when the miller's wife said that S was unwell, and had caught cold during the drive and w not be going that morning.

His journey home was melancholy. He refused to d and walked through the soaking fields, in the yellow mist covered the earth, the trees, the houses, with a shroud. the light, life seemed to be blotted out. Everything loomed a specter. He was like a specter himself.

At home he found angry faces. They were all scand at his having passed the night God knows where with S He shut himself up in his room and applied himself t work. Sabine returned the next day and shut herself up They avoided meeting each other. The weather was sti and cold: neither of them went out. They saw each through their closed windows. Sabine was wrapped r her fire, dreaming. Christophe was buried in his papers. bowed to each other a little coldly and reservedly and the tended to be absorbed again. They did not take stock of they were feeling: they were angry with each other, with selves, with things generally. The night at the farmhou been thrust aside in their memories: they were ashamed and did not know whether they were more ashamed of

or of not having yielded to it. It was painful to them
e each other: for that made them remember things from
n they wished to escape: and by joint agreement they
d into the depths of their rooms so as utterly to forget
other. But that was impossible, and they suffered keenly
the secret hostility which they felt was between them.
tophe was haunted by the expression of dumb rancor which
d once seen in Sabine's cold eyes. From such thoughts
uffering was not less: in vain did she struggle against
and even deny them: she could not rid herself of them.
were augmented by her shame that Christophe should have
ed what was happening within her: and the shame of
g offered herself . . . the shame of having offered herself
ut having given.

ristophe gladly accepted an opportunity which cropped up
to Cologne and Düsseldorf for some concerts. He was
o spend two or three weeks away from home. Prepara-
or the concerts and the composition of a new work that
hed to play at them took up all his time and he succeeded
getting his obstinate memories. They disappeared from
e's mind too, and she fell back into the torpor of her
life. They came to think of each other with indifference.
hey really loved each other? They doubted it. Chris-
was on the point of leaving for Cologne without saying
ye to Sabine.

the evening before his departure they were brought to-
again by some imperceptible influence. It was one of
nday afternoons when everybody was at church. Chris-
had gone out too to make his final preparations for the
y. Sabine was sitting in her tiny garden warming her-
the last rays of the sun. Christophe came home: he
a hurry and his first inclination when he saw her was
and pass on. But something held him back as he was
g: was it Sabine's paleness, or some indefinable feeling:
e, fear, tenderness? . . . He stopped, turned to Sabine,
aning over the fence, he bade her good-evening. Without
g she held out her hand. Her smile was all kindness,—
indness as he had never seen in her. Her gesture seemed
"Peace between us. . . ." He took her hand over the

fence, bent over it, and kissed it. She made no attempt
withdraw it. He longed to go down on his knees and
"I love you." . . . They looked at each other in silence.
they offered no explanation. After a moment she removed
hand and turned her head. He turned too to hide his emoti
Then they looked at each other again with untroubled e
The sun was setting. Subtle shades of color, violet, orange,
mauve, chased across the cold clear sky. She shivered and d
her shawl closer about her shoulders with a movement
he knew well. He asked:

"How are you?"

She made a little grimace, as if the question were not w
answering. They went on looking at each other and were ha
It was as though they had lost, and had just found each o
again. . . .

At last he broke the silence and said:

"I am going away to-morrow."

There was alarm in Sabine's eyes.

"Going away?" she said.

He added quickly:

"Oh! only for two or three weeks."

"Two or three weeks," she said in dismay.

He explained that he was engaged for the concerts, but
when he came back he would not stir all winter.

"Winter," she said. "That is a long time off. . . ."

"Oh! no. It will soon be here."

She saddened and did not look at him.

"When shall we meet again?" she asked a moment l

He did not understand the question: he had already
swered it.

"As soon as I come back: in a fortnight, or three wee
most."

She still looked dismayed. He tried to tease her:

"It won't be long for you," he said. "You will sleep."

"Yes," said Sabine.

She looked down, she tried to smile: but her eyes trem

"Christophe! . . ." she said suddenly, turning towards
There was a note of distress in her voice. She seemed to

"Stay! Don't go! . . ."

took her hand, looked at her, did not understand the
tance she attached to his fortnight's absence: but he was
vaiting for a word from her to say:
will stay. . . ."
l just as she was going to speak, the front door was opened
Rosa appeared. Sabine withdrew her hand from Chris-
s and went hurriedly into her house. At the door she
l and looked at him once more—and disappeared.

istophe thought he should see her again in the evening.
e was watched by the Vogels, and followed everywhere
mother: as usual, he was behindhand with his prepara-
for his journey and could not find time to leave the house
noment.
t day he left very early. As he passed Sabine's door he
to go in, to tap at the window: it hurt him to leave her
ıt saying good-bye: for he had been interrupted by Rosa
he had had time to do so. But he thought she must be
and would be cross with him if he woke her up. And
vhat could he say to her? It was too late now to abandon
rney: and what if she were to ask him to do so? . . . He
t admit to himself that he was not averse to exercising his
over her,—if need be, causing her a little pain. . . . He
ot take seriously the grief that his departure brought
: and he thought that his short absence would increase
derness which, perhaps, she had for him.
ran to the station. In spite of everything he was a little
eful. But as soon as the train had started it was all for-
There was youth in his heart. Gaily he saluted the old
vith its roofs and towers rosy under the sun: and with
elessness of those who are departing he said good-bye
e whom he was leaving, and thought no more of them.
whole time that he was at Düsseldorf and Cologne Sabine
nce recurred to his mind. Taken up from morning till
with rehearsals and concerts, dinners and talk, busied
thousand and one new things and the pride and satis-
of his success he had no time for recollection. Once
n the fifth night after he left home, he woke suddenly
dream and knew that he had been thinking of *her* in

his sleep and that the thought of *her* had wakened him
but he could not remember how he had been thinking of
He was unhappy and feverish. It was not surprising: he
been playing at a concert that evening, and when he left
hall he had been dragged off to a supper at which he had dr
several glasses of champagne. He could not sleep and got
He was obsessed by a musical idea. He pretended that it
that which had broken in upon his sleep and he wrote it d
As he read through it he was astonished to see how sa
was. There was no sadness in him when he wrote: at l
so he thought. But he remembered that on other occa
when he had been sad he had only been able to write jo
music, so gay that it offended his mood. He gave no
thought to it. He was used to the surprises of his mind w
without ever being able to understand them. He went to
at once, and knew no more until the next morning.

He extended his stay by three or four days. It pleased
to prolong it, knowing he could return whenever he liked
was in no hurry to go home. It was only when he was o
way, in the train, that the thought of Sabine came back to
He had not written to her. He was even careless enough
to have taken the trouble to ask at the post-office for any l
that might have been written to him. He took a secret de
in his silence: he knew that at home he was expected, th
was loved. . . . Loved? She had never told him so: he
never told her so. No doubt they knew it and had no ne
tell it. And yet there was nothing so precious as the cert
of such an avowal. Why had they waited so long to mak
When they had been on the point of speaking always some
—some mischance, shyness, embarrassment,—had hindered i
Why? Why? How much time they had lost! . . . He lo
to hear the dear words from the lips of the beloved. He lo
to say them to her: he said them aloud in the empty carr
As he neared the town he was torn with impatience, a so
agony. . . . Faster! Faster! Oh! To think that in an
he would see her again! . . .

It was half-past six in the morning when he reached
Nobody was up yet. Sabine's windows were closed. He

the yard on tiptoe so that she should not hear him. He
led at the thought of taking her by surprise. He went
his room. His mother was asleep. He washed and brushed
air without making any noise. He was hungry: but he was
l of waking Louisa by rummaging in the pantry. He
footsteps in the yard: he opened his window softly and
Rosa, first up as usual, beginning to sweep. He called her
y. She started in glad surprise when she saw him: then
oked solemn. He thought she was still offended with him:
or the moment he was in a very good temper. He went
to her.

Rosa, Rosa," he said gaily, "give me something to eat or
l eat you! I am dying of hunger!"

a smiled and took him to the kitchen on the ground floor.
oured him out a bowl of milk and then could not refrain
plying him with a string of questions about his travels
is concerts. But although he was quite ready to answer
—(in the happiness of his return he was almost glad to
Rosa's chatter once more)—Rosa stopped suddenly in the
e of her cross-examination, her face fell, her eyes turned
and she became sorrowful. Then her chatter broke out
: but soon it seemed that she thought it out of place
nce more she stopped short. And he noticed it then and

hat is the matter, Rosa? Are you cross with me?"

shook her head violently in denial, and turning to-
him with her usual suddenness took his arm with both
:

h! Christophe! . . ." she said.

was alarmed. He let his piece of bread fall from his

hat! What is the matter?" he stammered.

said again:

h! Christophe! . . . Such an awful thing has happened!"

thrust away from the table. He stuttered:

—here?"

pointed to the house on the other side of the yard.

cried:

bine!"

She wept:

"She is dead."

Christophe saw nothing. He got up: he almost fell: he c to the table, upset the things on it: he wished to cry out. suffered fearful agony. He turned sick.

Rosa hastened to his side: she was frightened: she hel head and wept.

As soon as he could speak he said:

"It is not true!"

He knew that it was true. But he wanted to deny i wanted to pretend that it could not be. When he saw h face wet with tears he could doubt no more and he s aloud.

Rosa raised her head:

"Christophe!" she said.

He hid his face in his hands. She leaned towards him.

"Christophe! . . . Mamma is coming! . . ."

Christophe got up.

"No, no," he said. "She must not see me."

She took his hand and led him, stumbling and blind his tears, to a little woodshed which opened on to the She closed the door. They were in darkness. He sat block of wood used for chopping sticks. She sat on the f Sounds from without were deadened and distant. The could weep without fear of being heard. He let himse and sobbed furiously. Rosa had never seen him weep: sh even thought that he could not weep: she knew only her girlish tears and such despair in a man filled her with t and pity. She was filled with a passionate love for Chris It was an absolutely unselfish love: an immense need of fice, a maternal self-denial, a hunger to suffer for him, t his sorrow upon herself. She put her arm round his shou

"Dear Christophe," she said, "do not cry!"

Christophe turned from her.

"I wish to die!"

Rosa clasped her hands.

"Don't say that, Christophe!"

"I wish to die. I cannot . . . cannot live now. . . . is the good of living?"

hristophe, dear Christophe! You are not alone. You are . . ."

'hat is that to me? I love nothing now. It is nothing whether everything else live or die. I love nothing: I only her. I loved only her!"

sobbed louder than ever with his face buried in his hands. could find nothing to say. The egoism of Christophe's n stabbed her to the heart. Now when she thought her- ost near to him, she felt more isolated and more miserable ver. Grief instead of bringing them together thrust them he more widely apart. She wept bitterly.

er some time, Christophe stopped weeping and asked:

ow? . . . How? . . ."

a understood.

ie fell ill of influenza on the evening you left. And she ken suddenly. . . ."

groaned.

ar God! . . . Why did you not write to me?"

said:

did write. I did not know your address: you did not s any. I went and asked at the theater. Nobody knew

knew how timid she was, and how much it must have cost Ie asked:

d she . . . did she tell you to do that?"

shook her head:

. But I thought . . ."

hanked her with a look. Rosa's heart melted.

poor . . . poor Christophe!" she said.

flung her arms round his neck and wept. Christophe worth of such pure tenderness. He had so much need olation! He kissed her:

w kind you are," he said. "You loved her too?"

broke away from him, she threw him a passionate look, reply, and began to weep again.

look was a revelation to him. It meant:

was not she whom I loved. . . ."

stophe saw at last what he had not known—what for he had not wished to see. He saw that she loved him.

"'Ssh," she said. "They are calling me." They h
Amalia's voice.

Rosa asked:

"Do you want to go back to your room?"

He said:

"No. I could not yet: I could not bear to talk to
mother. . . . Later on. . . ."

She said:

"Stay here. I will come back soon."

He stayed in the dark woodshed to which only a thre
light penetrated through a small airhole filled with cob
From the street there came up the cry of a hawker, again
wall a horse in a stable next door was snorting and kic
The revelation that had just come to Christophe gave hi
pleasure: but it held his attention for a moment. It made
many things that he had not understood. A multitude of
things that he had disregarded occurred to him and wer
plained. He was surprised to find himself thinking of i
was ashamed to be turned aside even for a moment fro
misery. But that misery was so frightful, so irrepressible
the mistrust of self-preservation, stronger than his will,
his courage, than his love, forced him to turn away fro
seized on this new idea, as the suicide drowning seizes in
of himself on the first object which can help him, not to
himself, but to keep himself for a moment longer abov
water. And it was because he was suffering that he was
to feel what another was suffering—suffering through him
understood the tears that he had brought to her eyes. H
filled with pity for Rosa. He thought how cruel he had
to her—how cruel he must still be. For he did not lov
What good was it for her to love him? Poor girl! . . . In
did he tell himself that she was good (she had just p
it). What was her goodness to him? What was her l
him? . . .

He thought:

"Why is it not she who is dead, and the other who is a

He thought:

"She is alive: she loves me: she can tell me that to-da
morrow, all my life: and the other, the woman I love,

and never told me that she loved me: I never have told
at I loved her: I shall never hear her say it: she will never
it. . . ."
l suddenly he remembered that last evening: he remem-
that they were just going to talk when Rosa came and
ited it. And he hated Rosa. . . .
door of the woodshed was opened. Rosa called Chris-
softly, and groped towards him. She took his hand. He
aversion in her near presence: in vain did he reproach
lf for it: it was stronger than himself.
a was silent: her great pity had taught her silence. Chris-
was grateful to her for not breaking in upon his grief
iseless words. And yet he wished to know . . . she was
ly creature who could talk to him of *her*. He asked in
per:
hen did she . . ."
dared not say: die.)
replied:
ist Saturday week."
ly he remembered. He said:
night?"
a looked at him in astonishment and said:
s. At night. Between two and three."
sorrowful melody came back to him. He asked, trem-

d she suffer much?"
, no. God be thanked, dear Christophe: she hardly suf-
at all. She was so weak. She did not struggle against
ddenly they saw that she was lost. . . ."
d she . . . did she know it?"
lon't know. I think . . ."
d she say anything?"
. Nothing. She was sorry for herself like a child."
u were there?"
s. For the first two days I was there alone, before her
came."
pressed her hand in gratitude.
ank you."
felt the blood rush to her heart.

After a silence he said, he murmured the question which choking him:

"Did she say anything . . . for me?"

Rosa shook her head sadly. She would have given muc be able to let him have the answer he expected: she was al sorry that she could not lie about it. She tried to co him:

"She was not conscious."

"But she did speak?"

"One could not make out what she said. It was in a low voice."

"Where is the child?"

"Her brother took her away with him to the country."

"And *she?*"

"She is there too. She was taken away last Monday w They began to weep again.

Frau Vogel's voice called Rosa once more. Christophe alone again, lived through those days of death. A week, al a week ago. . . . O God! What had become of her? it had rained that week! . . . And all that time he was la ing, he was happy!

In his pocket he felt a little parcel wrapped up in soft p they were silver buckles that he had brought her for her s He remembered the evening when he had placed his han the little stockinged foot. Her little feet: where were now? How cold they must be! . . . He thought the m of that warm contact was the only one that he had o beloved creature. He had never dared to touch her, to tak in his arms, to hold her to his breast. She was gone fo and he had never known her. He knew nothing of her, n soul nor body. He had no memory of her body, of her li her love. . . . Her love? . . . What proof had he of that? He had not even a letter, a token,—nothing. Where cou seek to hold her, in himself, or outside himself? . . . Nothing! There was nothing left him but the love he ha her, nothing left him but himself.—And in spite of al desperate desire to snatch her from destruction, his ne denying death, made him cling to the last piece of wre in an act of blind faith:

. . *he son gia morto: e ben c'albergo cangi resto in te C'or mi vedi e piangi, se l'un nell' altro amante si tras-*
."

. . I am not dead: I have changed my dwelling. I live
n thee who art faithful to me. The soul of the beloved
rged in the soul of the lover."

had never read these sublime words: but they were in
Each one of us in turn climbs the Calvary of the age.
one of us finds anew the agony, each one of us finds anew
sperate hope and folly of the ages. Each one of us follows
e footsteps of those who were, of those before us who
led with death, denied death—and are dead.

shut himself up in his room. His shutters were closed
v so as not to see the windows of the house opposite. He
d the Vogels: they were odious to his sight. He had
g to reproach them with: they were too honest, and too
not to have thrust back their feelings in the face of death.
knew Christophe's grief and respected it, whatever they
think of it: they never uttered Sabine's name in his pres-
But they had been her enemies when she was alive: that
ough to make him their enemy now that she was dead.
les they had not altered their noisy habits: and in spite
sincere though passing pity that they had felt, it was
that at bottom they were untouched by the misfortune—
too natural)—perhaps even they were secretly relieved
Christophe imagined so at least. Now that the Vogels'
ns with regard to himself were made plain he exag-
them in his own mind. In reality they attached little
nce to him: he set too great store by himself. But
no doubt that the death of Sabine, by removing the
obstacle in the way of his landlords' plans, did seem to
leave the field clear for Rosa. So he detested her. That
the Vogels, Louisa, and even Rosa)—should have tacitly
l of him, without consulting him, was enough in any
make him lose all affection for the person whom he was
to love. He shied whenever he thought an attempt was
on his umbrageous sense of liberty. But now it was

not only a question of himself. The rights which these ot had assumed over him did not only infringe upon his own ri but upon those of the dead woman to whom his heart was g So he defended them doggedly, although no one was for at ing them. He suspected Rosa's goodness. She suffered in ing him suffer and would often come and knock at his do console him and talk to him about the other. He did not her away: he needed to talk of Sabine with some one who known her: he wanted to know the smallest of what had pened during her illness. But he was not grateful to Rosa attributed ulterior motives to her. Was it not plain that family, even Amalia, permitted these visits and long collo which she would never have allowed if they had not fall with her wishes? Was not Rosa in league with her family? could not believe that her pity was absolutely sincere and of personal thoughts.

And, no doubt, it was not. Rosa pitied Christophe wit her heart. She tried hard to see Sabine through Christo eyes, and through him to love her: she was angry with h for all the unkind feelings that she had ever had toward and asked her pardon in her prayers at night. But coul forget that she was alive, that she was seeing Christophe moment of the day, that she loved him, that she was no l afraid of the other, that the other was gone, that her m would also fade away in its turn, that she was left alone one day perhaps . . .? In the midst of her sorrow, an sorrow of her friend more hers than her own, could she r a glad impulse, an unreasoning hope? For that too sh angry with herself. It was only a flash. It was enough saw it. He threw her a glance which froze her heart: sh in it hateful thoughts: he hated her for being alive wh other was dead.

The miller brought his cart for Sabine's little fur Coming back from a lesson Christophe saw heaped up the door in the street the bed, the cupboard, the mattr linen, all that she had possessed, all that was left of h was a dreadful sight to him. He rushed past it. In the way he bumped into Bertold, who stopped him.

"Ah! my dear sir," he said, shaking his hand effu

! who would have thought it when we were together? happy we were! And yet it was because of that day, se of that cursed row on the water, that she fell ill. Oh! It is no use complaining! She is dead. It will be our next. That is life. . . . And how are you? I'm very well, God!"

was red in the face, sweating, and smelled of wine. The hat he was her brother, that he had rights in her memory, Christophe. It offended him to hear this man talking s beloved. The miller on the contrary was glad to find nd with whom he could talk of Sabine: he did not under- Christophe's coldness. He had no idea of all the sorrow his presence, the sudden calling to mind of the day at rm, the happy memories that he recalled so blunderingly, oor relics of Sabine, heaped upon the ground, which he as he talked, set stirring in Christophe's soul. He made excuse for stopping Bertold's tongue. He went up the but the other clung to him, stopped him, and went on is harangue. At last when the miller took to telling him bine's illness, with that strange pleasure which certain , and especially the common people, take in talking of , with a plethora of painful details, Christophe could t no longer—(he took a tight hold of himself so as not out in his sorrow). He cut him short:

rdon," he said curtly and icily. "I must leave you."

left him without another word.

insensibility revolted the miller. He had guessed the affection of his sister and Christophe. And that Chris- should now show such indifference seemed monstrous to e thought he had no heart.

stophe had fled to his room: he was choking. Until the l was over he never left his room. He vowed that he never look out of the window, but he could not help doing hiding in a corner behind the curtain he followed the re of the goods and chattels of the beloved eagerly and rofound sorrow. When he saw them disappearing for- all but ran down to the street to cry: "No! no! Leave o me! Do not take them from me!" He longed to least for some little thing, only one little thing, so that

she should not be altogether taken from him. But how c
he ask such a thing of the miller? It was nothing to
She herself had not known his love: how dared he then re
it to another? And besides, if he had tried to say a wor
would have burst out crying. . . . No. No. He had to
nothing, to watch all go, without being able—without darin
save one fragment from the wreck. . . .

And when it was all over, when the house was empty, w
the yard gate was closed after the miller, when the wheel
his cart moved on, shaking the windows, when they were
of hearing, he threw himself on the floor—not a tear lef
him, not a thought of suffering, of struggling, frozen, and
one dead.

There was a knock at the door. He did not move. An
knock. He had forgotten to lock the door. Rosa came in.
cried out on seeing him stretched on the floor and stoppe
terror. He raised his head angrily:

"What? What do you want? Leave me!"

She did not go: she stayed, hesitating, leaning against
door, and said again:

"Christophe. . . ."

He got up in silence: he was ashamed of having been
so. He dusted himself with his hand and asked harshly:

"Well. What do you want?"

Rosa said shyly:

"Forgive me . . . Christophe . . . I came in . . . I
bringing you . . ."

He saw that she had something in her hand.

"See," she said, holding it out to him. "I asked Be
to give me a little token of her. I thought you would
it. . . ."

It was a little silver mirror, the pocket mirror in whic
used to look at herself for hours, not so much from coq
as from want of occupation. Christophe took it, took als
hand which held it.

"Oh! Rosa! . . ." he said.

He was filled with her kindness and the knowledge o
own injustice. On a passionate impulse he knelt to her
kissed her hand.

Forgive . . . Forgive . . ." he said.

sa did not understand at first: then she understood only vell: she blushed, she trembled, she began to weep. She rstood that he meant:

Forgive me if I am unjust. . . . Forgive me if I do not you. . . . Forgive me if I cannot . . . if I cannot love if I can never love you! . . ."

e did not withdraw her hand from him: she knew that s not herself that he was kissing. And with his cheek st Rosa's hand, he wept hot tears, knowing that she was ng through him: there was sorrow and bitterness in being e to love her and making her suffer.

ey stayed so, both weeping, in the dim light of the room. last she withdrew her hand. He went on murmuring: Forgive! . . ."

e laid her hand gently on his hand. He rose to his feet. kissed in silence: they felt on their lips the bitter savor ir tears.

"e shall always be friends," he said softly. She bowed her and left him, too sad to speak.

ey thought that the world is ill made. The lover is un- The beloved does not love. The lover who is loved is or later torn from his love. . . . There is suffering. is the bringing of suffering. And the most wretched always the one who suffers.

e more Christophe took to avoiding the house. He could ear it. He could not bear to see the curtainless windows, npty rooms.

vorse sorrow awaited him. Old Euler lost no time in ng the ground floor. One day Christophe saw strange n Sabine's room. New lives blotted out the traces of the at was gone.

ecame impossible for him to stay in his rooms. He passed days outside, not coming back until nightfall, when it o dark to see anything. Once more he took to making tions in the country. Irresistibly he was drawn to Ber- farm. But he never went in, dared not go near it, wan- about it at a distance. He discovered a place on a hill

from which he could see the house, the plain, the river: it thither that his steps usually turned. From thence he c follow with his eyes the meanderings of the water down t willow clump under which he had seen the shadow of death across Sabine's face. From thence he could pick out the windows of the rooms in which they had waited, side by so near, so far, separated by a door—the door to eternity. thence he could survey the cemetery. He had never been to bring himself to enter it: from childhood he had had a h of those fields of decay and corruption, and refused to thin those whom he loved in connection with them. But fr distance and seen from above, the little graveyard never l grim, it was calm, it slept with the sun. . . . Sleep! . . . loved to sleep! Nothing would disturb her there. The cro cocks answered each other across the plains. From the h stead rose the roaring of the mill, the clucking of the po yard, the cries of children playing. He could make out Sal little girl, he could see her running, he could mark her laug Once he lay in wait for her near the gate of the farmyard, turn of the sunk road made by the walls: he seized h she passed and kissed her. The child was afraid and to cry. She had almost forgotten him already. He her:

"Are you happy here?"

"Yes. It is fun. . . ."

"You don't want to come back?"

"No!"

He let her go. The child's indifference plunged him in sc Poor Sabine! . . . And yet it was she, something of her. So little! The child was hardly at all like her mother lived in her, but was not she: in that mysterious passage th her being the child had hardly retained more than the fa perfume of the creature who was gone: inflections of her a pursing of the lips, a trick of bending the head. Th of her was another being altogether: and that being w with the being of Sabine was repulsive to Christophe t he never admitted it to himself.

It was only in himself that Christophe could find the of Sabine. It followed him everywhere, hovering above

ıe only felt himself really to be with her when he was
. Nowhere was she nearer to him than in this refuge,
e hill, far from strange eyes, in the midst of the country
vas so full of the memory of her. He would go miles to it,
ing at a run, his heart beating as though he were going to
ting with her: and so it was indeed. When he reached
would lie on the ground—the same earth in which *her*
was laid: he would close his eyes: and *she* would come to
He could not see her face: he could not hear her voice:
d no need: she entered into him, held him, he possessed
tterly. In this state of passionate hallucination he would
he power of thought, he would be unconscious of what
appening: he was unconscious of everything save that he
ith her.

ıt state of things did not last long.—To tell the truth
s only once altogether sincere. From the day following,
ll had its share in the proceedings. And from that time
ristophe tried in vain to bring it back to life. It was
hen that he thought of evoking in himself the face and
of Sabine: until then he had never thought of it. He
ded spasmodically and he was fired by it. But it was only
cost of hours of waiting and of darkness.

oor Sabine!" he would think. "They have all forgotten
There is only I who love you, who keep your memory
orever. Oh, my treasure, my precious! I have you, I
ou, I will never let you go! . . ."

spoke these words because already she was escaping him:
ıs slipping from his thoughts like water through his
. He would return again and again, faithful to the tryst.
shed to think of her and he would close his eyes. But
ıalf an hour, or an hour, or sometimes two hours, he
begin to see that he had been thinking of nothing. The
of the valley, the roar of the wind, the little bells of the
ats browsing on the hill, the noise of the wind in the
lender trees under which he lay, were sucked up by his
ts soft and porous like a sponge. He was angry with
ughts: they tried to obey him, and to fix the vanished
to which he was striving to attach his life: but his
ts fell back weary and chastened and once more with a

sigh of comfort abandoned themselves to the listless strea sensations.

He shook off his torpor. He strode through the cou hither and thither seeking Sabine. He sought her in the m that once had held her smile. He sought her by the river where her hands had dipped in the water. But the mirror the water gave him only the reflection of himself. The ex ment of walking, the fresh air, the beating of his own he blood awoke music in him once more. He wished to change.

"Oh! Sabine! . . ." he sighed.

He dedicated his songs to her: he strove to call her to li his music, his love, and his sorrow. . . . In vain: love and row came to life surely: but poor Sabine had no share in t Love and sorrow looked towards the future, not towards the Christophe was powerless against his youth. The sap of swelled up again in him with new vigor. His grief, his re his chaste and ardent love, his baffled desires, heightened fever that was in him. In spite of his sorrow, his heart in lively, sturdy rhythm: wild songs leaped forth in mad toxicated strains: everything in him hymned life and even ness took on a festival shape. Christophe was too fra persist in self-deception: and he despised himself. But swept him headlong: and in his sadness, with death in his h and life in all his limbs, he abandoned himself to the f newborn in him, to the absurd, delicious joy of living, w grief, pity, despair, the aching wound of an irreparable all the torment of death, can only sharpen and kindle into in the strong, as they rowel their sides with furious spur.

And Christophe knew that, in himself, in the secret hi depths of his soul, he had an inaccessible and inviolable tuary where lay the shadow of Sabine. That the flood o could not bear away. . . . Each of us bears in his soul were a little graveyard of those whom he has loved. They there, through the years, untroubled. But a day cometh,— we know,—when the graves shall reopen. The dead issue the tomb and smile with their pale lips—loving, alway the beloved, and the lover, in whose breast their memory d like the child sleeping in the mother's womb.

III

ADA

TER the wet summer the autumn was radiant. In the rds the trees were weighed down with fruit. The red shone like billiard balls. Already some of the trees were on their brilliant garb of the falling year: flame color, color, color of ripe melon, of oranges and lemons, of good ig, and fried dishes. Misty lights glowed through the : and from the meadows there rose the little pink flames saffron.

was going down a hill. It was a Sunday afternoon. He triding, almost running, gaining speed down the slope. as singing a phrase, the rhythm of which had been ob- him all through his walk. He was red, disheveled: he alking, swinging his arms, and rolling his eyes like a an, when as he turned a bend in the road he came suddenly air girl perched on a wall tugging with all her might at ich of a tree from which she was greedily plucking and purple plums. Their astonishment was mutual. She at him, stared, with her mouth full. Then she burst ighing. So did he. She was good to see, with her round ramed in fair curly hair, which was like a sunlit cloud her, her full pink cheeks, her wide blue eyes, her rather ose, impertinently turned up, her little red mouth show- ite teeth—the canine little, strong, and projecting—her chin, and her full figure, large and plump, well built, put together. He called out:

od eating!" And was for going on his road. But she to him:

r! Sir! Will you be very nice? Help me to get down. . . ."

returned and asked her how she had climbed up.

th my hands and feet. . . . It is easy enough to get ."

pecially when there are tempting plums hanging above ead. . . ."

"Yes. . . . But when you have eaten your courage You can't find the way to get down."

He looked at her on her perch. He said:

"You are all right there. Stay there quietly. I'll com see you to-morrow. Good-night!"

But he did not budge, and stood beneath her. She pret to be afraid, and begged him with little glances not to her. They stayed looking at each other and laughing. showed him the branch to which she was clinging and ask

"Would you like some?"

Respect for property had not developed in Christophe the days of his expeditions with Otto: he accepted wi hesitation. She amused herself with pelting him with p When he had eaten she said:

"Now! . . ."

He took a wicked pleasure in keeping her waiting. She impatient on her wall. At last he said:

"Come, then!" and held his hand up to her.

But just as she was about to jump down she thou moment.

"Wait! We must make provision first!"

She gathered the finest plums within reach and fille front of her blouse with them.

"Carefully! Don't crush them!"

He felt almost inclined to do so.

She lowered herself from the wall and jumped into his Although he was sturdy he bent under her weight and a dragged her down. They were of the same height. faces came together. He kissed her lips, moist and swee the juice of the plums: and she returned his kiss without ceremony.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Are you out alone?"

"No. I am with friends. But I have lost them. . . . Hi!" she called suddenly as loudly as she could.

No answer.

She did not bother about it any more. They began to at random, following their noses.

nd you . . . where are you going?" said she.
don't know, either."
ood. We'll go together."
took some plums from her gaping blouse and began to
n them.
ou'll make yourself sick," he said.
ot I! I've been eating them all day."
rough the gap in her blouse he saw the white of her
se.
hey are all warm now," she said.
t me see!"
held him one and laughed. He ate it. She watched
ut of the corner of her eye as she sucked at the fruit
child. He did not know how the adventure would end.
robable that she at least had some suspicion. She waited.
i! Hi!" Voices in the woods.
i! Hi!" she answered. "Ah! There they are!" she
Christophe. "Not a bad thing, either!"
on the contrary she was thinking that it was rather a
But speech was not given to woman for her to say what
thinking. . . . Thank God! for there would be an end of
ty on earth. . . .
voices came near. Her friends were near the road. She
the ditch, climbed the hedge, and hid behind the trees.
tched her in amazement. She signed to him imperiously
e to her. He followed her. She plunged into the depths
wood.
! Hi!" she called once more when they had gone some
e. "You see, they must look for me!" she explained
istophe.
friends had stopped on the road and were listening for
ice to mark where it came from. They answered her
their turn entered the woods. But she did not wait for
She turned about on right and on left. They bawled
after her. She let them, and then went and called in
posite direction. At last they wearied of it, and, making
nat the best way of making her come was to give up
her, they called:
od-bye!" and went off singing.

She was furious that they should not have bothered her any more than that. She had tried to be rid of them she had not counted on their going off so easily. Christ looked rather foolish: this game of hide-and-seek with a whom he did not know did not exactly enthrall him: an had no thought of taking advantage of their solitude. did she think of it: in her annoyance she forgot C tophe.

"Oh! It's too much," she said, thumping her hands tog "They have left me."

"But," said Christophe, "you wanted them to."

"Not at all."

"You ran away."

"If I ran away from them that is my affair, not t They ought to look for me. What if I were lost? . . ."

Already she was beginning to be sorry for herself be of what might have happened if . . . if the opposite of actually had occurred had come about.

"Oh!" she said. "I'll shake them!" She turned back strode off.

As she went she remembered Christophe and looked at once more.—But it was too late. She began to laugh. little demon which had been in her the moment before gone. While she was waiting for another to come sh Christophe with the eyes of indifference. And then, sh hungry. Her stomach was reminding her that it was su time: she was in a hurry to rejoin her friends at the inn. took Christophe's arm, leaned on it with all her weight, gro and said that she was exhausted. That did not keep her dragging Christophe down a slope, running, and shouting laughing like a mad thing.

They talked. She learned who he was: she did not his name, and seemed not to be greatly impressed by his of musician. He learned that she was a shop-girl from a maker's in the *Kaiserstrasse* (the most fashionable street i town): her name was Adelheid—to friends, Ada. Her panions on the excursion were one of her friends, who w at the same place as herself, and two nice young men, a at Weiller's bank, and a clerk from a big linen-draper's.

urning their Sunday to account: they had decided to
t the Brochet inn, from which there is a fine view over
ine, and then to return by boat.
others had already established themselves at the inn
hey arrived. Ada made a scene with her friends: she
ined of their cowardly desertion and presented Chris-
as her savior. They did not listen to her complaints:
y knew Christophe, the bank-clerk by reputation, the
om having heard some of his compositions—(he thought
od idea to hum an air from one of them immediately
rds)—and the respect which they showed him made an
ion on Ada, the more so as Myrrha, the other young
—(her real name was Hansi or Johanna)—a brunette
inking eyes, bumpy forehead, hair screwed back, Chinese
little too animated, but clever and not without charm,
e of her goat-like head and her oily golden-yellow
ion,—at once began to make advances to their *Hof*
s. They begged him to be so good as to honor their
with his presence.
r had he been in such high feather: for he was over-
d with attentions, and the two women, like good friends
were, tried each to rob the other of him. Both courted
yrrha with ceremonious manners, sly looks, as she rubbed
against his under the table—Ada, openly making play
r fine eyes, her pretty mouth, and all the seductive
s at her command. Such coquetry in its almost coarse-
ommoded and distressed Christophe. These two bold
women were a change from the unkindly faces he was
ed to at home. Myrrha interested him, he guessed her
ore intelligent than Ada: but her obsequious manners
ambiguous smile were curiously attractive and repulsive
t the same time. She could do nothing against Ada's
of life and pleasure: and she was aware of it. When
that she had lost the bout, she abandoned the effort,
n upon herself, went on smiling, and patiently waited
day to come. Ada, seeing herself mistress of the field,
seek to push forward the advantage she had gained:
had done had been mainly to despite her friend: she
eeded, she was satisfied. But she had been caught in

her own game. She felt as she looked into Christophe's
the passion that she had kindled in him: and that same pa
began to awake in her. She was silent: she left her v
teasing: they looked at each other in silence: on their lips
had the savor of their kiss. From time to time by fits
starts they joined vociferously in the jokes of the others:
they relapsed into silence, stealing glances at each other.
last they did not even look at each other, as though they
afraid of betraying themselves. Absorbed in themselves
brooded over their desire.

When the meal was over they got ready to go. They
to go a mile and a half through the woods to reach the
Ada got up first: Christophe followed her. They waite
the steps until the others were ready: without speaking.
by side, in the thick mist that was hardly at all lit up b
single lamp hanging by the inn door.—Myrrha was daw
by the mirror.

Ada took Christophe's hand and led him along the hou
wards the garden into the darkness. Under a balcony
which hung a curtain of vines they hid. All about them
dense darkness. They could not even see each other. The
stirred the tops of the pines. He felt Ada's warm finge
twined in his and the sweet scent of a heliotrope flower
she had at her breast.

Suddenly she dragged him to her: Christophe's lips f
Ada's hair, wet with the mist, and kissed her eyes, her
brows, her nose, her cheeks, the corners of her mouth, se
her lips, and finding them, staying pressed to them.

The others had gone. They called:

"Ada! . . ."

They did not stir, they hardly breathed, pressed close to
other, lips and bodies.

They heard Myrrha:

"They have gone on."

The footsteps of their companions died away in the i
They held each other closer, in silence, stifling on their l
passionate murmuring.

In the distance a village clock rang out. They broke a
They had to run to the pier. Without a word they set

nd hands entwined, keeping step—a little quick, firm step,
ers. The road was deserted: no creature was abroad:
ould not see ten yards ahead of them: they went, serene
ire, into the beloved night. They never stumbled over
bbles on the road. As they were late they took a short
The path led for some way down through vines and then
to ascend and wind up the side of the hill. Through
st they could hear the roar of the river and the heavy
s of the steamer approaching. They left the road and
ross the fields. At last they found themselves on the
f the Rhine but still far from the pier. Their serenity
t disturbed. Ada had forgotten her fatigue of the even-
't seemed to them that they could have walked all night
at, on the silent grass, in the hovering mists, that grew
and more dense along the river that was wrapped in a
ess as of the moon. The steamer's siren hooted: the
e monster plunged heavily away and away. They said,
ng:
will take the next."
he edge of the river soft lapping waves broke at their
At the landing stage they were told:
e last boat has just gone."
stophe's heart thumped. Ada's hand grasped his arm
ghtly.
t," she said, "there will be another one to-morrow."
w yards away in a halo of mist was the flickering light
mp hung on a post on a terrace by the river. A little
on were a few lighted windows—a little inn.
went into the tiny garden. The sand ground under
eet. They groped their way to the steps. When they
the lights were being put out. Ada, on Christophe's
sked for a room. The room to which they were led
on to the little garden. Christophe leaned out of the
and saw the phosphorescent flow of the river, and the
f the lamp on the glass of which were crushed mosquitoes
rge wings. The door was closed. Ada was standing by
and smiling. He dared not look at her. She did not
him: but through her lashes she followed Christophe's
novement. The floor creaked with every step. They

could hear the least noise in the house. They sat on th and embraced in silence.

The flickering light of the garden is dead. All is dead Night. . . . The abyss. . . . Neither light nor conscio . . . Being. The obscure, devouring forces of Being. Jo powerful. Joy rending. Joy which sucks down the l creature as the void a stone. The sprout of desire sucki thought. The absurd delicious law of the blind intox worlds which roll at night. . . .

. . . A night which is many nights, hours that are cen records which are death. . . . Dreams shared, words s with eyes closed, tears and laughter, the happiness of lov the voice, of sharing the nothingness of sleep, the swiftly ing images flouting in the brain, the hallucinations of the ing night. . . . The Rhine laps in a little creek by the in the distance his waters over the dams and breakwaters a sound as of a gentle rain falling on sand. The hull boat cracks and groans under the weight of water. The by which it is tied sags and grows taut with a rusty clat The voice of the river rises: it fills the room. The bed a boat. They are swept along side by side by a giddy curr hung in mid-air like a soaring bird. The night grows eve dark, the void more empty. Ada weeps, Christophe lose sciousness: both are swept down under the flowing waters night. . . .

Night. . . . Death. . . . Why wake to life again? . . .

The light of the dawning day peeps through the dr panes. The spark of life glows once more in their lang bodies. He awakes. Ada's eyes are looking at him. A life passes in a few moments: days of sin, greatnes peace. . . .

"Where am I? And am I two? Do I still exist? I longer conscious of being. All about me is the infinite: the soul of a statue, with large tranquil eyes, filled with pian peace. . . ."

They fall back into the world of sleep. And the fa sounds of the dawn, the distant bells, a passing boat dripping water, footsteps on the road, all caress withou

ng their happy sleep, reminding them that they are alive, naking them delight in the savor of their happiness. . . .

e puffing of the steamer outside the window brought Chris- from his torpor. They had agreed to leave at seven so return to the town in time for their usual occupations. hispered:

o you hear?"

did not open her eyes; she smiled, she put out her lips, ied to kiss him and then let her head fall back on his ler. . . . Through the window panes he saw the funnel steamer slip by against the sky, he saw the empty deck, louds of smoke. Once more he slipped into dreami- . . .

hour passed without his knowing it. He heard it strike arted in astonishment.

la! . . ." he whispered to the girl. "Ada!" he said "It's eight o'clock."

eyes were still closed: she frowned and pouted pettishly. ! let me sleep!" she said.

sighed wearily and turned her back on him and went to nce more.

egan to dream. His blood ran bravely, calmly through His limpid senses received the smallest impressions simply shly. He rejoiced in his strength and youth. Unwit- he was proud of being a man. He smiled in his happi- nd felt himself alone: alone as he had always been, more even but without sadness, in a divine solitude. No more No more shadows. Nature could freely cast her reflec- on his soul in its serenity. Lying on his back, facing dow, his eyes gazing deep into the dazzling air with its us mists, he smiled:

w good it is to live! . . ."

ve! . . . A boat passed. . . . The thought suddenly of ho were no longer alive, of a boat gone by on which ere together: he—she. . . . She? . . . Not that one, by his side.—She, the only she, the beloved, the poor man who was dead.—But is it that one? How came e? How did they come to this room? He looks at

her, he does not know her: she is a stranger to him: yeste morning she did not exist for him. What does he know of —He knows that she is not clever. He knows that she is good. He knows that she is not even beautiful with her spiritless and bloated with sleep, her low forehead, her m open in breathing, her swollen dried lips pouting like a He knows that he does not love her. And he is filled wi bitter sorrow when he thinks that he kissed those strange in the first moment with her, that he has taken this beau body for which he cares nothing on the first night of their n ing,—and that she whom he loved, he watched her live and by his side and never dared touch her hair with his lips, he will never know the perfume of her being. Nothing r All is crumbled away. The earth has taken all from him. he never defended what was his. . . .

And while he leaned over the innocent sleeper and sca her face, and looked at her with eyes of unkindness, she his eyes upon her. Uneasy under his scrutiny she made a effort to raise her heavy lids and to smile: and she said, s mering a little like a waking child:

"Don't look at me. I'm ugly. . . ."

She fell back at once, weighed down with sleep, smiled more, murmured.

"Oh! I'm so . . . so sleepy! . . ." and went off again her dreams.

He could not help laughing: he kissed her childish lips tenderly. He watched the girl sleeping for a moment le and got up quietly. She gave a comfortable sigh when h gone. He tried not to wake her as he dressed, though ther no danger of that: and when he had done he sat in the near the window and watched the steaming smoking which looked as though it were covered with ice: and he fe a brown study in which there hovered music, pastoral, m choly.

From time to time she half opened her eyes and loo him vaguely, took a second or two, smiled at him, and from one sleep to another. She asked him the time.

"A quarter to nine."

Half asleep she pondered:

hat! Can it be a quarter to nine?"
half-past nine she stretched, sighed, and said that she was
to get up.
was ten o'clock before she stirred. She was petu-

riking again! . . . The clock is fast! . . ." He laughed
ent and sat on the bed by her side. She put her arms
his neck and told him her dreams. He did not listen
ttentively and interrupted her with little love words. But
ade him be silent and went on very seriously, as though
re telling something of the highest importance:
ie was at dinner: the Grand Duke was there: Myrrha was
foundland dog. . . . No, a frizzy sheep who waited at
. . . Ada had discovered a method of rising from the
of walking, dancing, and lying down in the air. You
was quite simple: you had only to do . . . thus . . .
. . and it was done. . . ."
istophe laughed at her. She laughed too, though a little
at his laughing. She shrugged her shoulders.
ı! you don't understand! . . ."
y breakfasted on the bed from the same cup, with the
spoon.
ast she got up: she threw off the bedclothes and slipped
from the bed. Then she sat down to recover her breath
oked at her feet. Finally she clapped her hands and
im to go out: and as he was in no hurry about it she
im by the shoulders and thrust him out of the door and
ocked it.
r she had dawdled, looked over and stretched each of
ndsome limbs, she sang, as she washed, a sentimental *Lied*
teen couplets, threw water at Christophe's face—he was
drumming on the window—and as they left she plucked
t rose in the garden and then they took the steamer.
ist was not yet gone: but the sun shone through it:
ated through a creamy light. Ada sat at the stern with
phe: she was sleepy and a little sulky: she grumbled
the light in her eyes, and said that she would have a
he all day. And as Christophe did not take her com-
seriously enough she returned into morose silence. Her

eyes were hardly opened and in them was the funny gravit children who have just woke up. But at the next landing-s an elegant lady came and sat not far from her, and she lively at once: she talked eagerly to Christophe about th sentimental and distinguished. She had resumed with him ceremonious *Sie*.

Christophe was thinking about what she could say to employer by way of excuse for her lateness. She was ha at all concerned about it.

"Bah! It's not the first time."

"The first time that . . . what?"

"That I have been late," she said, put out by the questio

He dared not ask her what had caused her lateness.

"What will you tell her?"

"That my mother is ill, dead . . . how do I know?"

He was hurt by her talking so lightly.

"I don't want you to lie."

She took offense:

"First of all, I never lie. . . . And then, I cannot very tell her . . ."

He asked her half in jest, half in earnest:

"Why not?"

She laughed, shrugged, and said that he was coarse and bred, and that she had already asked him not to use th to her.

"Haven't I the right?"

"Certainly not."

"After what has happened?"

"Nothing has happened."

She looked at him a little defiantly and laughed: and alth she was joking, he felt most strongly that it would not cost her much to say it seriously and almost to believe it. some pleasant memory tickled her: for she burst out lau and looked at Christophe and kissed him loudly without concern for the people about, who did not seem to be in least surprised by it.

Now on all his excursions he was accompanied by shop and clerks: he did not like their vulgarity, and used to t

hem: but Ada out of contrariness was no longer disposed
andering in the woods. When it rained or for some other
n they did not leave the town he would take her to the
r, or the museum, or the *Thiergarten:* for she insisted
ing seen with him. She even wanted him to go to church
her; but he was so absurdly sincere that he would not set
nside a church since he had lost his belief—(on some other
he had resigned his position as organist)—and at the
time, unknown to himself, remained much too religious
think Ada's proposal sacrilegious.

used to go to her rooms in the evening. Myrrha would
re, for she lived in the same house. Myrrha was not at
entful against him: she would hold out her soft hand
ngly, and talk of trivial and improper things and then
vay discreetly. The two women had never seemed to be
riends as since they had had small reason for being so:
ere always together. Ada had no secrets from Myrrha:
d her everything: Myrrha listened to everything: they
to be equally pleased with it all.

stophe was ill at ease in the company of the two women.
friendship, their strange conversations, their freedom of
, the crude way in which Myrrha especially viewed and
of things—(not so much in his presence, however, as
e was not there, but Ada used to repeat her sayings to
their indiscreet and impertinent curiosity, which was
turned upon subjects that were silly or basely sensual,
ole equivocal and rather animal atmosphere oppressed
ribly, though it interested him: for he knew nothing like
was at sea in the conversations of the two little beasts,
ked of dress, and made silly jokes, and laughed in an
ay with their eyes shining with delight when they were
e track of some spicy story. He was more at ease when
left them. When the two women were together it was
g in a foreign country without knowing the language.
impossible to make himself understood: they did not
en: they poked fun at the foreigner.

he was alone with Ada they went on speaking different
s: but at least they did make some attempt to under-
ch other. To tell the truth, the more he understood

her, the less he understood her. She was the first woma had known. For if poor Sabine was a woman he had kn he had known nothing of her: she had always remained him a phantom of his heart. Ada took upon herself to him make up for lost time. In his turn he tried to solv riddle of woman: an enigma which perhaps is no enigma e for those who seek some meaning in it.

Ada was without intelligence: that was the least of her f Christophe would have commended her for it, if she ha proved it herself. But although she was occupied only stupidities, she claimed to have some knowledge of the t of the spirit: and she judged everything with complete ance. She would talk about music, and explain to Chris things which he knew perfectly, and would pronounce ab judgment and sentence. It was useless to try to convinc she had pretensions and susceptibilities in everything; she herself airs, she was obstinate, vain: she would not—she not understand anything. Why would she not accept th could understand nothing? He loved her so much better she was content with being just what she was, simply her own qualities and failings, instead of trying to i on others and herself!

In fact, she was little concerned with thought. She wa cerned with eating, drinking, singing, dancing, crying, l ing, sleeping: she wanted to be happy: and that would been all right if she had succeeded. But although sh every gift for it: she was greedy, lazy, sensual, and f egoistic in a way that revolted and amused Christophe: al she had almost all the vices which make life pleasant fo fortunate possessor, if not for their friends—(and eve does not a happy face, at least if it be pretty, shed hap on all those who come near it?)—in spite of so many r for being satisfied with life and herself Ada was not even enough for that. The pretty, robust girl, fresh, hearty, he looking, endowed with abundant spirits and fierce ap was anxious about her health. She bemoaned her we while she ate enough for four. She was always sorry fo self: she could not drag herself along, she could not b she had a headache, feet-ache, her eyes ached, her st

, her soul ached. She was afraid of everything, and
superstitious, and saw omens everywhere: at meals the
ng of knives and forks, the number of the guests, the
ting of a salt-cellar: then there must be a whole ritual
rn aside misfortune. Out walking she would count the
, and never failed to watch which side they flew to: she
anxiously watch the road at her feet, and when a spider
d her path in the morning she would cry out aloud: then
ould wish to go home and there would be no other means
t interrupting the walk than to persuade her that it was
twelve, and so the omen was one of hope rather than
l. She was afraid of her dreams: she would recount them
gth to Christophe; for hours she would try to recollect
detail that she had forgotten; she never spared him one;
lities piled one on the other, strange marriages, deaths,
nakers' prices, burlesque, and sometimes, obscene things.
id to listen to her and give her his advice. Often she
be for a whole day under the obsession of her inept
s. She would find life ill-ordered, she would see things
eople rawly and overwhelm Christophe with her jere-
: and it seemed hardly worth while to have broken away
the gloomy middle-class people with whom he lived to
ace more the eternal enemy: the *"trauriger ungriechischer
hondrist."*

suddenly in the midst of her sulks and grumblings, she
become gay, noisy, exaggerated: there was no more deal-
th her gaiety than with her moroseness: she would burst
ughing for no reason and seem as though she were never
to stop: she would rush across the fields, play mad tricks
ildish pranks, take a delight in doing silly things, in
with the earth, and dirty things, and the beasts, and the
, and worms, in teasing them, and hurting them, and
them eat each other: the cats eat the birds, the fowls
rms, the ants the spiders, not from any wickedness, or
s from an altogether unconscious instinct for evil, from
y, or from having nothing better to do. She seemed to
en always to say stupid things, to repeat senseless words
nd again, to irritate Christophe, to exasperate him, set
ves on edge, and make him almost beside himself. And

her coquetry as soon as anybody—no matter who—appeare the road! . . . Then she would talk excitedly, laugh no make faces, draw attention to herself: she would assum affected mincing gait. Christophe would have a horrible sentiment that she was going to plunge into serious discussio And, indeed, she would do so. She would become sentime uncontrolledly, just as she did everything: she would unb herself in a loud voice. Christophe would suffer and lon beat her. Least of all could he forgive her her lack of cerity. He did not yet know that sincerity is a gift as ra intelligence or beauty and that it cannot justly be expecte everybody. He could not bear a lie: and Ada gave him in full measure. She was always lying, quite calmly, in of evidence to the contrary. She had that astounding fa for forgetting what is displeasing to them—or even wha been pleasing to them—which those women possess wh from moment to moment.

And, in spite of everything, they loved each other wi their hearts. Ada was as sincere as Christophe in her Their love was none the less true for not being based o tellectual sympathy: it had nothing in common with bas sion. It was the beautiful love of youth: it was sensual not vulgar, because it was altogether youthful: it was almost chaste, purged by the ingenuous ardor of pleasure. though Ada was not, by a long way, so ignorant as Chris yet she had still the divine privilege of youth of soul body, that freshness of the senses, limpid and vivid as a ning stream, which almost gives the illusion of purity through life is never replaced. Egoistic, commonplace, in in her ordinary life,—love made her simple, true, almost she understood in love the joy that is to be found in self-f fulness. Christophe saw this with delight: and he would have died for her. Who can tell all the absurd and to illusions that a loving heart brings to its love! A natural illusion of the lover was magnified an hundredf Christophe by the power of illusion which is born in the Ada's smile held profound meanings for him: an affec word was the proof of the goodness of her heart. He in her all that is good and beautiful in the universe. He

; own, his soul, his life. They wept together over their

sure was not the only bond between them: there was an able poetry of memories and dreams,—their own? or f the men and women who had loved before them, who had efore them,—in them? . . . Without a word, perhaps t knowing it, they preserved the fascination of the first ts of their meeting in the woods, the first days, the first together: those hours of sleep in each other's arms, still, king, sinking down into a flood of love and silent joy. fancies, visions, dumb thoughts, titillating, and making o pale, and their hearts sink under their desire, bringing ut them a buzzing as of bees. A fine light, and tender. heir hearts sink and beat no more, borne down in excess tness. Silence, languor, and fever, the mysterious weary f the earth quivering under the first sunlight of spring. o fresh a love in two young creatures is like an April g. Like April it must pass. Youth of the heart is like y feast of sunshine.

ing could have brought Christophe closer to Ada in his an the way in which he was judged by others.

day after their first meeting it was known all over the Ada made no attempt to cover up the adventure, and plumed herself on her conquest. Christophe would have more discretion: but he felt that the curiosity of the was upon him: and as he did not wish to seem to fly , he threw in his lot with Ada. The little town buzzed ttle. Christophe's colleagues in the orchestra paid him pliments to which he did not reply, because he would ow any meddling with his affairs. The respectable of the town judged his conduct very severely. He lost ic lessons with certain families. With others, the mothers that they must now be present at the daughters' lessons, g with suspicious eyes, as though Christophe were in- to carry off the precious darlings. The young ladies pposed to know nothing. Naturally they knew every- and while they were cold towards Christophe for his taste, they were longing to have further details. It was

only among the small tradespeople, and the shop people. Christophe was popular: but not for long: he was just a noyed by their approval as by the condemnation o rest: and being unable to do anything against that demnation, he took steps not to keep their approval: was no difficulty about that. He was furious with the g indiscretion.

The most indignant of all with him were Justus Eule the Vogels. They took Christophe's misconduct as a pe outrage. They had not made any serious plans conc him: they distrusted—especially Frau Vogel—these artisti peraments. But as they were naturally discontented and a inclined to think themselves persecuted by fate, they pers themselves that they had counted on the marriage of Chri and Rosa; as soon as they were quite certain that such a riage would never come to pass, they saw in it the m the usual ill luck. Logically, if fate were responsible for miscalculation, Christophe could not be: but the Vogels was that which gave them the greatest opportunity for f reasons for being sorry for themselves. So they decided t Christophe had misconducted himself it was not so mu his own pleasure as to give offense to them. They were dalized. Very religious, moral, and oozing domestic virtu were of those to whom the sins of the flesh are the most ful, the most serious, almost the only sins, because th the only dreadful sins—(it is obvious that respectable are never likely to be tempted to steal or murder).—A Christophe seemed to them absolutely wicked, and they ch their demeanor towards him. They were icy towards hi turned away as they passed him. Christophe, who was particular need of their conversation, shrugged his sho at all the fuss. He pretended not to notice Amalia's inso who, while she affected contemptuously to avoid him, d that she could to make him fall in with her so that she tell him all that was rankling in her.

Christophe was only touched by Rosa's attitude. Th condemned him more harshly even than his family. No this new love of Christophe's seemed to her to destroy he chances of being loved by him: she knew that she had no c

although perhaps she went on hoping: she always
.—But she had made an idol of Christophe: and that
l crumbled away. It was the worst sorrow for her . . .
sorrow more cruel to the innocence and honesty of her
han being disdained and forgotten by him. Brought up
ically, with a narrow code of morality, in which she
passionately, what she had heard about Christophe
only brought her to despair but had broken her heart.
d suffered already when he was in love with Sabine:
begun then to lose some of her illusions about her hero.
hristophe could love so commonplace a creature seemed
inexplicable and inglorious. But at least that love was
nd Sabine was not unworthy of it. And in the end
ad passed over it and sanctified it. . . . But that at once
he should love another woman,—and such a woman!—
e, and odious! She took upon herself the defense of
l woman against him. She could not forgive him for
forgotten her. . . . Alas! He was thinking of her
an she: but she never thought that in a passionate heart
ight be room for two sentiments at once: she thought
sible to be faithful to the past without sacrifice of the
Pure and cold, she had no idea of life or of Christophe:
ng in her eyes was pure, narrow, submissive to duty,
self. Modest of soul, modest of herself, she had only
ce of pride: purity: she demanded it of herself and of
She could not forgive Christophe for having so lowered
and she would never forgive him.

ophe tried to talk to her, though not to explain himself
could he say to her? what could he say to a little
al and naïve girl?).—He would have liked to assure
he was her friend, that he wished for her esteem, and
the right to it. He wished to prevent her absurdly
ng herself from him.—But Rosa avoided him in stern
he felt that she despised him.

s both sorry and angry. He felt that he did not deserve
tempt: and yet in the end he was bowled over by it:
ght himself guilty. Of all the reproaches cast against
most bitter came from himself when he thought of
He tormented himself.

"Oh! God, how is it possible? What sort of creatu
I? . . ."

But he could not resist the stream that bore him on.
thought that life is criminal: and he closed his eyes so
live without seeing it. He had so great a need to live, a
happy, and love, and believe! . . . No: there was nothin
picable in his love! He knew that it was impossible to be
wise, or intelligent, or even very happy in his love for
but what was there in it that could be called vile? Supp
(he forced the idea on himself)—that Ada were not a w
of any great moral worth, how was the love that he ha
her the less pure for that? Love is in the lover, not
beloved. Everything is worthy of the lover, everythi
worthy of love. To the pure all is pure. All is pure
strong and the healthy of mind. Love, which adorns
birds with their loveliest colors, calls forth from the soul
are true all that is most noble in them. The desire to
to the beloved only what is worthy makes the lover take pl
only in those thoughts and actions which are in harmon
the beautiful image fashioned by love. And the waters of
in which the soul is bathed, the blessed radiance of st
and joy, are beautiful and health-giving, making the
great.

That his friends misunderstood him filled him with
ness. But the worst trial of all was that his mother was
ning to be unhappy about it.

The good creature was far from sharing the narrow vie
the Vogels. She had seen real sorrows too near ever
to invent others. Humble, broken by life, having received
joy from it, and having asked even less, resigned to
thing that happened, without even trying to understand
was careful not to judge or censure others: she thoug
had no right. She thought herself too stupid to preten
they were wrong when they did not think as she did: it
have seemed ridiculous to try to impose on others the int
rules of her morality and belief. Besides that, her m
and her belief were purely instinctive: pious and pure in
self she closed her eyes to the conduct of others, with t
dulgence of her class for certain faults and certain weakn

ad been one of the complaints that her father-in-law, lichel, had lodged against her: she did not sufficiently uish between those who were honorable and those who ot: she was not afraid of stopping in the street or the -place to shake hands and talk with young women, no- in the neighborhood, whom a respectable woman ought end to ignore. She left it to God to distinguish between nd evil, to punish or to forgive. From others she asked little of that affectionate sympathy which is so necessary n the ways of life. If people were only kind she asked e.

since she had lived with the Vogels a change had come n her. The disparaging temper of the family had found easier prey because she was crushed and had no strength t. Amalia had taken her in hand: and from morning t when they were working together alone, and Amalia the talking, Louisa, broken and passive, unconsciously l the habit of judging and criticising everything. Frau id not fail to tell her what she thought of Christophe's . Louisa's calmness irritated her. She thought it in- of Louisa to be so little concerned about what put him the pale: she was not satisfied until she had upset her er. Christophe saw it. Louisa dared not reproach him: y day she made little timid remarks, uneasy, insistent: n he lost patience and replied sharply, she said no more: he could see the trouble in her eyes: and when he came metimes he could see that she had been weeping. He s mother too well not to be absolutely certain that her ss did not come from herself.—And he knew well whence

termined to make an end of it. One evening when as unable to hold back her tears and had got up from in the middle of supper without Christophe being able er what was the matter, he rushed downstairs four time and knocked at the Vogels' door. He was boiling e. He was not only angry about Frau Vogel's treat- his mother: he had to avenge himself for her having osa against him, for her bickering against Sabine, for e had had to put up with at her hands for months. For

months he had borne his pent-up feelings against her now made haste to let them loose.

He burst in on Frau Vogel and in a voice that he tri keep calm, though it was trembling with fury, he aske what she had told his mother to bring her to such a state.

Amalia took it very badly: she replied that she woul what she pleased, and was responsible to no one for her acti to him least of all. And seizing the opportunity to deliv speech which she had prepared, she added that if Louis unhappy he had to go no further for the cause of it tha own conduct, which was a shame to himself and a scan everybody else.

Christophe was only waiting for her onslaught to strik He shouted angrily that his conduct was his own affair, he did not care a rap whether it pleased Frau Vogel o that if she wished to complain of it she must do so to hin that she could say to him whatever she liked: that rested her, but he *forbade* her—(did she hear?)—*forbade* her anything to his mother: it was cowardly and mean so to a poor sick old woman.

Frau Vogel cried loudly. Never had any one dared to to her in such a manner. She said that she was not to be le by a rapscallion,—and in her own house, too!—And she t him with abuse.

The others came running up on the noise of the qua except Vogel, who fled from anything that might up- health. Old Euler was called to witness by the ind Amalia and sternly bade Christophe in future to refrain speaking to or visiting them. He said that they did no him to tell them what they ought to do, that they did duty and would always do it.

Christophe declared that he would go and would never set foot in their house. However, he did not go until h relieved his feelings by telling them what he had still about their famous Duty, which had become to him a pe enemy. He said that their Duty was the sort of thing to him love vice. It was people like them who discouraged by insisting on making it unpleasant. It was their fau so many find delight by contrast among those who are dis

iable and laughter-loving. It was a profanation of the
f duty to apply it to everything, to the most stupid tasks,
al things, with a stiff and arrogant severity which ends
ening and poisoning life. Duty, he said, was exceptional:
id be kept for moments of real sacrifice, and not used
the lover of its name to ill-humor and the desire to
greeable to others. There was no reason, because they
upid enough or ungracious enough to be sad, to want
ly else to be so too and to impose on everybody their
t way of living. . . . The first of all virtues is joy. Vir-
st be happy, free, and unconstrained. He who does
ust give pleasure to himself. But this perpetual upstart
his pedagogic tyranny, this peevishness, this futile dis-
this acrid, puerile quibbling, this ungraciousness, this
ss life, without politeness, without silence, this mean-
pessimism, which lets slip nothing that can make exist-
orer than it is, this vainglorious unintelligence, which
easier to despise others than to understand them, all
ldle-class morality, without greatness, without large-
thout happiness, without beauty, all these things are
nd hurtful: they make vice appear more human than

ought Christophe: and in his desire to hurt those who
nded him, he did not see that he was being as unjust
of whom he spoke.

ubt these unfortunate people were almost as he saw
But it was not their fault: it was the fault of their
us life, which had made their faces, their doings, and
ughts ungracious. They had suffered the deformation
—not that great misery which swoops down and slays
anew—but the misery of ever recurring ill-fortune,
ll misery which trickles down drop by drop from the
to the last. . . . Sad, indeed! For beneath these
teriors what treasures in reserve are there, of upright-
indness, of silent heroism! . . . The whole strength of
all the sap of the future.

phe was not wrong in thinking duty exceptional. But
no less. Everything is exceptional. Everything that
th has no worse enemy—not the evil (the vices are of

worth)—but the habitual. The mortal enemy of the
the daily wear and tear.

Ada was beginning to weary of it. She was not clever
to find new food for her love in an abundant nature li
of Christophe. Her senses and her vanity had extracte
it all the pleasure they could find in it. There was l
only the pleasure of destroying it. She had that secret i
common to so many women, even good women, to so
men, even clever men, who are not creative either of art
children, or of pure action,—no matter what: of life—a
have too much life in apathy and resignation to bear wit
uselessness. They desire others to be as useless as the
and do their best to make them so. Sometimes they
in spite of themselves: and when they become aware o
criminal desire they hotly thrust it back. But often th
it to themselves: and they set themselves according t
strength—some modestly in their own intimate circle—
largely with vast audiences—to destroy everything that h
everything that loves life, everything that deserves life
critic who takes upon himself to diminish the stat
great men and great thoughts—and the girl who
herself with dragging down her lovers, are both misch
beasts of the same kind.—But the second is the pleasan
the two.

Ada then would have liked to corrupt Christophe a li
humiliate him. In truth, she was not strong enough.
intelligence was needed, even in corruption. She felt
and it was not the least of her rankling feelings against
tophe that her love could do him no harm. She did not
the desire that was in her to do him harm: perhaps she
have done him none if she had been able. But it annoy
that she could not do it. It is to fail in love for a
not to leave her the illusion of her power for good or ev
her lover: to do that must inevitably be to impel her irre
to the test of it. Christophe paid no attention to it.
Ada asked him jokingly:

"Would you leave your music for me?"

(Although she had no wish for him to do so.)

He replied frankly:

, my dear: neither you nor anybody else can do anything
that. I shall always make music."
d you say you love?" cried she, put out.
hated his music—the more so because she did not under-
t, and it was impossible for her to find a means of coming
s with this invisible enemy and so to wound Christophe
passion. If she tried to talk of it contemptuously, or
lly to judge Christophe's compositions, he would
with laughter; and in spite of her exasperation Ada
relapse into silence: for she saw that she was being
us.

if there was nothing to be done in that direction, she
covered another weak spot in Christophe, one more easy
ss: his moral faith. In spite of his squabble with the
and in spite of the intoxication of his adolescence, Chris-
ad preserved an instinctive modesty, a need of purity,
h he was entirely unconscious. At first it struck Ada,
d and charmed her, then made her impatient and irri-
d finally, being the woman she was, she detested it. She
make a frontal attack. She would ask insidiously:
you love me?"
course!"
v much do you love me?"
much as it is possible to love."
t is not much . . . after all! . . . What would you do
"
tever you like."
ld you do something dishonest."
t would be a queer way of loving."
t is not what I asked. Would you?"
not necessary."
if I wished it?"
would be wrong."
aps. . . . Would you do it?"
ed to kiss her. But she thrust him away.
ld you do it? Yes or no?"
my dear."
rned her back on him and was furious.
do not love me. You do not know what love is."

"That is quite possible," he said good-humoredly. He that, like anybody else, he was capable in a moment of p of committing some folly, perhaps something dishonest, who knows?—even more: but he would have thought sha himself if he had boasted of it in cold blood, and certa would be dangerous to confess it to Ada. Some instinct w him that the beloved foe was lying in ambush, and taking of his smallest remark: he would not give her any w against him.

She would return to the charge again, and ask him:

"Do you love me because you love me, or because you?"

"Because I love you."

"Then if I did not love you, you would still love me

"Yes."

"And if I loved some one else you would still love m

"Ah! I don't know about that. . . . I don't think s In any case you would be the last person to whom I shou so."

"How would it be changed?"

"Many things would be changed. Myself, perhaps. certainly."

"And if I changed, what would it matter?"

"All the difference in the world. I love you as you a you become another creature I can't promise to love you

"You do not love, you do not love! What is the all this quibbling? You love or you do not love. love me you ought to love me just as I am, whatever always."

"That would be to love you like an animal."

"I want to be loved like that."

"Then you have made a mistake," said he jokingly. not the sort of man you want. I would like to be, but I And I will not."

"You are very proud of your intelligence! You lo intelligence more than you do me."

"But I love you, you wretch, more than you love y The more beautiful and the more good you are, the more you."

u are a schoolmaster," she said with asperity.
at would you? I love what is beautiful. Anything ugly
s me."
en in me?"
ecially in you."
lrummed angrily with her foot.
ill not be judged."
en complain of what I judge you to be, and of what
n you," said he tenderly to appease her.
et him take her in his arms, and deigned to smile, and
kiss her. But in a moment when he thought she had
n she asked uneasily:
at do you think ugly in me?"
ould not tell her: he replied cowardly:
on't think anything ugly in you."
hought for a moment, smiled, and said:
t a moment, Christli: you say that you do not like

spise it."
are right," she said. "I despise it too. I am of a
science. I never lie."
ared at her: she was sincere. Her unconsciousness dis-
im.
n," she went on, putting her arms about his neck, "why
ou be cross with me if I loved some one else and told
"
't tease me."
not teasing: I am not saying that I do love some one
m saying that I do not. . . . But if I did love some one
. . ."
, don't let us think of it."
I want to think of it. . . . You would not be angry
? You could not be angry with me?"
ould not be angry with you. I should leave you. That

e me? Why? If I still loved you. . . .?"
e you loved some one else?"
ourse. It happens sometimes."
it will not happen with us."

"Why?"

"Because as soon as you love some one else, I shall love no longer, my dear, never, never again."

"But just now you said perhaps. . . . Ah! you see yo not love me!"

"Well then: all the better for you."

"Because . . .?"

"Because if I loved you when you loved some one el might turn out badly for you, me, and him."

"Then! . . . Now you are mad. Then I am condemn stay with you all my life?"

"Be calm. You are free. You shall leave me when like. Only it will not be *au revoir*: it will be good-bye."

"But if I still love you?"

"When people love, they sacrifice themselves to each o

"Well, then . . . sacrifice yourself!"

He could not help laughing at her egoism: and she la too.

"The sacrifice of one only," he said, "means the love o only."

"Not at all. It means the love of both. I shall no you much longer if you do not sacrifice yourself for me. think, Christli, how much you will love me, when you sacrificed yourself, and how happy you will be."

They laughed and were glad to have a change fro seriousness of the disagreement.

He laughed and looked at her. At heart, as she sai had no desire to leave Christophe at present: if he in her and often bored her she knew the worth of such de as his: and she loved no one else. She talked so for fun, because she knew he disliked it, partly because she took pl in playing with equivocal and unclean thoughts like a which delights to mess about with dirty water. He knew He did not mind. But he was tired of these unwholesom cussions, of the silent struggle against this uncertain and creature whom he loved, who perhaps loved him: he wa from the effort that he had to make to deceive himself her, sometimes tired almost to tears. He would think: " why is she like this? Why are people like this? How s

ife is!" . . . At the same time he would smile as he
er pretty face above him, her blue eyes, her flower-like
exion, her laughing, chattering lips, foolish a little, half
o reveal the brilliance of her tongue and her white teeth.
lips would almost touch: and he would look at her as
a distance, a great distance, as from another world: he
see her going farther and farther from him, vanishing
ist. . . . And then he would lose sight of her. He could
er no more. He would fall into a sort of smiling oblivion
ch he thought of his music, his dreams, a thousand things
to Ada. . . . Ah! beautiful music! . . . so sad, so mor-
ad! and yet kind, loving. . . . Ah! how good it is! . . .
at, it is that. . . . Nothing else is true. . . .
would shake his arm. A voice would cry:
, what's the matter with you? You are mad, quite mad.
o you look at me like that? Why don't you answer?"
more he would see the eyes looking at him. Who was
. Ah! yes. . . . He would sigh.
would watch him. She would try to discover what he
nking of. She did not understand: but she felt that it
eless: that she could not keep hold of him, that there
ays a door by which he could escape. She would conceal
tation.
y are you crying?" she asked him once as he returned
e of his strange journeys into another life.
rew his hands across his eyes. He felt that they were

not know," he said.
y don't you answer? Three times you have said the
ing."
t do you want?" he asked gently.
ent back to her absurd discussions. He waved his hand

" she said. "I've done. Only a word more!" And
started again.
ophe shook himself angrily.
you keep your dirtiness to yourself!"
's only joking."
cleaner subjects, then!"

"Tell me why, then. Tell me why you don't like it."

"Why? You can't argue as to why a dump-heap smells does smell, and that is all! I hold my nose and go away."

He went away, furious: and he strode along taking in breaths of the cold air.

But she would begin again, once, twice, ten times. would bring forward every possible subject that could him and offend his conscience.

He thought it was only a morbid jest of a neurasthenic amusing herself by annoying him. He would shrug his ders or pretend not to hear her: he would not take her seri But sometimes he would long to throw her out of the wi for neurasthenia and the neurasthenics were very little taste. . . .

But ten minutes away from her were enough to mak forget everything that had annoyed him. He would retu Ada with a fresh store of hopes and new illusions. He her. Love is a perpetual act of faith. Whether God ex no is a small matter: we believe, because we believe. W because we love: there is no need of reasons! . . .

After Christophe's quarrel with the Vogels it becam possible for them to stay in the house, and Louisa had t another lodging for herself and her son.

One day Christophe's younger brother Ernest, of whom had not heard for a long time, suddenly turned up. H out of work, having been dismissed in turn from all the tions he had procured: his purse was empty and his ruined: and so he had thought it would be as well to re-es himself in his mother's house.

Ernest was not on bad terms with either of his bro they thought very little of him and he knew it: but he d bear any grudge against them, for he did not care. The no ill-feeling against him. It was not worth the t Everything they said to him slipped off his back without ing a mark. He just smiled with his sly eyes, tried t contrite, thought of something else, agreed, thanked them in the end always managed to extort money from one or of them. In spite of himself Christophe was fond of the

rtal who, like himself, and more than himself, resembled ather Melchior in feature. Tall and strong like Chris- he had regular features, a frank expression, a straight laughing mouth, fine teeth, and endearing manners. even Christophe saw him he was disarmed and could not half the reproaches that he had prepared: in his heart a sort of motherly indulgence for the handsome boy s of his blood, and physically at all events did him credit. not believe him to be bad: and Ernest was not a fool. t culture, he was not without brains: he was even not le of taking an interest in the things of the mind. He listening to music: and without understanding his 's compositions he would listen to them with interest. phe, who did not receive too much sympathy from his had been glad to see him at some of his concerts.

Ernest's chief talent was the knowledge that he pos- of the character of his two brothers, and his skill in use of his knowledge. It was no use Christophe know- nest's egoism and indifference: it was no use his seeing rnest never thought of his mother or himself except e had need of them: he was always taken in by his nate ways and very rarely did he refuse him anything. ch preferred him to his other brother Rodolphe, who rly and correct, assiduous in his business, strictly moral, sked for money, and never gave any either, visited his regularly every Sunday, stayed an hour, and only talked mself, boasting about himself, his firm, and everything cerned him, never asking about the others, and taking est in them, and going away when the hour was up, tisfied with having done his duty. Christophe could him. He always arranged to be out when Rodolphe Rodolphe was jealous of him: he despised artists, and he's success really hurt him, though he did not fail his small fame to account in the commercial circles in e moved: but he never said a word about it either to er or to Christophe: he pretended to ignore it. On r hand, he never ignored the least of the unpleasant hat happened to Christophe. Christophe despised such , and pretended not to notice it: but it would really

have hurt him to know, though he never thought about it, much of the unpleasant information that Rodolphe had a him came from Ernest. The young rascal fed the differ between Christophe and Rodolphe: no doubt he recognized (tophe's superiority and perhaps even sympathized a little i cally with his candor. But he took good care to turn account: and while he despised Rodolphe's ill-feeling h ploited it shamefully. He flattered his vanity and jea accepted his rebukes deferentially and kept him primed the scandalous gossip of the town, especially with every concerning Christophe,—of which he was always marvel informed. So he attained his ends, and Rodolphe, in sp his avarice, allowed Ernest to despoil him just as Chris did.

So Ernest made use and a mock of them both, impar And so both of them loved him.

In spite of his tricks Ernest was in a pitiful con when he turned up at his mother's house. He had from Munich, where he had found and, as usual, almos mediately lost a situation. He had had to travel the part of the way on foot, through storms of rain, sl God knows where. He was covered with mud, ragged, ing like a beggar, and coughing miserably. Louisa wa set and Christophe ran to him in alarm when they saw come in. Ernest, whose tears flowed easily, did not f make use of the effect he had produced: and there w general reconciliation: all three wept in each other's arms

Christophe gave up his room: they warmed the bed, an the invalid in it, who seemed to be on the point of Louisa and Christophe sat by his bedside and took it to watch by him. They called in a doctor, procured med made a good fire in the room, and gave him special food.

Then they had to clothe him from head to foot: linen, clothes, everything new. Ernest left himself in their Louisa and Christophe sweated to squeeze the money fro expenditure. They were very straitened at the mome removal, the new lodgings, which were dearer though j uncomfortable, fewer lessons for Christophe and more ex They could just make both ends meet. They ma

ow. No doubt Christophe could have applied to
he, who was more in a position to help Ernest,
would not: he made it a point of honor to help his
r alone. He thought himself obliged to do so as the
—and because he was Christophe. Hot with shame he
accept, to declare his willingness to accept an offer which
indignantly rejected a fortnight before,—a proposal from
ent of an unknown wealthy amateur who wanted to
musical composition for publication under his own name.
took work out, mending linen. They hid their sacrifice
each other: they lied about the money they brought

n Ernest was convalescent and sitting huddled up by
, he confessed one day between his fits of coughing that
a few debts.—They were paid. No one reproached him.
would not have been kind to an invalid and a prodigal
o had repented and returned home. For Ernest seemed
e been changed by adversity and sickness. With tears
eyes he spoke of his past misdeeds: and Louisa kissed
d told him to think no more of them. He was fond:
always been able to get round his mother by his demon-
is of affection: Christophe had once been a little jealous
Now he thought it natural that the youngest and the
son should be the most loved. In spite of the small
ce in their ages he regarded him almost as a son rather
a brother. Ernest showed great respect for him: some-
e would allude to the burdens that Christophe was taking
imself, and to his sacrifice of money: but Christophe
not let him go on, and Ernest would content himself
owing his gratitude in his eyes humbly and affectionately.
ld argue with the advice that Christophe gave him: and
ld seem disposed to change his way of living and to
riously as soon as he was well again.
ecovered: but had a long convalescence. The doctor
that his health, which he had abused, needed to be
. So he stayed on in his mother's house, sharing
he's bed, eating heartily the bread that his brother
and the little dainty dishes that Louisa prepared for
le never spoke of going. Louisa and Christophe never

mentioned it either. They were too happy to have found a
the son and the brother they loved.

Little by little in the long evenings that he spent with E
Christophe began to talk intimately to him. He need
confide in somebody. Ernest was clever: he had a quick
and understood—or seemed to understand—on a hint
There was pleasure in talking to him. And yet Christ
dared not tell him about what lay nearest to his heart
love. He was kept back by a sort of modesty. Ernest,
knew all about it, never let it appear that he knew.

One day when Ernest was quite well again he went in
sunny afternoon and lounged along the Rhine. As he p
a noisy inn a little way out of the town, where there
drinking and dancing on Sundays, he saw Christophe si
with Ada and Myrrha, who were making a great noise.
tophe saw him too, and blushed. Ernest was discreet and p
on without acknowledging him.

Christophe was much embarrassed by the encounter: it
him more keenly conscious of the company in which he
it hurt him that his brother should have seen him then
only because it made him lose the right of judging E
conduct, but because he had a very lofty, very naïve, and
archaic notion of his duties as an elder brother which
have seemed absurd to many people: he thought that in f
in that duty, as he was doing, he was lowered in his own

In the evening when they were together in their roo
waited for Ernest to allude to what had happened. But E
prudently said nothing and waited also. Then while they
undressing Christophe decided to speak about his love. H
so ill at ease that he dared not look at Ernest: and in his
ness he assumed a gruff way of speaking. Ernest did not
him out: he was silent and did not look at him, thou
watched him all the same: and he missed none of the h
of Christophe's awkwardness and clumsy words. Chri
hardly dared pronounce Ada's name: and the portrait th
drew of her would have done just as well for any woman
was loved. But he spoke of his love: little by little h
carried away by the flood of tenderness that filled his h
he said how good it was to love, how wretched he had been b

found that light in the darkness, and that life was without a dear, deep-seated love. His brother listened : he replied tactfully, and asked no questions: but a handshake showed that he was of Christophe's way of g. They exchanged ideas concerning love and life. phe was happy at being so well understood. They ex- a brotherly embrace before they went to sleep.

tophe grew accustomed to confiding his love to Ernest, always shyly and reservedly. Ernest's discretion re- him. He let him know his uneasiness about Ada: but r blamed her: he blamed himself: and with tears in he would declare that he could not live if he were to .

id not forget to tell Ada about Ernest: he praised his his good looks.

t never approached Christophe with a request to be ed to Ada: but he would shut himself up in his room ly refuse to go out, saying that he did not know any- Christophe would think ill of himself on Sundays for n his excursions with Ada, while his brother stayed . And yet he hated not to be alone with his beloved: sed himself of selfishness and proposed that Ernest ome with them.

ntroduction took place at Ada's door, on the landing. nd Ada bowed politely. Ada came out, followed by parable Myrrha, who when she saw Ernest gave a little surprise. Ernest smiled, went up to Myrrha, and r: she seemed to take it as a matter of course.

t! You know each other?" asked Christophe in aston-

, yes!" said Myrrha, laughing.

e when?"

a long time!"

you knew?" asked Christophe, turning to Ada. "Why not tell me?"

ou think I know all Myrrha's lovers?" said Ada, shrug- shoulders.

a took up the word and pretended in fun to be angry. ne could not find out any more about it. He was

depressed. It seemed to him that Ernest and Myrrha and had been lacking in honesty, although indeed he could not brought any lie up against them: but it was difficult to be that Myrrha, who had no secrets from Ada, had made a tery of this, and that Ernest and Ada were not already quainted with each other. He watched them. But they exchanged a few trivial words and Ernest only paid atte to Myrrha all the rest of the day. Ada only spoke to C tophe: and she was much more amiable to him than usual

From that time on Ernest always joined them. Christ could have done without him: but he dared not say so. had no other motive for wanting to leave his brother out his shame in having him for boon companion. He ha suspicion of him. Ernest gave him no cause for it: he se to be in love with Myrrha and was always reserved and with Ada, and even affected to avoid her in a way that little out of place: it was as though he wished to show brother's mistress a little of the respect he showed to hi Ada was not surprised by it and was none the less carefu

They went on long excursions together. The two bro would walk on in front. Ada and Myrrha, laughing and pering, would follow a few yards behind. They would in the middle of the road and talk. Christophe and E would stop and wait for them. Christophe would lose pa and go on: but soon he would turn back annoyed and irrit by hearing Ernest talking and laughing with the two women. He would want to know what they were saying when they came up with him their conversation would stop

"What are you three always plotting together?" he ask.

They would reply with some joke. They had a secret u standing like thieves at a fair.

Christophe had a sharp quarrel with Ada. They had cross with each other all day. Strange to say, Ada had assumed her air of offended dignity, to which she us resorted in such cases, so as to avenge herself, by making self as intolerably tiresome as usual. Now she simply tended to ignore Christophe's existence and she was in exc

with the other two. It was as though in her heart she
t put out at all by the quarrel.
istophe, on the other hand, longed to make peace: he
ore in love than ever. His tenderness was now mingled
feeling of gratitude for all the good things love had
t him, and regret for the hours he had wasted in stupid
ent and angry thoughts—and the unreasoning fear, the
ious idea that their love was nearing its end. Sadly he
at Ada's pretty face and she pretended not to see him
she was laughing with the others: and the sight of her
n him so many dear memories, of great love, of sincere
y.—Her face had sometimes—it had now—so much good-
it, a smile so pure, that Christophe asked himself why
were not better between them, why they spoiled their
ess with their whimsies, why she would insist on for-
their bright hours, and denying and combating all that
od and honest in her—what strange satisfaction she
ind in spoiling, and smudging, if only in thought, the
of their love. He was conscious of an immense need
ving in the object of his love, and he tried once more
g back his illusions. He accused himself of injustice:
remorseful for the thoughts that he attributed to her,
his lack of charity.
ent to her and tried to talk to her: she answered him
few curt words: she had no desire for a reconciliation
m. He insisted: he begged her to listen to him for a
away from the others. She followed him ungraciously.
hey were a few yards away so that neither Myrrha nor
could see them, he took her hands and begged her
and knelt at her feet in the dead leaves of the wood.
her that he could not go on living so at loggerheads
r: that he found no pleasure in the walk, or the fine
at he could enjoy nothing, and could not even breathe,
that she detested him: he needed her love. Yes: he
n unjust, violent, disagreeable: he begged her to forgive
was the fault of his love, he could not bear anything
ate in her, nothing that was altogether unworthy of
their memories of their dear past. He reminded her
l, of their first meeting, their first days together: he

said that he loved her just as much, that he would alwaye her, that she should not go away from him! She was e thing to him. . . .

Ada listened to him, smiling, uneasy, almost softened. looked at him with kind eyes, eyes that said that they each other, and that she was no longer angry. They k and holding each other close they went into the leafless w She thought Christophe good and gentle, and was grate him for his tender words: but she did not relinquish the na whims that were in her mind. But she hesitated, she d cling to them so tightly: and yet she did not abandon wh had planned to do. Why? Who can say? . . . Becau had vowed what she would do?—Who knows? Perha thought it more entertaining to deceive her lover that d prove to him, to prove to herself her freedom. She h thought of losing him: she did not wish for that. She th herself more sure of him than ever.

They reached a clearing in the forest. There wer paths. Christophe took one. Ernest declared that th led more quickly to the top of the hill whither they were g Ada agreed with him. Christophe, who knew the way, i often been there, maintained that they were wrong. Th not yield. Then they agreed to try it: and each wage he would arrive first. Ada went with Ernest. Myrrha a panied Christophe: she pretended that she was sure th was right: and she added, "As usual." Christophe ha the game seriously: and as he never liked to lose, he w quickly, too quickly for Myrrha's liking, for she was in less of a hurry than he.

"Don't be in a hurry, my friend," she said, in her ironic voice, "we shall get there first."

He was a little sorry.

"True," he said, "I am going a little too fast: there need."

He slackened his pace.

"But I know them," he went on. "I am sure the run so as to be there before us."

Myrrha burst out laughing.

"Oh! no," she said. "Oh! no: don't you worry about

hung on his arm and pressed close to him. She was
e shorter than Christophe, and as they walked she raised
ft eyes to his. She was really pretty and alluring. He
recognized her: the change was extraordinary. Usually
ce was rather pale and puffy: but the smallest excitement,
ry thought, or the desire to please, was enough to make
orn expression vanish, and her cheeks go pink, and the
wrinkles in her eyelids round and below her eyes dis-
, and her eyes flash, and her whole face take on a youth,
a spiritual quality that never was in Ada's. Christophe
rprised by this metamorphosis, and turned his eyes away
ers: he was a little uneasy at being alone with her. She
assed him and prevented him from dreaming as he
: he did not listen to what she said, he did not answer
if he did it was only at random: he was thinking—
ied to think only of Ada. He thought of the kindness
eyes, her smile, her kiss: and his heart was filled with
Myrrha wanted to make him admire the beauty of the
ith their little branches against the clear sky. . . . Yes:
all beautiful: the clouds were gone, Ada had returned
. he had succeeded in breaking the ice that lay between
they loved once more: near or far, they were one. He
with relief: how light the air was! Ada had come back
. . . Everything brought her to mind. . . . It was a
amp: would she not be cold? . . . The lovely trees were
ed with hoar-frost: what a pity she should not see them!
ut he remembered the wager, and hurried on: he was
ed only with not losing the way. He shouted joyfully
reached the goal:
are first!"
aved his hat gleefully. Myrrha watched him and smiled.
place where they stood was a high, steep rock in the
of the woods. From this flat summit with its fringe
rees and little stunted oaks they could see, over the
slopes, the tops of the pines bathed in a purple mist,
long ribbon of the Rhine in the blue valley. Not a bird
Not a voice. Not a breath of air. A still, calm winter's
chilliness faintly warmed by the pale beams of a misty
ow and then in the distance there came the sharp

whistle of a train in the valley. Christophe stood at the of the rock and looked down at the countryside. Myrrha wat Christophe.

He turned to her amiably:

"Well! The lazy things. I told them so! . . . Well must wait for them. . . ."

He lay stretched out in the sun on the cracked earth.

"Yes. Let us wait . . ." said Myrrha, taking off her

In her voice there was something so quizzical that he ra his head and looked at her.

"What is it?" she asked quietly.

"What did you say?"

"I said: Let us wait. It was no use making me run so f

"True."

They waited lying on the rough ground. Myrrha hum tune. Christophe took it up for a few phrases. But he st every now and then to listen.

"I think I can hear them."

Myrrha went on singing.

"Do stop for a moment."

Myrrha stopped.

"No. It is nothing."

She went on with her song.

Christophe could not stay still.

"Perhaps they have lost their way."

"Lost? They could not. Ernest knows all the paths

A fantastic idea passed through Christophe's mind.

"Perhaps they arrived first, and went away before we ca

Myrrha was lying on her back and looking at the sun. was seized with a wild burst of laughter in the middle song and all but choked. Christophe insisted. He want go down to the station, saying that their friends would be already. Myrrha at last made up her mind to move.

"You would be certain to lose them! . . . There was any talk about the station. We were to meet here."

He sat down by her side. She was amused by his eage He was conscious of the irony in her gaze as she look him. He began to be seriously troubled—to be anxious them: he did not suspect them. He got up once more.

of going down into the woods again and looking for them,
to them. Myrrha gave a little chuckle: she took from
cket a needle, scissors, and thread: and she calmly undid
wed in again the feathers in her hat: she seemed to have
shed herself for the day.
, no, silly," she said. "If they wanted to come do you
they would not come of their own accord?"
re was a catch at his heart. He turned towards her:
not look at him: she was busy with her work. He went
ner.
rrha!" he said.
?" she replied without stopping. He knelt now to look
early at her.
rrha!" he repeated.
ll?" she asked, raising her eyes from her work and
at him with a smile. "What is it?"
had a mocking expression as she saw his downcast

rrha!" he asked, choking, "tell me what you think . . ."
shrugged her shoulders, smiled, and went on working.
aught her hands and took away the hat at which she was

ve off, leave off, and tell me. . . ."
ooked squarely at him and waited. She saw that Chris-
lips were trembling.
think," he said in a low voice, "that Ernest and
.?"
miled.
well!"
arted back angrily.
No! It is impossible! You don't think that! . . .
!"
ut her hands on his shoulders and rocked with laughter.
dense you are, how dense, my dear!"
ook her violently.
't laugh! Why do you laugh? You would not laugh
e true. You love Ernest. . . ."
ent on laughing and drew him to her and kissed him.
of himself he returned her kiss. But when he felt her

lips on his, her lips, still warm with his brother's kiss flung her away from him and held her face away from own: he asked:

"You knew it? It was arranged between you?"

She said "Yes," and laughed.

Christophe did not cry out, he made no movement of a He opened his mouth as though he could not breathe: he c his eyes and clutched at his breast with his hands: his was bursting. Then he lay down on the ground with hi buried in his hands and he was shaken by a crisis of di and despair like a child.

Myrrha, who was not very soft-hearted, was sorry for involuntarily she was filled with motherly compassion. leaned over him, and spoke affectionately to him, and tri make him sniff at her smelling-bottle. But he thrust her in horror and got up so sharply that she was afraid. H neither strength nor desire for revenge. He looked at her his face twisted with grief.

"You drab," he said in despair. "You do not kno harm you have done. . . ."

She tried to hold him back. He fled through the spitting out his disgust with such ignominy, with such a hearts, with such incestuous sharing as that to which the tried to bring him. He wept, he trembled: he sobbed wi gust. He was filled with horror, of them all, of himse his body and soul. A storm of contempt broke loose in it had long been brewing: sooner or later there had to the reaction against the base thoughts, the degrading promises, the stale and pestilential atmosphere in which h been living for months: but the need of loving, of dev himself about the woman he loved, had postponed the as long as possible. Suddenly it burst upon him: and better so. There was a great gust of wind of a biting p an icy breeze which swept away the miasma. Disgust swoop had killed his love for Ada.

If Ada thought more firmly to establish her domination Christophe by such an act, that proved once more her inappreciation of her lover. Jealousy which binds soul are besmirched could only revolt a nature like Christo

, proud, and pure. But what he could not forgive, what
er would forgive, was that the betrayal was not the out-
of passion in Ada, hardly even of one of those absurd
egrading though often irresistible caprices to which the
of a woman is sometimes hard put to it not to surrender.
e understood now,—it was in her a secret desire to de-
him, to humiliate him, to punish him for his moral
nce, for his inimical faith, to lower him to the common
to bring him to her feet, to prove to herself her own
for evil. And he asked himself with horror: what is
mpulse towards dirtiness, which is in the majority of
beings—this desire to besmirch the purity of themselves
hers,—these swinish souls, who take a delight in rolling
, and are happy when not one inch of their skins is left
. . .

waited two days for Christophe to return to her. Then
gan to be anxious, and sent him a tender note in which
de no allusion to what had happened. Christophe did
n reply. He hated Ada so profoundly that no words
xpress his hatred. He had cut her out of his life. She
er existed for him.

tophe was free of Ada, but he was not free of himself.
did he try to return into illusion and to take up again
n and chaste strength of the past. We cannot return
ast. We have to go onward: it is useless to turn back,
ly to see the places by which we have passed, the distant
from the roofs under which we have slept, dying away
horizon in the mists of memory. But nothing so dis-
us from the soul that we had as a few months of
The road takes a sudden turn: the country is changed:
though we were saying good-bye for the last time to
we are leaving behind.
tophe could not yield to it. He held out his arms to
: he strove desperately to bring to life again the soul
d been his, lonely and resigned. But it was gone.
itself is not so dangerous as the ruins that it heaps up
es behind. In vain did Christophe not love, in vain—
oment—did he despise love: he bore the marks of its

talons: his whole being was steeped in it: there was in heart a void which must be filled. With that terrible nee tenderness and pleasure which devours men and women w they have once tasted it, some other passion was needed, it only the contrary passion, the passion of contempt, of p purity, of faith in virtue.—They were not enough, they not enough to stay his hunger: they were only the food moment. His life consisted of a succession of violent reactio leaps from one extreme to the other. Sometimes he w bend his passion to rules inhumanly ascetic: not eating, dr ing water, wearing himself out with walking, heavy tasks, so not sleeping, denying himself every sort of pleasure. S times he would persuade himself that strength is the morality for people like himself: and he would plunge in quest of joy. In either case he was unhappy. He coul longer be alone. He could no longer not be alone.

The only thing that could have saved him would have to find a true friendship,—Rosa's perhaps: he could have refuge in that. But the rupture was complete betwee two families. They no longer met. Only once had Chris seen Rosa. She was just coming out from Mass. He hesitated to bow to her: and when she saw him she had a movement towards him: but when he had tried to go through the stream of the devout walking down the step had turned her eyes away: and when he approached her bowed coldly and passed on. In the girl's heart he felt ini icy contempt. And he did not feel that she still loved and would have liked to tell him so: but she had come to of her love as a fault and foolishness: she thought Chris bad and corrupt, and further from her than ever. So were lost to each other forever. And perhaps it was as for both of them. In spite of her goodness, she was not enough to life to be able to understand him. In spite o need of affection and respect he would have stifled in a monplace and confined existence, without joy, without so without air. They would both have suffered. The unfort occurrence which cut them apart was, when all was told, haps, fortunate as often happens—as always happens—to who are strong and endure.

at the moment it was a great sorrow and a great mis-
e for them. Especially for Christophe. Such virtuous
ance, such narrowness of soul, which sometimes seems
rive those who have the most of them of all intelligence,
ose who are most good of kindness, irritated him, hurt
nd flung him back in protest into a freer life.

ing his loafing with Ada in the beer gardens of the
orhood he had made acquaintance with several good fel-
Bohemians, whose carelessness and freedom of manners
t been altogether distasteful to him. One of them, Friede-
a musician like himself, an organist, a man of thirty,
pt without intelligence, and was good at his work, but
incurably lazy and rather than make the slightest effort
nore than mediocre, he would have died of hunger, though
rhaps, of thirst. He comforted himself in his indolence
aking ill of those who lived energetically, God knows
nd his sallies, rather heavy for the most part, generally
eople laugh. Having more liberty than his companions,
not afraid,—though timidly, and with winks and nods
ggestive remarks,—to sneer at those who held positions:
even capable of not having ready-made opinions about
and of having a sly fling at the forged reputations of
eat men of the day. He had no mercy upon women
when he was making his jokes he loved to repeat the
ing of some misogynist monk about them, and Chris-
njoyed its bitterness just then more than anybody:
mina mors animae."

is state of upheaval Christophe found some distraction
ing to Friedemann. He judged him, he could not long
easure in this vulgar bantering wit: his mockery and
al denial became irritating before long and he felt the
ice of it all: but it did soothe his exasperation with the
ficient stupidity of the Philistines. While he heartily
l his companion, Christophe could not do without him.
ere continually seen together sitting with the unclassed
ubtful people of Friedemann's acquaintance, who were
ore worthless than himself. They used to play, and
ie, and drink the whole evening. Christophe would
y wake up in the midst of the dreadful smell of food

and tobacco: he would look at the people about him with str eyes: he would not recognize them: he would think agony:

"Where am I? Who are these people? What have I t with them?"

Their remarks and their laughter would make him sick. he could not bring himself to leave them: he was afraid going home and of being left alone face to face with his s his desires, and remorse. He was going to the dogs: he k it: he was doing it deliberately,—with cruel clarity he saw Friedemann the degraded image of what he was—of what would be one day: and he was passing through a phas such disheartenedness and disgust that instead of being bro to himself by such a menace, it actually brought him low.

He would have gone to the dogs, if he could. Fortuna like all creatures of his kind, he had a spring, a succor ag destruction which others do not possess: his strength, h stinct for life, his instinct against letting himself perish instinct more intelligent than his intelligence, and stronger his will. And also, unknown to himself, he had the str curiosity of the artist, that passionate, impersonal quality, w is in every creature really endowed with creative power. vain did he love, suffer, give himself utterly to all his pass he saw them. They were in him but they were not hi A myriad of little souls moved obscurely in him towards a point unknown, yet certain, just like the planetary w which are drawn through space into a mysterious abyss. perpetual state of unconscious action and reaction was al especially in those giddy moments when sleep came ove daily life, and from the depths of sleep and the night ros multiform face of Being with its sphinx-like gaze. For a Christophe had been obsessed with dreams in which in a se of time he felt clearly with perfect illusion that he *was* a and the same time several different creatures, often far re from each other by countries, worlds, centuries. In his wa state Christophe was still under his hallucination and pr ness, though he could not remember what had caused it. was like the weariness left by some fixed idea that is g though traces of it are left and there is no understandin

hile his soul was so troublously struggling through the
k of the days, another soul, eager and serene, was watch-
l his desperate efforts. He did not see it: but it cast
im the reflection of its hidden light. That soul was joy-
greedy to feel everything, to suffer everything, to observe
derstand men, women, the earth, life, desires, passions,
ts, even those that were torturing, even those that were
re, even those that were vile: and it was enough to lend
little of its light, to save Christophe from destruction.
le him feel—he did not know how—that he was not
her alone. That love of being and of knowing everything,
cond soul, raised a rampart against his destroying pas-

if it was enough to keep his head above water, it did
w him to climb out of it unaided. He could not succeed
ng clearly into himself, and mastering himself, and re-
possession of himself. Work was impossible for him.
passing through an intellectual crisis: the most fruitful
life: all his future life was germinating in it: but that
ealth for the time being only showed itself in extrava-
and the immediate effect of such superabundance was
erent from that of the flattest sterility. Christophe was
ged by his life. All his powers had shot up and grown
, all at once, suddenly. Only his will had not grown
em: and it was dismayed by such a throng of monsters.
rsonality was cracking in every part. Of this earth-
this inner cataclysm, others saw nothing. Christophe
could see only his impotence to will, to create, to be.
instincts, thoughts issued one after another like clouds
ur from the fissures of a volcano: and he was forever
himself: "And now, what will come out? What will
of me? Will it always be so? or is this the end of all?
be nothing, always?"

now there sprang up in him his hereditary fires, the
those who had gone before him.—He got drunk. He
eturn home smelling of wine, laughing, in a state of

Louisa would look at him, sigh, say nothing, and pray.
ne evening when he was coming out of an inn by the

gates of the town he saw, a few yards in front of him on road, the droll shadow of his uncle Gottfried, with his on his back. The little man had not been home for mo and his periods of absence were growing longer and lo Christophe hailed him gleefully. Gottfried, bending u his load, turned round: he looked at Christophe, who was ing extravagant gestures, and sat down on a milestone to for him. Christophe came up to him with a beaming skipping along, and shook his uncle's hand with great de strations of affection. Gottfried took a long look at him then he said:

"Good-day, Melchior."

Christophe thought his uncle had made a mistake, and out laughing.

"The poor man is breaking up," he thought; "he is l his memory."

Indeed, Gottfried did look old, shriveled, shrunken, and d his breathing came short and painfully. Christophe we talking. Gottfried took his pack on his shoulders again went on in silence. They went home together, Chris gesticulating and talking at the top of his voice, Gott coughing and saying nothing. And when Christophe ques him, Gottfried still called him Melchior. And then Chris asked him:

"What do you mean by calling me Melchior? My na Christophe, you know. Have you forgotten my name?"

Gottfried did not stop. He raised his eyes toward Chris and looked at him, shook his head, and said coldly:

"No. You are Melchior: I know you."

Christophe stopped dumfounded. Gottfried trotted a Christophe followed him without a word. He was se As they passed the door of a café he went up to the dark of glass, in which the gas-jets of the entrance and the streets were reflected, and he looked at himself: he re Melchior. He went home crushed.

He spent the night—a night of anguish—in examin self, in soul-searching. He understood now. Yes: he nized the instincts and vices that had come to light in they horrified him. He thought of that dark watching by

" Melchior, of all that he had sworn to do, and, surveying since then, he knew that he had failed to keep his vows. ıad he done in the year? What had he done for his r his art, for his soul? What had he done for eternity? was not a day that had not been wasted, botched, be-d. Not a single piece of work, not a thought, not an f enduring quality. A chaos of desires destructive of her. Wind, dust, nothing. . . . What did his intentions im? He had fulfilled none of them. He had done the opposite of what he had intended. He had become e had no wish to be: that was the balance-sheet of his

id not go to bed. About six in the morning it was still he heard Gottfried getting ready to depart.—For Gott-id had no intentions of staying on. As he was passing ı he had come as usual to embrace his sister and nephew: ad announced that he would go on next morning.
tophe went downstairs. Gottfried saw his pale face and hollow with a night of torment. He smiled fondly ınd asked him to go a little of the way with him. They together before dawn. They had no need to talk: they ıod each other. As they passed the cemetery Gottfried

ll we go in?"
" he came to the place he never failed to pay a visit to chel and Melchior. Christophe had not been there for Gottfried knelt by Melchior's grave and said:
us pray that they may sleep well and not come to us."
hought was a mixture of strange superstitions and ıse: sometimes it surprised Christophe: but now it was clear to him. They said no more until they left the

they had closed the creaking gate, and were walking e wall through the cold fields, waking from slum-the little path which led them under the cypress n which the snow was dropping, Christophe began to

uncle," he said, "how wretched I am!"

He dared not speak of his experience in love, from odd fear of embarrassing or hurting Gottfried: but spoke of his shame, his mediocrity, his cowardice, his b vows.

"What am I to do, uncle? I have tried, I have strug and after a year I am no further on than before. Wor have gone back. I am good for nothing. I am good for ing! I have ruined my life. I am perjured! . . ."

They were walking up the hill above the town. Gott said kindly:

"Not for the last time, my boy. We do not do wh will to do. We will and we live: two things. You mu comforted. The great thing is, you see, never to give up w and living. The rest does not depend on us."

Christophe repeated desperately:

"I have perjured myself."

"Do you hear?" said Gottfried.

(The cocks were crowing in all the countryside.)

"They, too, are crowing for another who is perjured. crow for every one of us, every morning."

"A day will come," said Christophe bitterly, "when the no longer crow for me. . . . A day to which there is a morrow. And what shall I have made of my life?"

"There is always a to-morrow," said Gottfried.

"But what can one do, if willing is no use?"

"Watch and pray."

"I do not believe."

Gottfried smiled.

"You would not be alive if you did not believe. Ever believes. Pray."

"Pray to what?"

Gottfried pointed to the sun appearing on the horizon and frozen.

"Be reverent before the dawning day. Do not think of will be in a year, or in ten years. Think of to-day. your theories. All theories, you see, even those of virtu bad, foolish, mischievous. Do not abuse life. Live in t Be reverent towards each day. Love it, respect it, do not it, do not hinder it from coming to flower. Love it even

ay and sad like to-day. Do not be anxious. See. It
r now. Everything is asleep. The good earth will
gain. You have only to be good and patient like the
Be reverent. Wait. If you are good, all will go well.
are not, if you are weak, if you do not succeed, well,
t be happy in that. No doubt it is the best you can
then, why *will?* Why be angry because of what you
o? We all have to do what we can. . . . *Als ich kann.*"
not enough," said Christophe, making a face.
ied laughed pleasantly.
more than anybody does. You are a vain fellow. You
be a hero. That is why you do such silly things. . . .
. . . I don't quite know what that is: but, you see,
ie that a hero is a man who does what he can. The
) not do it."
" sighed Christophe. "Then what is the good of
It is not worth while. And yet there are people who
who wills can!'" . . .
ied laughed again softly.
. . . Oh! well, they are liars, my friend. Or they
ill anything much. . . ."
had reached the top of the hill. They embraced affec-
The little peddler went on, treading wearily. Chris-
yed there, lost in thought, and watched him go. He
his uncle's saying:
ch kann (The best I can)."
e smiled, thinking:
. . . All the same. . . . It is enough."
urned to the town. The frozen snow crackled under
The bitter winter wind made the bare branches
nted trees on the hill shiver. It reddened his cheeks,
his skin tingle, and set his blood racing. The red
he town below were smiling under the brilliant, cold
e air was strong and harsh. The frozen earth seemed
in bitter gladness. And Christophe's heart was like
thought:
, shall wake again."
were still tears in his eyes. He dried them with
of his hand, and laughed to see the sun dipping down

behind a veil of mist. The clouds, heavy with snow, were ing over the town, lashed by the squall. He laughed at The wind blew icily. . . .

"Blow, blow! . . . Do what you will with me. Be with you! . . . I know now where I am going."

REVOLT

! He felt that he was free! . . . Free of others and of
! The network of passion in which he had been en-
for more than a year had suddenly been burst asunder.
He did not know. The filaments had given before the
of his being. It was one of those crises of growth in
oust natures tear away the dead casing of the year that
the old soul in which they are cramped and stifled.
ophe breathed deeply, without understanding what had
d. An icy whirlwind was rushing through the great
the town as he returned from taking Gottfried on his
he people were walking with heads lowered against the
Girls going to their work were struggling against the
it blew against their skirts: they stopped every now and
breathe, with their nose and cheeks red, and they looked
red, and as though they wanted to cry. He thought
ther torment through which he had passed. He looked
wintry sky, the town covered with snow, the people
g along past him: he looked about him, into himself:
no longer bound. He was alone! . . . Alone! How
be alone, to be his own! What joy to have escaped
bonds, from his torturing memories, from the hallu-
of faces that he loved or detested! What joy at
re, without being the prey of life, to have become his
er! . . .
nt home white with snow. He shook himself gaily like
s he passed his mother, who was sweeping the passage,
her up, giving little inarticulate cries of affection
ne makes to a tiny child. Poor old Louisa struggled
r's arms: she was wet with the melting snow: and she
, with a jolly laugh, a great gaby.

He went up to his room three steps at a time.—He hardly see himself in his little mirror it was so dark. his heart was glad. His room was low and narrow and difficult to move in it, but it was like a kingdom to him locked the door and laughed with pleasure. At last h finding himself! How long he had been gone astray! B eager to plunge into thought like a bather into water. like a great lake afar off melting into the mists of blu gold. After a night of fever and oppressive heat he st the edge of it, with his legs bathed in the freshness of the his body kissed by the wind of a summer morning. He pl in and swam: he knew not whither he was going, an not care: it was joy to swim whithersoever he listed. H silent, then he laughed, and listened for the thousand th sounds of his soul: it swarmed with life. He could ma nothing: his head was swimming: he felt only a bewil happiness. He was glad to feel in himself such unknown and indolently postponing putting his powers to the t sank back into the intoxication of pride in the inward flo which, held back for months, now burst forth like a spring.

His mother called him to breakfast. He went do was giddy and light-headed as though he had spent a the open air: but there was such a radiance of joy in h Louisa asked what was the matter. He made no rep seized her by the waist and forced her to dance with hi the table on which the tureen was steaming. Out of Louisa cried that he was mad: then she clasped her hands

"Dear God!" she said anxiously. "Sure, he is again!"

Christophe roared with laughter. He hurled his napk the air.

"In love? . . ." he cried. "Oh! Lord! . . . but no had enough! You can be easy on that score. That is done, forever! . . . Ouf!"

He drank a glassful of water.

Louisa looked at him, reassured, wagged her head, and

"That's a drunkard's pledge," she said. "It won't las to-night."

ıen the day is clear gain," he replied good-humoredly.
ı, yes!" she said. "But what has made you so
?"
am happy. That is all."
ing opposite her with his elbows on the table he tried to
r all that he was going to do. She listened with kindly
ism and gently pointed out that his soup was going cold.
ew that she did not hear what he was saying: but he did
e: he was talking for his own satisfaction.
looked at each other smiling: he talking: she hardly
ıg. Although she was proud of her son she attached no
mportance to his artistic projects: she was thinking:
s happy: that matters most."—While he was growing
ınd more excited with his discourse he watched his
's dear face, with her black shawl tightly tied round
ıd, her white hair, her young eyes that devoured him
, her sweet and tranquil kindliness. He knew exactly
e was thinking. He said to her jokingly:
is all one to you, eh? You don't care about what I'm
you?"
protested weakly:
no! Oh, no!"
issed her.
yes! Oh, yes! You need not defend yourself. You
t. Only love me. There is no need to understand me—
or you or for anybody else. I do not need anybody
ning now: I have everything in myself. . . ."
!" said Louisa. "Another maggot in his brain! . . .
e must have one I prefer this to the other."

sweet happiness to float on the surface of the lake of his
! . . . Lying in the bottom of a boat with his body
n sun, his face kissed by the light fresh wind that
er the face of the waters, he goes to sleep: he is swung
ls from the sky. Under his body lying at full length,
e rocking boat he feels the deep, swelling water: his
s into it. He rises: and with his chin on the edge
oat he watches the water flowing by as he did when
a child. He sees the reflection of strange creatures

darting by like lightning. . . . More, and yet more. . . . are never the same. He laughs at the fantastic spectacle is unfolded within him: he laughs at his own thoughts: h no need to catch and hold them. Select? Why select a so many thousands of dreams? There is plenty of time. Later on! . . . He has only to throw out a line at will to in the monsters whom he sees gleaming in the water. L them pass. . . . Later on! . . .

The boat floats on at the whim of the warm wind an insentient stream. All is soft, sun, and silence.

At last languidly he throws out his line. Leaning ou the lapping water he follows it with his eyes until it disa After a few moments of torpor he draws it in slowly: draws it in it becomes heavier: just as he is about to out of the water he stops to take breath. He knows t has his prey: he does not know what it is: he prolon pleasure of expectancy.

At last he makes up his mind: fish with gleaming, colored scales appear from the water: they writhe like of snakes. He looks at them curiously, he stirs them w finger: but hardly has he drawn them from the wate their colors fade and they slip between his fingers. He them back into the water and begins to fish for other is more eager to see one after another all the dreams si in him than to catch at any one of them: they all seem beautiful to him when they are freely swimming in the parent lake. . . .

He caught all kinds of them, each more extravagan the last. Ideas had been heaped up in him for many he had not drawn upon them, so that he was bursting riches. But it was all higgledy-piggledy: his mind was a an old Jew's curiosity shop in which there were piled the one room rare treasures, precious stuffs, scrap-iro rags. He could not distinguish their values: everything i him. There were thrilling chords, colors which rang lik harmonies which buzzed like bees, melodies smiling like lips. There were visions of the country, faces, passions, characters, literary ideas, metaphysical ideas. There were

s, vast and impossible, tetralogies, decalogies, pretending
ict everything in music, covering whole worlds. And,
ften there were obscure, flashing sensations, called forth
ifle, the sound of a voice, a man or a woman passing in
eet, the pattering of rain. An inward rhythm.—Many
e projects advanced no further than their title: most
n were never more than a note or two: it was enough.
l very young people, he thought he had created what he
d of creating.

he was too keenly alive to be satisfied for long with such
s. He wearied of an illusory possession: he wished to
is dreams.—How to begin? They seemed to him all
important. He turned and turned them: he rejected
e took them up again. . . . No, he never took them up
they were no longer the same, they were never to be
twice: they were always changing: they changed in his
nder his eyes, while he was watching them. He must
aste: he could not: he was appalled by the slowness
ich he worked. He would have liked to do everything
lay, and he found it horribly difficult to complete the
thing. His dreams were passing and he was passing
while he was doing one thing it worried him not to
another. It was as though it was enough to have
ne of his fine subjects for it to lose all interest for
nd so all his riches availed him nothing. His thoughts
only on condition that he did not tamper with
verything that he succeeded in doing was still-born.
he torment of Tantalus: within reach were fruits that
stones as soon as he plucked them: near his lips was
stream which sank away whenever he bent down to

ke his thirst he tried to sip at the springs that he had
d, his old compositions. . . . Loathsome in taste! At
gulp he spat it out again, cursing. What! That tepid
at insipid music, was that his music?—He read through
ompositions: he was horrified: he understood not a
hem, he could not even understand how he had come
them. He blushed. Once after reading through a

page more foolish than the rest he turned round to make that there was nobody in the room, and then he went and his face in his pillow like a child ashamed. Sometimes seemed to him so preposterously silly that they were quite fu and he forgot that they were his own. . . .

"What an idiot!" he would cry, rocking with laughter

But nothing touched him more than those composition which he had set out to express his own passionate feelings sorrows and joys of love. Then he would bound in his as though a fly had stung him: he would thump on the t beat his head, and roar angrily: he would coarsely apostro himself: he would vow himself to be a swine, trebly a scou a clod, and a clown—a whole litany of denunciation. In end he would go and stand before his mirror, red with sho and then he would take hold of his chin and say:

"Look, look, you scurvy knave, look at the ass-face th yours! I'll teach you to lie, you blackguard! Water. water."

He would plunge his face into his basin, and hold it water until he was like to choke. When he drew himsel scarlet, with his eyes starting from his head, snorting seal, he would rush to his table, without bothering to s away the water trickling down him: he would seize th happy compositions, angrily tear them in pieces, growli

"There, you beast! . . . There, there, there! . . ."

Then he would recover.

What exasperated him most in his compositions was the truth. Not a spark of feeling in them. A phraseolog by heart, a schoolboy's rhetoric: he spoke of love like a man of color: he spoke of it from hearsay, only repeatin current platitudes. And it was not only love: it was the with all the passions, which had been used for themes declamations.—And yet he had always tried to be sinc But it is not enough to wish to be sincere: it is necess have the power to be so: and how can a man be so wh yet he knows nothing of life? What had revealed the fal of his work, what had suddenly digged a pit between hi and his past was the experience which he had had durin last six months of life. He had left fantasy: there was

a real standard to which he could bring all the thoughts
dgment as to their truth or untruth.
disgust which his old work, written without passion,
in him, made him decide with his usual exaggeration
e would write no more until he was forced to write by
passionate need: and leaving the pursuit of his ideas at
ie swore that he would renounce music forever, unless
n were imposed upon him in a thunderclap.

made this resolve because he knew quite well that the
was coming.
nder falls when it will, and where it will. But there
aks which attract it. Certain places—certain souls—
storms: they create them, or draw them from all points
horizon: and certain ages of life, like certain months
year, are so saturated with electricity, that thunderstorms
duced in them,—if not at will—at any rate when they
ected.
whole being of a man is taut for it. Often the storm
oding for days and days. The pale sky is hung with
, fleecy clouds. No wind stirs. The still air ferments,
ms to boil. The earth lies in a stupor: no sound comes
. The brain hums feverishly: all nature awaits the
n of the gathering forces, the thud of the hammer which
v rising to fall back suddenly on the anvil of the clouds.
arm shadows pass: a fiery wind rises through the body,
ves quiver like leaves. . . . Then silence falls again.
goes on gathering thunder.
ch expectancy there is voluptuous anguish. In spite
discomfort that weighs so heavily upon you, you feel
veins the fire which is consuming the universe. The
feited boils in the furnace, like wine in a vat. Thou-
germs of life and death are in labor in it. What will
m it? The soul knows not. Like a woman with child,
nt: it gazes in upon itself: it listens anxiously for the
in its womb, and thinks: "What will be born of
. .
imes such waiting is in vain. The storm passes without
: but you wake heavy, cheated, enervated, disheartened.

But it is only postponed: the storm will break: if not to-
then to-morrow: the longer it is delayed, the more violent
it be. . . .

Now it comes! . . . The clouds have come up from all co
of the soul. Thick masses, blue and black, torn by the fr
darting of the lightning: they advance heavily, drunk
darkening the soul's horizon, blotting out light. An hou
madness! . . . The exasperated Elements, let loose from
cage in which they are held bound by the Laws which
the balance between the mind and the existence of th
reign, formless and colossal, in the night of consciousness.
soul is in agony. There is no longer the will to live.
is only longing for the end, for the deliverance of death.

And suddenly there is lightning!

Christophe shouted for joy.

Joy, furious joy, the sun that lights up all that is and
be, the godlike joy of creation! There is no joy but in
tion. There are no living beings but those who create.
the rest are shadows, hovering over the earth, strangers to
All the joys of life are the joys of creation: love, genius, a
—quickened by flames issuing from one and the same
Even those who cannot find a place by the great fireside
ambitious, the egoists, the sterile sensualists,—try to
warmth in the pale reflections of its light.

To create in the region of the body, or in the region o
mind, is to issue from the prison of the body: it is to ride
the storm of life: it is to be He who Is. To create is to tri
over death.

Wretched is the sterile creature, that man or that wo
who remains alone and lost upon the earth, scanning
withered bodies, and the sight of themselves from which no
of life will ever leap! Wretched is the soul that does not
its own fruitfulness, and know itself to be big with lo
love, as a tree with blossom in the spring! The world may
honors and benefits upon such a soul: it does but crown a co

When Christophe was struck by the flash of lightning
electric fluid coursed through his body: he trembled under

It was as though on the high seas, in the dark night, suddenly sighted land. Or it was as though in a crowd gazed into two eyes saluting him. Often it would happen after hours of prostration when his mind was leaping tely through the void. But more often still it came nents when he was thinking of something else, talking mother, or walking through the streets. If he were in eet a certain human respect kept him from too loudly trating his joy. But if he were at home nothing could im back. He would stamp. He would sound a blare mph: his mother knew that well, and she had come to hat it meant. She used to tell Christophe that he was ien that has laid an egg.

as permeated with his musical imagination. Sometimes shape in an isolated phrase complete in itself: more often d appear as a nebula enveloping a whole work: the e of the work, its general lines, could be perceived a veil, torn asunder here and there by dazzling phrases tood out from the darkness with the clarity of sculpt was only a flash: sometimes others would come in uccession: each lit up other corners of the night. But the capricious force having once shown itself unlly, would disappear again for several days into its us retreats, leaving behind it a luminous ray.

delight in inspiration was so vivid that Christophe usted by everything else. The experienced artist knows piration is rare and that intelligence is left to come work of intuition: he puts his ideas under the press ezes out of them the last drop of the divine juices that hem—(and if need be sometimes he does not shrink luting them with clear water).—Christophe was too id too sure of himself not to despise such contemptible . He dreamed impossibly of producing nothing that absolutely spontaneous. If he had not been deliberately would certainly have seen the absurdity of his aims. t he was at that time in a period of inward abundance there was no gap, no chink, through which boredom ness could creep. Everything served as an excuse to naustible fecundity: everything that his eyes saw or

his ears heard, everything with which he came in contac
his daily life: every look, every word, brought forth a cro
dreams. In the boundless heaven of his thoughts he saw circ
millions of milky stars, rivers of living light.—And yet,
then, there were moments when everything was suddenly ble
out. And although the night could not endure, although
had hardly time to suffer from these long silences of his
he did not escape a secret terror of that unknown power w
came upon him, left him, came again, and disappeared.
How long, this time? Would it ever come again?—His p
rejected that thought and said: "This force is myself. W
it ceases to be, I shall cease to be: I shall kill myself."—
never ceased to tremble: but it was only another delight.

But, if, for the moment, there was no danger of the sp
running dry, Christophe was able already to perceive th
was never enough to fertilize a complete work. Ideas al
always appeared rawly: he had painfully to dig them ou
the ore. And always they appeared without any sort of
quence, and by fits and starts: to unite them he had to b
to bear on them an element of reflection and deliberation
cold will, which fashioned them into new form. Christ
was too much of an artist not to do so: but he would not a
it: he forced himself to believe that he did no more than
scribe what was within himself, while he was always comp
more or less to transform it so as to make it intelligib
More than that: sometimes he would absolutely forge a t
ing for it. However violently the musical idea might
upon him it would often have been impossible for him to
what it meant. It would come surging up from the depth
life, from far beyond the limits of consciousness: and in
absolutely pure Force, which eluded common rhythms.
sciousness could never recognize in it any of the motives w
stirred in it, none of the human feelings which it defines
classifies: joys, sorrows, they were all merged in one
passion which was unintelligible, because it was above th
telligence. And yet, whether it understood or no, the in
gence needed to give a name to this form, to bind it dow
one or other of the structures of logic, which man is for
building indefatigably in the hive of his brain.

hristophe convinced himself—he wished to do so—that ure power that moved him had an exact meaning, and meaning was in accordance with his will. His free risen from the unconscious depths, was willy-nilly o plod on under the yoke of reason with perfectly clear iich had nothing at all in common with it. And work uced was no more than a lying juxtaposition of one great subjects that Christophe's mind had marked itself, and those wild forces which had an altogether meaning unknown to himself.

oped his way, head down, borne on by the contradic- ces warring in him, and hurling into his incoherent fiery and strong quality of life which he could ress, though he was joyously and proudly conscious

onsciousness of his new vigor made him able for the to envisage squarely everything about him, everything had been taught to honor, everything that he had re- without question: and he judged it all with insolent The veil was rent: he saw the German lie.

race, every art has its hypocrisy. The world is fed ttle truth and many lies. The human mind is feeble: th agrees with it but ill: its religion, its morality, its poets, its artists, must all be presented to it swathed These lies are adapted to the mind of each race: they n one to the other: it is they that make it so difficult ns to understand each other, and so easy for them e each other. Truth is the same for all of us: but ion has its own lie, which it calls its idealism: every herein breathes it from birth to death: it has become n of life: there are only a few men of genius who can e from it through heroic moments of crisis, when alone in the free world of their thoughts.

a trivial thing which suddenly revealed to Christophe German art. It was not because it had not always le that he had not seen it: he was not near it, he ecoiled from it. Now the mountain appeared to his se he had moved away from it.

He was at a concert of the *Städtische Townhalle.* concert was given in a large hall occupied by ten or t rows of little tables—about two or three hundred of t At the end of the room was a stage where the orchestra sitting. All round Christophe were officers dressed up in long, dark coats,—with broad, shaven faces, red, serious, commonplace: women talking and laughing noisily, ost tiously at their ease: jolly little girls smiling and showin their teeth: and large men hidden behind their beards spectacles, looking like kindly spiders with round eyes. got up with every fresh glass to drink a toast: they did almost religiously: their faces, their voices changed: it w though they were saying Mass: they offered each other libations, they drank of the chalice with a mixture of soli and buffoonery. The music was drowned under the conver and the clinking of glasses. And yet everybody was tryi talk and eat quietly. The *Herr Konzertmeister,* a tall, ben man, with a white beard hanging like a tail from his and a long aquiline nose, with spectacles, looked like a ologist.—All these types were familiar to Christophe. B that day he had an inclination—he did not know wh see them as caricatures. There are days like that for no apparent reason, the grotesque in people and t which in ordinary life passes unnoticed, suddenly leaps view.

The programme of the music included the *Egmont* ove a valse of Waldteufel, *Tannhäuser's Pilgrimage to Rom* overture to the *Merry Wives* of Nicolai, the religious mus *Athalie,* and a fantasy on the *North Star.* The orchestra p the Beethoven overture correctly, and the valse deliciously. ing the *Pilgrimage of Tannhäuser,* the uncorking of b was heard. A big man sitting at the table next to Chris beat time to the *Merry Wives* by imitating Falstaff. A old lady, in a pale blue dress, with a white belt, golden p nez on her flat nose, red arms, and an enormous waist. in a loud voice *Lieder* of Schumann and Brahms. She r her eyebrows, made eyes at the wings, smiled with a smile seemed to curdle on her moon-face, made exaggerated ge which must certainly have called to mind the *café-concert*

e majestic honesty which shone in her: this mother of a
played the part of the giddy girl, youth, passion: and
ann's poetry had a faint smack of the nursery. The
ce was in ecstasies.—But they grew solemn and attentive
there appeared the Choral Society of the Germans of
uth (*Süddeutschen Männer Liedertafel*), who alternately
nd roared part songs full of feeling. There were forty,
ey sang four parts: it seemed as though they had set
lves to free their execution of every trace of style that
roperly be called choral: a hotch-potch of little melodious
little timid puling shades of sound, dying *pianissimos,*
dden swelling, roaring *crescendos,* like some one beating
mpty box: no breadth or balance, a mawkish style: it was
ttom:

t me play the lion. I will roar you as gently as any
dove. I will roar you as it were a nightingale."

stophe listened from the beginning with growing amaze-
There was nothing new in it all to him. He knew
oncerts, the orchestra, the audience. But suddenly it
ied to him false. All of it: even to what he most loved,
mont overture, in which the pompous disorder and cor-
itation hurt him in that hour like a want of frankness.
ubt it was not Beethoven or Schumann that he heard,
ir absurd interpreters, their cud-chewing audience whose
upidity was spread about their works like a heavy mist.—
ter, there was in the works, even the most beautiful of
disturbing quality which Christophe had never before
What was it? He dared not analyze it, deeming it a
e to question his beloved masters. But in vain did he
s eyes to it: he had seen it. And, in spite of himself,
t on seeing it: like the *Vergognosa* at Pisa he looked
his fingers.

w German art stripped. All of them—the great and
ts—laid bare their souls with a complacent tenderness.
overflowed, moral nobility trickled down, their hearts
in distracted effusions: the sluice gates were opened to
ful German tender-heartedness: it weakened the energy
ronger, it drowned the weaker under its grayish waters:
flood: in the depths of it slept German thought. And

what thoughts were those of a Mendelssohn, a Brahms, a S mann, and, following them, the whole legion of little w of affected and tearful *Lieder!* Built on sand. Never Wet and shapeless clay.—It was all so foolish, so childish that Christophe could not believe that it never occurred t audience. He looked about him: but he saw only gaping convinced in advance of the beauties they were hearing the pleasure that they ought to find in it. How could admit their own right to judge for themselves? They filled with respect for these hallowed names. What did not respect? They were respectful before their progra before their glasses, before themselves. It was clear that tally they dubbed everything excellent that remotely or concerned them.

Christophe passed in review the audience and the mu ternately: the music reflected the audience, the audien flected the music. Christophe felt laughter overcomin and he made faces. However, he controlled himself. But the Germans of the South came and solemnly sang the *fession* that reminded him of the blushes of a girl in Christophe could not contain himself. He shouted with ter. Indignant cries of "Ssh!" were raised. His nei looked at him, scared: their honest, scandalized faces fille with joy: he laughed louder than ever, he laughed, he in until he cried. Suddenly the audience grew angry. They "Put him out!" He got up, and went, shrugging his ders, shaking with suppressed laughter. His departure a scandal. It was the beginning of hostilities between tophe and his birthplace.

After that experience Christophe shut himself up a himself to read once more the works of the "hallowed" cians. He was appalled to find that certain of the m whom he loved most had *lied.* He tried hard to doubt first, to believe that he was mistaken.—But no, there w way out of it. He was staggered by the conglomerat mediocrity and untruth which constitutes the artistic tr of a great people. How many pages could bear examin

From that time on he could begin to read other works,

who were dear to him, only with a fluttering heart.
as! There was some spell cast upon him: always there
same discomfiture. With some of them his heart was
was as though he had lost a dear friend, as if he had
seen that a friend in whom he had reposed entire
ce had been deceiving him for years. He wept for it.
not sleep at night: he could not escape his torment.
ed himself: perhaps he had lost his judgment? Per-
had become altogether an idiot?—No, no. More than
saw the radiant beauty of the day and with more fresh-
love than ever he felt the generous abundance of life:
was not deceiving him. . . .
or a long time he dared not approach those who were
for him, the purest, the Holy of Holies. He trembled
ought of bringing his faith in them to the test. But
st the pitiless instinct of a brave and truthful soul,
ll go on to the end, and see things as they are, whatever
may be got in doing so?—So he opened the sacred
called upon the last reserve, the imperial guard. . . .
rst glance he saw that they were no more immaculate
others. He had not the courage to go on. Every now
he stopped and closed the book: like the son of Noah,
his cloak about his father's nakedness. . . .
e was prostrate in the midst of all these ruins. He
ther have lost an arm, than have tampered with his
lusions. In his heart he mourned. But there was so
in him, so much reserve of life, that his confidence
s not shaken. With a young man's naïve presump-
egan life again as though no one had ever lived it
n. Intoxicated by his new strength, he felt—not with-
n, perhaps—that with a very few exceptions there is
relation between living passion and the expression
has striven to give to it. But he was mistaken in
himself more happy or more true when he expressed
e was filled with passion it was easy for him to dis-
t the back of what he had written: but no one else
ve recognized it through the imperfect vocabulary
h he designated its variations. Many artists whom
ned were in the same case. They had had, and had

translated profound emotions: but the secret of their lang had died with them.

Christophe was no psychologist: he was not bothered all these arguments: what was dead for him had always so. He revised his judgment of the past with all the cond and fierce injustice of youth. He stripped the noblest s and had no pity for their foibles. There were the rich m choly, the distinguished fantasy, the kindly thinking emp of Mendelssohn. There were the bead-stringing and the af tion of Weber, his dryness of heart, his cerebral emotion. was Liszt, the noble priest, the circus rider, neo-classical vagabond, a mixture in equal doses of real and false ne of serene idealism and disgusting virtuosity. Schubert. lowed up by his sentimentality, drowned at the bott leagues of stale, transparent water. The men of the ages, the demi-gods, the Prophets, the Fathers of the C were not spared. Even the great Sebastian, the man of who bore in himself the past and the future,—Bach,—wh free of untruth, of fashionable folly, of school-chattering. man who had seen God, the man who lived in God, s sometimes to Christophe to have had an insipid and s religion, a Jesuitical style, rococo. In his cantatas ther languorous and devout airs—(dialogues of the Soul coup with Jesus)—which sickened Christophe: then he seem see chubby cherubims with round limbs and flying dra And also he had a feeling that the genial *Cantor* alway in a closed room: his work smacked of stuffiness: ther not in his music that brave outdoor air that was bre in others, not such great musicians, perhaps, but greater more human—than he. Like Beethoven or Händel. Wh him in all of them, especially in the classics, was the of freedom: almost all their works were "constructed." times an emotion was filled out with all the commonpla musical rhetoric, sometimes with a simple rhythm, an mental design, repeated, turned upside down, combin every conceivable way in a mechanical fashion. These metrical and twaddling constructions—classical and neo-cl sonatas and symphonies—exasperated Christophe, who, a time, was not very sensible of the beauty of order, and

ll-conceived plans. That seemed to him to be rather
' work than musicians'.
he was no less severe with the romantics. It was a
thing, and he was more surprised by it than anybody,—
musicians irritated him more than those who had pre-
to be—and had actually been—the most free, the most
eous, the least constructive,—those, who, like Schumann,
ured drop by drop, minute by minute, into their in-
ble little works, their whole life. He was the more in-
ly in revolt against them as he recognized in them his
nt soul and all the follies that he had vowed to pluck
t. In truth, the candid Schumann could not be taxed
sity: he hardly ever said anything that he had not felt.
it was just it: his example made Christophe under-
hat the worst falsity in German art came into it not
e artists tried to express something which they had
, but rather when they tried to express the feelings
ey did in fact feel—*feelings which were false*. Music
placable mirror of the soul. The more a German musi-
naïve and in good faith, the more he displays the
es of the German soul, its uncertain depths, its soft
ss, its want of frankness, its rather sly idealism, its
y for seeing itself, for daring to come face to face
lf. That false idealism is the secret sore even of the
—of Wagner. As he read his works Christophe ground
. *Lohengrin* seemed to him a blatant lie. He loathed
ering chivalry, the hypocritical mummery, the hero
fear and without a heart, the incarnation of cold and
rtue admiring itself and most patently self-satisfied.
it too well, he had seen it in reality, the type of
Pharisee, foppish, impeccable, and hard, bowing down
own image, the divinity to which it has no scruple
rificing others. *The Flying Dutchman* overwhelmed
its massive sentimentality and its gloomy boredom.
s of the barbarous decadents of the *Tetralogy* were of
ng staleness. Siegmund carrying off his sister sang
rawing-room song. Siegfried and Brünnhilde, like re-
German married people, in the *Götterdämmerung* laid
e each other, especially for the benefit of the audience,

their pompous and voluble conjugal passion. Every e lie had arranged to meet in that work: false idealism, Christianity, false Gothicism, false legend, false gods, humans. Never did more monstrous convention appea in that theater which was to upset all the conventions. N eyes, nor mind, nor heart could be deceived by it for a mo if they were, then they must wish to be so.—They did w be so. Germany was delighted with that doting, childis an art of brutes let loose, and mystic, namby-pamby girls.

And Christophe could do nothing: as soon as he hea music he was caught up like the others, more than the by the flood, and the diabolical will of the man who l it loose. He laughed, and he trembled, and his cheeks and he felt galloping armies rushing through him! A thought that those who bore such storms within them might have all allowances made for them. What cries he uttered when in the hallowed works which he cou read without trembling he felt once more his old er ardent still, with nothing to tarnish the purity of w loved! These were glorious relics that he saved from the What happiness they gave him! It seemed to him t had saved a part of himself. And was it not himself? great Germans, against whom he revolted, were they blood, his flesh, his most precious life? He was only with them because he was severe with himself. Who love better than he? Who felt more than he the goodn Schubert, the innocence of Haydn, the tenderness of M the great heroic heart of Beethoven? Who more often t took refuge in the murmuring of the forests of Webe, a cool shade of the cathedrals of John Sebastian, raising the gray sky of the North, above the plains of Germany pile of stone, and their gigantic towers with their sun spires?—But he suffered from their lies, and he could not them. He attributed them to the race, their greatness to selves. He was wrong. Greatness and weaknesses belong to the race whose great, shifting thought flows like the g river of music and poetry at which Europe comes to d And in what other people would he have found the s

which now made it possible for him to condemn it so

d no notion of that. With the ingratitude of a spoiled turned against his mother the weapons which he had from her. Later, later, he was to feel all that he owed and how dear she was to him. . . .

e was in a phase of blind reaction against all the idols hildhood. He was angry with himself and with them he had believed in them absolutely and passionately—as well that it was so. There is an age in life when dare to be unjust, when we must make a clean sweep dmiration and respect got at second-hand, and deny ig—truth and untruth—everything which we have not ves known for truth. Through education, and through ig that he sees and hears about him, a child absorbs lies and blind follies mixed with the essential verities that the first duty of the adolescent who wishes to o a healthy man is to sacrifice everything.

phe was passing through that crisis of healthy disgust. nct was impelling him to eliminate from his life all gested elements which encumbered it.

of all to go was that sickening sweet tenderness which vay the soul of Germany like a damp and moldy river-ght! Light! A rough, dry wind which should sweep miasmas of the swamp, the misty staleness of the *Liedchen, Liedlein,* as numerous as drops of rain in xhaustibly the Germanic *Gemüt* is poured forth: the things like *Sehnsucht* (Desire), *Heimweh* (Home-*Aufschwung* (Soaring), *Trage* (A question), (Why?), *an den Mond* (To the Moon), *an die Sterne* Stars), *an die Nachtigall* (To the Nightingale), *an ling* (To Spring), *an den Sonnenschein* (To Sun-ike *Frühlingslied* (Spring Song), *Frühlingslust* (De-Spring), *Frühlingsgruss* (Hail to the Spring), *Früh-* (A Spring Journey), *Frühlingsnacht* (A Spring *Frühlingsbotschaft* (The Message of Spring): like *der Liebe* (The Voice of Love), *Sprache der Liebe* nguage of Love), *Trauer der Liebe* (Love's Sorrow),

Geist der Liebe (The Spirit of Love), *Fülle der Liebe* (Fullness of Love): like *Blumenlied* (The Song of the Flow *Blumenbrief* (The Letter of the Flowers), *Blumengruss* (ers' Greeting): like *Herzeleid* (Heart Pangs), *Mein He schwer* (My Heart is Heavy), *Mein Herz ist betrübt* Heart is Troubled), *Mein Aug' ist trüb* (My Eye is Hea like the candid and silly dialogues with the *Röselein* (The Rose), with the brook, with the turtle dove, with the lark those idiotic questions: *"If the briar could have no thorns "Is an old husband like a lark who has built a nest?"- she newly plighted?"*: the whole deluge of stale tende stale emotion, stale melancholy, stale poetry. . . . How lovely things profaned, rare things, used in season o For the worst of it was that it was all useless: a habit dressing their hearts in public, a fond and foolish prop of the honest people of Germany for plunging loudly into dences. With nothing to say they were always talking! their chatter never cease?—As well bid frogs in a po silent.

It was in the expression of love that Christophe was rawly conscious of untruth: for he was in a position t pare it with the reality. The conventional love songs, lac and proper, contained nothing like the desires of man heart of woman. And yet the people who had writ must have loved at least once in their lives! Was it p that they could have loved like that? No, no, they ha as they always did, they had lied to themselves: they had to idealize themselves. . . . Idealism! That meant th were afraid of looking at life squarely, were incapable of things like a man, as they are.—Everywhere the same the same lack of manly frankness. Everywhere the same enthusiasm, the same pompous lying solemnity, in their p ism, in their drinking, in their religion. The *Trink* (Drinking Songs) were prosopopeia to wine and the bowl *herrlich Glas . . .*" ("Thou, noble glass . . ."). Fai one thing in the world which should be spontaneous, spr from the soul like an unexpected sudden stream—was a factured article, a commodity of trade. Their patriotic were made for docile flocks of sheep basking in unison

then!—What! Must you go on lying—*"idealizing"* u are surfeited, till it brings you to slaughter and mad- . .

tophe ended by hating all idealism. He preferred frank to such lying. But at heart he was more of an idealist e rest, and he had not—he could not have—any more mies than the brutal realists whom he thought he pre-

as blinded by passion. He was frozen by the mist, the lying, "the sunless phantom Ideas." With his whole reached upwards to the sun. In his youthful contempt hypocrisy with which he was surrounded, or for what to be hypocrisy, he did not see the high, practical wis- the race which little by little had built up for itself liose idealism in order to suppress its savage instincts, rn them to account. Not arbitrary reasons, not moral gious codes, not legislators and statesmen, priests and hers, transform the souls of peoples and often impose m a new nature: but centuries of misfortune and ex- which forge the life of peoples who have the will to

t Christophe went on composing: and his compositions examples of the faults which he found in others. In ion was an irresistible necessity which would not sub- e rules which his intelligence laid down for it. No tes from reason, but from necessity.—It is not enough ecognized the untruth and affectation inherent in the of the feelings to avoid falling into them: long and ndeavor is necessary: nothing is more difficult than olutely true in modern society with its crushing heri- idolent habits handed down through generations. It lly difficult for those people, those nations who are by an indiscreet mania for letting their hearts speak— g them speak—unceasingly, when most generally it better have been silent.

he's heart was very German in that: it had not yet e virtue of silence: and that virtue did not belong . He had inherited from his father a need for talk-

ing, and talking loudly. He knew it and struggled again but the conflict paralyzed part of his forces.—And he ha other gift of heredity, no less burdensome, which had co him from his grandfather: an extraordinary difficulty— pressing himself exactly.—He was the son of a *virtuos* was conscious of the dangerous attraction of virtuosity: a cal pleasure, the pleasure of skill, of agility, of satisfied cular activity, the pleasure of conquering, of dazzling, thralling in his own person the many-headed audien excusable pleasure, in a young man almost an innocent pa though none the less destructive of art and soul: Chri knew it: it was in his blood: he despised it, but all th he yielded to it.

And so, torn between the instincts of his race and t his genius, weighed down by the burden of a parasitica which covered him with a crust that he could not break th he floundered along, and was much nearer than he thou all that he shunned and banned. All his compositions mixture of truth and turgidness, of lucid strength and ra stupidity. It was only in rare moments that his pers could pierce the casing of the dead personality which ha his movements.

He was alone. He had no guide to help him out of th When he thought he was out of it he slipped back aga went blindly on, wasting his time and strength in futile He was spared no trial: and in the disorder of his striving he never knew what was of greatest worth in w created. He tied himself up in absurd projects, sym poems, which pretended to philosophy and were of no dimensions. He was too sincere to be able to hold to th long together: and he would discard them in disgust he had stretched out a single movement. Or he would to translate into overtures the most inaccessible works of Then he would flounder about in a domain which was n own. When he drew up scenarios for himself—(for he at nothing)—they were idiotic: and when he attacked th works of Goethe, Hebbel, Kleist, or Shakespeare, he stood them all wrong. It was not want of intelligence but of the critical spirit: he could not yet understand othe

much taken up with himself: he found himself every-
ith his naïve and turgid soul.
esides these monsters who were not really begotten, he
quantity of small pieces, which were the immediate
n of passing emotions—the most eternal of all: musi-
ghts, *Lieder*. In this as in other things he was in
te reaction against current practices. He would take
nost famous poems, already set to music, and was im-
enough to try to treat them differently and with
truth than Schumann and Schubert. Sometimes he
y to give to the poetic figures of Goethe—to Mignon,
pist in *Wilhelm Meister*, their individual character,
d changing. Sometimes he would tackle certain love
ich the weakness of the artists and the dullness of the
in tacit agreement had clothed about with sickly senti-
: and he would unclothe them: he would restore to
ir rough, crude sensuality. In a word, he set out to
sions and people live for themselves and not to serve
or German families seeking an easy emotionalism on
when they sat about in some *Biergarten*.
nerally he would find the poets, even the greatest of
literary: and he would select the simplest texts for
: texts of old *Lieder*, jolly old songs, which he had
aps in some improving work: he would take care not
e their choral character: he would treat them with a
y, and altogether lay audacity. Or he would take
m the Gospel, or proverbs, sometimes even words heard
, scraps of dialogues of the people, children's thoughts:
n awkward and prosaic in which there was only pure
With them he was at his ease, and he would reach
vith them which was not in his other compositions,
hich he himself never suspected.
bad, more often bad than good, his works as a whole
ding vitality. They were not altogether new: far
Christophe was often banal, through his very sincerity:
d sometimes forms already used because they exactly
is thought, because he also felt in that way and not
Nothing would have induced him to try to be
t seemed to him that a man must be very common-

place to burden himself with such an idea. He tried to be
self, to say what he felt, without worrying as to whether
he said had been said before him or not. He took a pri
believing that it was the best way of being original and
Christophe had only been and only would be alive
With the magnificent impudence of youth, nothing seem
him to have been done before: and everything seemed to
to be left for doing—or for doing again. And the feeli
this inward fullness of life, of a life stretching endless b
him, brought him to a state of exuberant and rather indi
happiness. He was perpetually in a state of jubilation.
had no need of joy: it could adapt itself to sorrow: its
overflowed with life, was, in its strength, mother of all hap
and virtue. To live, to live too much! . . . A man wh
not feel within himself this intoxication of strength, this j
tion in living—even in the depths of misery,—is not an
That is the touchstone. True greatness is shown in this
of rejoicing through joy and sorrow. A Mendelssoh
Brahms, gods of the mists of October, and of fine rain,
never known the divine power.

Christophe was conscious of it: and he showed his joy
impudently. He saw no harm in it, he only asked to sh
with others. He did not see how such joy hurts the m
of men, who never can possess it and are always envio
For the rest he never bothered about pleasing or displea
he was sure of himself, and nothing seemed to him simpler
to communicate his conviction to others,—to conquer.
stinctively he compared his riches with the general po
the makers of music: and he thought that it would b
easy to make his superiority recognized. Too easy, eve
had only to show himself.

He showed himself.

They were waiting for him.

Christophe had made no secret of his feelings. Since
become aware of German Pharisaism, which refuses
things as they are, he had made it a law for himself th
should be absolutely, continually, uncompromisingly sinc
everything without regard for anything or anybody or h

he could do nothing without going to extremes, he ravagant in his sincerity: he would say outrageous things ndalize people a thousand times less naïve than him- Ie never dreamed that it might annoy them. When he the idiocy of some hallowed composition he would make o impart his discovery to everybody he encountered: ns of the orchestra, or amateurs of his acquaintance. ld pronounce the most absurd judgments with a beam- e. At first no one took him seriously: they laughed 'reaks. But it was not long before they found that he ays reverting to them, insisting on them in a way that lly bad taste. It became evident that Christophe be- n his paradoxes: and they became less amusing. He uisance: at concerts he would make ironic remarks in oice, or would express his scorn for the glorious masters iled fashion wherever he might be.

thing passed from mouth to mouth in the little town: ord was lost. People were already affronted by his con- ring the past year. They had not forgotten the scan- ashion in which he had shown himself abroad with the troublous times of the sequel. He had forgotten f: one day wiped out another, and he was very different at he had been two months before. But others had otten: those who, in all small towns, take upon them- rupulously to note down all the faults, all the imper- all the sad, ugly, and unpleasant happenings concern- neighbors, so that nothing is ever forgotten. Chris- ew extravagances were naturally set, side by side with er indiscretions, in the scroll. The former explained . The outraged feelings of offended morality were now up by those of scandalized good taste. The kindliest said:

trying to be particular."

ost alleged:

verrückt!" (Absolutely mad.)

inion no less severe and even more dangerous was to find currency—an opinion assured of success by its illustrious origin: it was said that, at the Palace, Christophe still went upon his official duties, he had

had the bad taste in conversation with the Grand Duke hi
with revolting lack of decency, to give vent to his idea
cerning the illustrious masters: it was said that he had
Mendelssohn's *Elijah* "a clerical humbug's paternoster,"
he had called certain *Lieder* of Schumann "*Backfisch Mu*
and that in the face of the declared preference of the
Princess for those works! The Grand Duke had cut shor
impertinences by saying dryly:

"To hear you, sir, one would doubt your being a Ger

This vengeful utterance, coming from so lofty an emi
reached the lowest depths: and everybody who thoug
had reason to be annoyed with Christophe, either for his
or for some more personal if not more cogent reason. di
fail to call to mind that he was not in fact pure German
father's family, it was remembered, came originally fro
gium. It was not surprising, therefore, that this in
should decry the national glories. That explained ever
and German vanity found reasons therein for greater self
and at the same time for despising its adversary.

Christophe himself most substantially fed this P
vengeance. It is very imprudent to criticise others wh
are yourself on the point of challenging criticism. A clev
less frank artist would have shown more modesty and
respect for his predecessors. But Christophe could see
son for hiding his contempt for mediocrity or his joy
own strength, and his joy was shown in no temperate
Although from childhood Christophe had been turned
himself for want of any creature to confide in, of late
come by a need of expansiveness. He had too much
himself: his breast was too small to contain it: he wo
burst if he had not shared his delight. Failing a fri
had confided in his colleague in the orchestra, the
Kapellmeister, Siegmund Ochs, a young Wurtemberger,
fellow, though crafty, who showed him an effusive de
Christophe did not distrust him: and, even if he had, ho
it have occurred to him that it might be harmful to co
joy to one who did not care, or even to an enemy? Ough
not rather to be grateful to him? Was it not for the
that he was working? He brought happiness for all, f

emies alike.—He had no idea that there is nothing more
t than to make men accept a new happiness: they almost
their old misery: they need food that has been masticated
s. But what is most intolerable to them is the thought
ey owe such happiness to another. They cannot forgive
fense until there is no way of evading it: and in any case,
contrive to make the giver pay dearly for it.

e were, then, a thousand reasons why Christophe's con-
s should not be kindly received by anybody. But there
thousand and one reasons why they should not be accept-
Siegmund Ochs. The first *Kapellmeister,* Tobias Pfeif-
s on the point of retiring: and, in spite of his youth,
phe had every chance of succeeding him. Ochs was too
German not to recognize that Christophe was worthy of
ition, since the Court was on his side. But he had too
n opinion of himself not to believe that he would have
ore worthy had the Court known him better. And so
ived Christophe's effusions with a strange smile when
ved at the theater in the morning with a face that he
ard to make serious, though it beamed in spite of him-

ll?" he would say slyly as he came up to him, "another
piece?"

tophe would take his arm.

! my friend. It is the best of all. . . . If you could
! . . . Devil take me, it is too beautiful! There has
been anything like it. God help the poor audience!
ill only long for one thing when they have heard it: to

words did not fall upon deaf ears. Instead of smiling,
haffing Christophe about his childish enthusiasm—he
ave been the first to laugh at it and beg pardon if he
n made to feel the absurdity of it—Ochs went into
estasies: he drew Christophe on to further enormities:
n he left him made haste to repeat them all, making
ven more grotesque. The little circle of musicians
l over them: and every one was impatient for the oppor-
f judging the unhappy compositions.—They were all
beforehand.

At last they appeared—Christophe had chosen from the l
of his works an overture to the *Judith* of Hebbel, the sa
energy of which had attracted him, in his reaction aga
German atony, although he was beginning to lose his
for it, knowing intuitively the unnaturalness of such assum
of genius, always and at all costs. He had added a symp
which bore the bombastic title of the Basle Boecklin, "
Dream of Life," and the motto: "*Vita somnium breve.*"
song-cycle completed the programme, with a few classical v
and a *Festmarsch* by Ochs, which Christophe had kindly c
to include in his concert, though he knew it to be mediocre

Nothing much happened during the rehearsals. Alth
the orchestra understood absolutely nothing of the compos
it was playing and everybody was privately disconcerted b
oddities of the new music, they had no time to form an opi
they were not capable of doing so until the public had
nounced on it. Besides, Christophe's confidence impose
the artists, who, like every good German orchestra, were
and disciplined. His only difficulties were with the singer.
was the blue lady of the *Townhalle* concert. She was fa
through Germany: the domestic creature sang Brünnhild
Kundry at Dresden and Bayreuth with undoubted lung-po
But if in the Wagnerian school she had learned the
which that school is justly proud, the art of good articula
of projecting the consonants through space, and of bom
the gaping audience with the vowels as with a club, she
not learned—designedly—the art of being natural. She
vided for every word: everything was accentuated: the syl
moved with leaden feet, and there was a tragedy in
sentence. Christophe implored her to moderate her dra
power a little. She tried at first graciously enough: but
natural heaviness and her need for letting her voice go ca
her away. Christophe became nervous. He told the respec
lady that he had tried to make human beings speak with
speaking-trumpet and not the dragon Fafner. She took
insolence in bad part—naturally. She said that, thank He
she knew what singing was, and that she had had the hon
interpreting the *Lieder* of Maestro Brahms, in the presen
that great man, and that he had never tired of hearing her

much the worse! So much the worse!" cried Christophe. asked him with a haughty smile to be kind enough to the meaning of his energetic remark. He replied that n his life had Brahms known what it was to be natural, s eulogies were the worst possible censure, and that h he—Christophe—was not very polite, as she had justly l, never would he have gone so far as to say anything so ant.

argument went on in this fashion: and the lady insisted ing in her own way, with heavy pathos and melodramatic -until one day when Christophe declared coldly that he truth: it was her nature and nothing could change it: e the *Lieder* could not be sung properly, they should ung at all: he withdrew them from the programme.—It the eve of the concert and they were counting on the she had talked about them: she was musician enough ciate certain of their qualities: Christophe insulted her: she was not sure that the morrow's concert would not eal on the young man's fame, she did not wish to quarrel rising star. She gave way suddenly: and during the earsal she submitted docilely to all Christophe's wishes. had made up her mind—at the concert—to have her v.

ay came. Christophe had no anxiety. He was too full usic to be able to judge it. He realized that some of ks in certain places bordered on the ridiculous. But l that matter? Nothing great can be written without the ridiculous. To reach the heart of things it is v to dare human respect, politeness, modesty, the timid- cial lies under which the heart is stifled. If nobody affronted and success attained, a man must be resigned fe to remain bound by convention and to give to second- le the second-rate truth, mitigated, diluted, which they ble of receiving: he must dwell in prison all his life. s great only when he has set his foot on such anxieties. he trampled them underfoot. Let them hiss him: he of not leaving them indifferent. He conjured up the at certain people of his acquaintance would make as

they heard certain rather bold passages. He expected h criticism: he smiled at it already. In any case they would to be blind—or deaf—to deny that there was force in it—p ant or otherwise, what did it matter?—Pleasant! Plea . . . Force! That is enough. Let it go its way, and bea before it, like the Rhine! . . .

He had one setback. The Grand Duke did not come. royal box was only occupied by Court people, a few ladie waiting. Christophe was irritated by it. He thought: " fool is cross with me. He does not know what to think of work: he is afraid of compromising himself." He shru his shoulders, pretending not to be put out by such tr Others paid more attention to it: it was the first lesson him, a menace of his future.

The public had not shown much more interest than the G Duke: quite a third of the hall was empty. Christophe c not help thinking bitterly of the crowded halls at his con when he was a child. He would not have been surpris the change if he had had more experience: it would have se natural to him that there were fewer people come to h him when he made good music than when he made bad it is not music but the musician in which the greater pa the public is interested: and it is obvious that a musician is a man and like everybody else is much less interesting a musician in a child's little trowsers or short frock, who ti sentimentality or amuses idleness.

After waiting in vain for the hall to fill, Christophe de to begin. He tried to pretend that it was better so, a " A few friends but good."—His optimism did not last lo

His pieces were played in silence.—There is a silence t audience which seems big and overflowing with love. there was nothing in this. Nothing. Utter sleep. Blanc Every phrase seemed to drop into depths of indifference. his back turned to the audience, busy with his orchestra, C tophe was fully aware of everything that was happening in hall, with those inner antennæ, with which every true mus is endowed, so that he knows whether what he is playin waking an echo in the hearts about him. He went on conc ing and growing excited while he was frozen by the

boredom rising from the stalls and the boxes behind

st the overture was ended: and the audience applauded. auded coldly, politely, and was then silent. Christophe rather have had them hoot. . . . A hiss! One hiss! g to give a sign of life, or at least of reaction against k! . . . Nothing.—He looked at the audience. The were looking at each other, each trying to find out what er thought. They did not succeed and relapsed into ence.

nusic went on. The symphony was played.—Christophe t hard to go on to the end. Several times he was on t of throwing down his bâton and running away. Their overtook him: at last he could not understand what he ducting: he could not breathe: he felt that he was falling homless boredom. There was not even the whispered omment which he had anticipated at certain passages: ence were reading their programmes. Christophe heard s turned all together with a dry rustling: and then re there was silence until the last chord, when the same plause showed that they had not understood that the y was finished.—And yet there were four pairs of hands clapping when the others had finished: but they awoke and stopped ashamed: that made the emptiness seem pty, and the little incident served to show the audience d it had been.

ophe took a seat in the middle of the orchestra: he t look to right or left. He wanted to cry: and at the ne he was quivering with rage. He was fain to get shout at them: "You bore me! Ah! How you bore cannot bear it! . . . Go away! Go away, all of ."

idience woke up a little: they were expecting the singer, ere accustomed to applauding her. In that ocean of new which they were drifting without a compass, she at sure, a known land, and a solid, in which there was er of being lost. Christophe divined their thoughts and he laughed bitterly. The singer was no less con- the expectancy of the audience: Christophe saw that

in her regal airs when he came and told her that it was her t to appear. They looked at each other inimically. Instea offering her his arm, Christophe thrust his hands into pockets and let her go on alone. Furious and out of co nance she passed him. He followed her with a bored expres As soon as she appeared the audience gave her an ovation: made everybody happier: every face brightened, the aud grew interested, and glasses were brought into play. Ce of her power she tackled the *Lieder,* in her own way, of co and absolutely disregarded Christophe's remarks of the eve before. Christophe, who was accompanying her, went pale. had foreseen her rebellion. At the first change that she he tapped on the piano and said angrily:

"No!"

She went on. He whispered behind her back in a low of fury:

"No! No! Not like that! . . . Not that!"

Unnerved by his fierce growls, which the audience could hear, though the orchestra caught every syllable, she sto it, dragging her notes, making pauses like organ stops. paid no heed to them and went ahead: in the end the out of time. The audience did not notice it: for some they had been saying that Christophe's music was not to seem pleasant or right to the ear: but Christophe, wh not of that opinion, was making lunatic grimaces: and at he exploded. He stopped short in the middle of a bar:

"Stop," he shouted.

She was carried on by her own impetus for half a bar then stopped:

"That's enough," he said dryly.

There was a moment of amazement in the audience. A a few seconds he said icily:

"Begin again!"

She looked at him in stupefaction: her hands trembled thought for a moment of throwing his book at his head: s wards she did not understand how it was that she did n so. But she was overwhelmed by Christophe's authority an unanswerable tone of voice: she began again. She sang whole song-cycle, without changing one shade of meaning

e movement: for she felt that he would spare her noth-
d she shuddered at the thought of a fresh insult.
n she had finished the audience recalled her frantically.
were not applauding the *Lieder*—(they would have ap-
l just the same if she had sung any others)—but the
singer who had grown old in harness: they knew that
uld safely admire her. Besides, they wanted to make
er for the insult she had just received. They were not
are, but they did vaguely understand that the singer had
mistake: and they thought it indecent of Christophe to
ir attention to it. They encored the songs. But Chris-
hut the piano firmly.
singer did not notice his insolence: she was too much
think of singing again. She left the stage hurriedly
t herself up in her box: and then for a quarter of an
e relieved her heart of the flood of wrath and rage that
t up in it: a nervous attack, a deluge of tears, indignant
and imprecations against Christophe,—she omitted
Her cries of anger could be heard through the closed
Those of her friends who had made their way there
rybody when they left that Christophe had behaved like
Opinion travels quickly in a concert hall. And so
ristophe went to his desk for the last piece of music
ence was stormy. But it was not his composition: it
Festmarsch by Ochs, which Christophe had kindly in-
n his programme. The audience—who were quite at
e with the dull music—found a very simple method of
g their disapproval of Christophe without going so far
s him: they acclaimed Ochs ostentatiously, recalled the
two or three times, and he appeared readily. And
the end of the concert.
rand Duke and everybody at the Court—the bored,
little provincial town—lost no detail of what had
. The papers which were friendly towards the singer
allusion to the incident: but they all agreed in exalt-
rt while they only mentioned the titles of the *Lieder*
e had sung. They published only a few lines about
e's other compositions, and they all said almost the
ngs: ". . . Knowledge of counterpoint. Complicated

writing. Lack of inspiration. No melody. Written with head, not with the heart. Want of sincerity. Trying t original. . . ." Followed a paragraph on true originality, of the masters who are dead and buried, Mozart, Beeth Loewe, Schubert, Brahms, "those who are original wi thinking of it."—Then by a natural transition they pass the revival at the Grand Ducal Theater of the *Nachtlager Granada* of Konradin Kreutzer: a long account was give "the delicious music, as fresh and jolly as when it was written."

Christophe's compositions met with absolute and aston lack of comprehension from the most kindly disposed o veiled hostility from those who did not like him, and arming themselves for later ventures: and from the g public, guided by neither friendly nor hostile critics, s Left to its own thoughts the general public does not th all: that goes without saying.

Christophe was bowled over.

And yet there was nothing surprising in his defeat. were reasons, three to one, why his compositions shou please. They were immature. They were, secondly, to vanced to be understood at once. And, lastly, people wer too glad to give a lesson to the impertinent youngste Christophe was not cool-headed enough to admit that his r was legitimate. He had none of that serenity which th artist gains from the mournful experience of long mis standing at the hands of men and their incurable stu His naïve confidence in the public and in success wh thought he could easily gain because he deserved it, cru away. He would have thought it natural to have enemies. what staggered him was to find that he had not a single f Those on whom he had counted, those who hitherto had s to be interested in everything that he wrote, had not giv a single word of encouragement since the concert. He to probe them: they took refuge behind vague words. I sisted, he wanted to know what they really thought: the sincere of them referred back to his former works, his i early efforts.—More than once in his life he was to hea

ks condemned by comparison with the older ones,—
by the same people who, a few years before, had con-
his older works when they were new: that is the usual
of these things. Christophe did not like it: he ex-
loudly. If people did not like him, well and good:
ted that: it even pleased him since he could not be
with everybody. But that people should pretend to
of him and not allow him to grow up, that they should
rce him all his life to remain a child, was beyond the
What is good at twelve is not good at twenty: and he
t to stay at that, but to change and to go on changing
. . These idiots who tried to stop life! . . . What
esting in his childish compositions was not their child-
nd silliness, but the force in them hungering for the
And they were trying to kill his future! . . . No, they
r understood what he was, they had never loved him,
n or now: they only loved the weakness and vulgarity
verything that he had in common with others, and not
not what he really was: their friendship was a mis-
ding. . . .

exaggerating, perhaps. It often happens with quite
le who are incapable of liking new work which they
love when it is twenty years old. New life smacks
for their weak senses: the scent of it must evaporate
ds of Time. A work of art only becomes intelligible
hen it is crusted over with the dust of years.

Christophe could not admit of not being understood
as *present,* and of being understood when he was *past.*
red to think that he was not understood at all, in
even. And he raged against it. He was foolish
want to make himself understood, to explain himself,
Although no good purpose was served thereby: he
had to reform the taste of his time. But he was
nothing. He was determined by hook or by crook to
German taste. But it was utterly impossible: he
convince anybody by means of conversation, in which
t difficult to find words, and expressed himself with
f violence about the great musicians and even about
whom he was talking: he only succeeded in making

a few more enemies. He would have had to prepare his beforehand, and then to force the public to hear him. . . .

And just then, at the appointed hour, his star—his evil s gave him the means of doing so.

He was sitting in the restaurant of the theater in a g of musicians belonging to the orchestra whom he was scan ing by his artistic judgments. They were not all of the opinion: but they were all ruffled by the freedom of his lang Old Krause, the alto, a good fellow and a good musician sincerely loved Christophe, tried to turn the conversatio coughed, then looked out for an opportunity of making But Christophe did not hear him: he went on: and h mourned and thought:

"What makes him say such things? God bless him! can think these things: but you must not say them."

The odd thing was that he also thought "these things least, he had a glimmering of them, and Christophe's roused many doubts in him: but he had not the cour confess it, or openly to agree—half from fear of compro himself, half from modesty and distrust of himself.

Weigl, the cornet-player, did not want to know anythi was ready to admire anything, or anybody, good or ba or gas-jet: everything was the same to him: there degrees in his admiration: he admired, admired, admire was a vital necessity to him: it hurt him when anybod to curb him.

Old Kuh, the violoncellist, suffered even more. He bad music with all his heart. Everything that Chr hounded down with his sarcasm and invective was dear to him: instinctively his choice pitched on the mo ventional works: his soul was a reservoir of tearful and flown emotion. Indeed, he was not dishonest in his regard for all the sham great men. It was when he pretend that he liked the real great men that he was himself—in perfect innocence. There are "Brahmins think to find in their God the breath of old men of they love Beethoven in Brahms. Kuh went one better: h Brahms in Beethoven.

ne most enraged of all with Christophe's paradoxes was
ne bassoon. It was not so much his musical instinct
wounded as his natural servility. One of the Roman
s wished to die standing. Spitz wished to die, as he
l, crawling: that was his natural position: it was de-
to him to grovel at the feet of everything that was
nallowed, "arrived": and he was beside himself when
tried to keep him from playing the lackey, comfort-

uh groaned, Weigl threw up his hands in despair,
nade jokes, and Spitz shouted in a shrill voice. But
ne went on imperturbably shouting louder than the
l saying monstrous things about Germany and the

next table a young man was listening to him and
ith laughter. He had black curly hair, fine, intelligent
rge nose, which at its end could not make up its mind
er to right or left, and rather than go straight on, went
ides at once, thick lips, and a clever, mobile face: he
wing everything that Christophe said, hanging on his
cting every word with a sympathetic and yet mocking
wrinkling up his forehead, his temples, the corners
es, round his nostrils and cheeks, grimacing with
and every now and then shaking all over convulsively.
not join in the conversation, but he did not miss a
t. He showed his joy especially when he saw Chris-
olved in some argument and heckled by Spitz, flounder
mmer, and stutter with anger, until he had found
he was seeking,—a rock with which to crush his
And his delight knew no bounds when Christophe,
ng by his passions far beyond the capacity of his
nunciated monstrous paradoxes which made his hear-

they broke up, each of them tired out with feeling
ng his own superiority. As Christophe, the last to
aving the room he was accosted by the young man
listened to his words with such pleasure. He had
ticed him. The other politely removed his hat, smiled,
permission to introduce himself:

"Franz Mannheim."

He begged pardon for his indiscretion in listening to the argument, and congratulated Christophe on the *maestria* with which he had pulverized his opponents. He was still laughing at the thought of it. Christophe was glad to hear it, and looked at him a little distrustfully:

"Seriously?" he asked. "You are not laughing at me?"

The other swore by the gods. Christophe's face lit up.

"Then you think I am right? You are of my opinion?"

"Well," said Mannheim, "I am not a musician. I know nothing of music. The only music I like—(if it is not too flattering to say so)—is yours. . . . That may show you that my taste is not so bad. . . ."

"Oh!" said Christophe skeptically, though he was flattered all the same, "that proves nothing."

"You are difficult to please. . . . Good! . . . I think as you do: that proves nothing. And I don't venture to say what you say of German musicians. But, anyhow, it is true of the Germans in general, the old Germans, all the old idiots with their rancid thought, their sloppy emotion, their senile reiteration which we are asked to admire, '*the law of Yesterday, which has always been, and always will be, and will be law to-morrow because it is law to-day.*' . . .!"

He recited a few lines of the famous passage in Schopenhauer:

". . . *Das ewig Gestrige,*
Das immer war und immer wiederkehrt. . . ."

"Himself, first of all!" He stopped in the middle of the recitation.

"Who?" asked Christophe.

"The pump-maker who wrote that!"

Christophe did not understand. But Mannheim went on:

"I should like to have a general cleaning up of all the thought every fifty years—nothing to be left standing."

"A little drastic," said Christophe, smiling.

"No, I assure you. Fifty years is too much: I should

. . And even less! . . . It is a hygienic measure. One keep one's ancestors in one's house. One gets rid of nen they are dead, and sends them elsewhere, there o rot, and one places stones on them to be quite sure will not come back. Nice people put flowers on them, on't mind if they like it. All I ask is to be left in leave them alone! Each for his own side, say I: the the living."

e are some dead who are more alive than the living." no! It would be more true to say that there are some o are more dead than the dead."

e. In any case, there are old things which are still

if they are still young we can find them for ourselves. I don't believe it. What has been good once never is n. Nothing is good but change. Before all we have selves of the old men and things. There are too many n Germany. Death to them, say I!"

he listened to these squibs attentively and labored them: he was in part in sympathy with them, he certain of his own thoughts in them: and at the he felt a little embarrassed at having them so blown point of caricature. But as he assumed that every- was as serious as himself, he thought that perhaps , who seemed to be more learned than himself and e easily, was right, and was drawing the logical con- om his principles. Vain Christophe, whom so many ld not forgive for his faith in himself, was really ly modest, often tricked by his modesty when he was who were better educated than himself,—especially consented not to plume themselves on it to avoid an discussion. Mannheim, who was amusing himself wn paradoxes, and from one sally to another had travagant quips and cranks, at which he was laugh- sely, was not accustomed to being taken seriously: ighted with the trouble that Christophe was taking his nonsense, and even to understand it: and while , he was grateful for the importance which Chris- him: he thought him absurd and charming.

They parted very good friends: and Christophe was a little surprised three hours later at rehearsal to see Mannh head poked through the little door leading to the orch smiling and grimacing, and making mysterious signs at When the rehearsal was over Christophe went to him. M heim took his arm familiarly.

"You can spare a moment? . . . Listen. I have an Perhaps you will think it absurd. . . . Would not you for once in a way to write what you think of music an musicos? Instead of wasting your breath in haranguing dirty knaves of your band who are good for nothing but ing and blowing into bits of wood, would it not be bet address the general public?"

"Not better? Would I like? . . . My word! And do you want me to write? It *is* good of you! . . ."

"I've a proposal for you. . . . Some friends and I: bert von Waldhaus, Raphael Goldenring, Adolf Mai, and Ehrenfeld,—have started a Review, the only intelligent in the town: the *Dionysos*.—(You must know it. . . .)—W admire each other and should be glad if you would jo Will you take over our musical criticism?"

Christophe was abashed by such an honor: he was h to accept: he was only afraid of not being worthy: he co write.

"Oh! come," said Mannheim, "I am sure you can besides, as soon as you are a critic you can do anythi like. You've no need to be afraid of the public. The is incredibly stupid. It is nothing to be an artist: an is only a sort of comedian: an artist can be hissed. But has the right to say: 'Hiss me that man!' The whole ence lets him do its thinking. Think whatever you like look as if you were thinking something. Provided you gi fools their food, it does not much matter what, they wi down anything."

In the end Christophe consented, with effusive thanks only made it a condition that he should be allowed to sa he liked.

"Of course, of course," said Mannheim. "Absolute dom! We are all free."

oked him up at the theater once more after the perform-
ntroduce him to Adalbert von Waldhaus and his friends.
lcomed him warmly.

the exception of Waldhaus, who belonged to one of
e families of the neighborhood, they were all Jews and
rich: Mannheim was the son of a banker: Mai the son
nanager of a metallurgical establishment: and Ehren-
ther was a great jeweler. Their fathers belonged to
r generation of Jews, industrious and acquisitive, at-
the spirit of their race, building their fortunes with
rgy, and enjoying their energy much more than their
. Their sons seemed to be made to destroy what their
ad builded: they laughed at family prejudice and their
mania for economy and delving: they posed as artists,
o despise money and to fling it out of window. But
they hardly ever let it slip through their fingers: and
id they do all sorts of foolish things: they never could
r lead astray their lucidity of mind and practical sense.
rest, their parents kept an eye on them, and reined
. The most prodigal of them, Mannheim, would sin-
we given away all that he had: but he never had any-
hd although he was always loudly inveighing against
r's niggardliness, in his heart he laughed at it and
hat he was right. In fine, there was only Waldhaus
o was in control of his fortune, and went into it whole-
and reckless of cost, and bore that of the Review.
a poet. He wrote *"Polymètres,"* in the manner of
lz and Walt Whitman, with lines alternately very long
short, in which stops, double and triple stops, dashes,
ommas, italics and italics, played a great part. And so
ration and repetition—of a word—of a line—of a
ase. He interpolated words of every language. He
no one has ever known why)—to render the *Cézanne*
. In truth, he was poetic enough and had a distin-
ste for stale things. He was sentimental and dry,
foppish: his labored verses affected a cavalier careless-
would have been a good poet for men of the world.
are too many of the kind in the Reviews and artistic
d he wished to be alone. He had taken it into his

head to play the great gentleman who is above the prej of his caste. He had more prejudices than anybody. H not admit their existence. He took a delight in surrou himself with Jews in the Review which he edited, to ros indignation of his family, who were very anti-Semite, a prove his own freedom of mind to himself. With his co he assumed a tone of courteous equality. But in his he had a calm and boundless contempt for them. He wa unaware that they were very glad to make use of his na money: and he let them do so because it pleased him to d them.

And they despised him for letting them do so: for the very well that it served his turn. A fair exchange. W lent them his name and fortune: and they brought hi talents, their eye for business and subscribers. They wer more intelligent than he. Not that they had more perso They had perhaps even less. But in the little town th as the Jews are everywhere and always,—by the mere f their difference of race which for centuries has isolated and sharpened their faculty for making observation—th the most advanced in mind, the most sensible of the a of its moldy institutions and decrepit thought. Only, a character was less free than their intelligence, it did n them, while they mocked, from trying rather to turn institutions and ideas to account than to reform In spite of their independent professions of faith, th like the noble Adalbert, little provincial snobs, rich, id men of family, who dabbled and flirted with letters for t of it. They were very glad to swagger about as giant-k but they were kindly enough and never slew anybody a few inoffensive people or those whom they thought could harm them. They cared nothing for setting by the e society to which they knew very well they would one day and embrace all the prejudices which they had combated when they did venture to make a stir on a little scand loudly to declare war on some idol of the day,—who was b ning to totter,—they took care never to burn their boa case of danger they re-embarked. Whatever then might b issue of the campaign,—when it was finished it was a

fore war would break out again: the Philistines could peace. All that these new *Davidsbündler* wanted to to make it appear that they could have been terrible if l so desired: but they did not desire. They preferred n friendly terms with artists and to give suppers to .

tophe was not happy in such a set. They were always of women and horses: and their talk was not refined. re stiff and formal. Adalbert spoke in a mincing, slow ith exaggerated, bored, and boring politeness. Adolf secretary of the Review, a heavy, thick-set, bull-necked, oking young man, always pretended to be in the right: down the law, never listened to what anybody said, to despise the opinion of the person he was talking to, that person. Goldenring, the art critic, who had a nd eyes perpetually winking behind his large spectacles, ubt in imitation of the painters whose society he cul- wore long hair, smoked in silence, mumbled scraps of which he never finished, and made vague gestures in vith his thumb. Ehrenfeld was little, bald, and smil- a fair beard and a sensitive, weary-looking face, a nose, and he wrote the fashions and the society notes view. In a silky voice he used to talk obscurely: he had ough of a malignant and often ignoble kind.—All these illionaires were anarchists, of course: when a man pos- rything it is the supreme luxury for him to deny soci- n that way he can evade his responsibilities. So might who has just fleeced a traveler, say to him: "What taying for? Get along! I have no more use for you." whole bunch Christophe was only in sympathy with m: he was certainly the most lively of the five: he sed by everything that he said and everything that to him: stuttering, stammering, blundering, snigger- ing nonsense, he was incapable of following an argu- of knowing exactly what he thought himself: but he e kindly, bearing no malice, having not a spark of In truth, he was not very frank: he was always part: but quite innocently, and he never did anybody .

He espoused all sorts of strange Utopias—most often g erous. He was too subtle and too skeptical to keep his h even in his enthusiasms, and he never compromised himself applying his theories. But he had to have some hobby: it a game to him, and he was always changing from one to other. For the time being his craze was for kindness. It not enough for him to be kind naturally: he wished to thought kind: he professed kindness, and acted it. Our reaction against the hard, dry activity of his kinsfolk, against German austerity, militarism, and Philistinism, he a Tolstoyan, a Nirvanian, an evangelist, a Buddhist,—he not quite sure what,—an apostle of a new morality that soft, boneless, indulgent, placid, easy-living, effusively forgiv every sin, especially the sins of the flesh, a morality which not conceal its predilection for those sins and much less re forgave the virtues—a morality which was only a compa pleasure, a libertine association of mutual accommoda which amused itself by donning the halo of sanctity. T was in it a spice of hypocrisy which was a little offensive delicate palates, and would have even been frankly nause if it had taken itself seriously. But it made no pret towards that: it merely amused itself. His blackguardly C tianity was only meant to serve until some other hobby c along to take its place—no matter what: brute force, imp ism, "laughing lions."—Mannheim was always playing a p playing with his whole heart: he was trying on all the fe that he did not possess before becoming a good Jew like rest and with all the spirit of his race. He was very sy thetic, and extremely irritating. For some time Christophe one of his hobbies. Mannheim swore by him. He blew trumpet everywhere. He dinned his praises into the ear his family. According to him Christophe was a ge an extraordinary man, who made strange music and to about it in an astonishing fashion, a witty man—and handsome: fine lips, magnificent teeth. He added that C tophe admired him.—One evening he took him home to ner. Christophe found himself talking to his new frie father, Lothair Mannheim, the banker, and Franz's sis Judith.

as the first time that he had been in a Jew's house. Al- there were many Jews in the little town, and although layed an important part in its life by reason of their cohesion, and intelligence, they lived a little apart. There ways rooted prejudices in the minds of the people and hostility that was credulous and injurious against them. phe's family shared these prejudices. His grandfather love Jews: but the irony of fate had decreed that his t pupils should be of the race—(one had become a com- he other a famous *virtuoso*) : for there had been moments e was fain to embrace these two good musicians: and would remember sadly that they had crucified the Lord: did not know how to reconcile his two incompatible s of feeling. But in the end he did embrace them. He lined to think that the Lord would forgive them because love for music.—Christophe's father, Melchior, who ed to be broad-minded, had had fewer scruples about money from the Jews: and he even thought it good to but he ridiculed them, and despised them.—As for his she was not sure that she was not committing a sin e went to cook for them. Those whom she had had to were disdainful enough with her: but she had no against them, she bore nobody any ill-will: she was th pity for these unhappy people whom God had damned: es she would be filled with compassion when she saw ghter of one of them go by or heard the merry laughter children.

pretty she is! . . . Such pretty children! . . . How ! . . ." she would think.

lared not say anything to Christophe, when he told he was going to dine with the Mannheims: but her nk. She thought that it was unnecessary to believe ng bad that was said about the Jews—(people speak erybody)—and that there are honest people everywhere, it was better and more proper to keep themselves to es, the Jews on their side, the Christians on theirs.

ophe shared none of these prejudices. In his perpetual against his surroundings he was rather attracted to- e different race. But he hardly knew them. He had

only come in contact with the more vulgar of the Jews: shopkeepers, the populace swarming in certain streets bet the Rhine and the cathedral, forming, with the gregariou stinct of all human beings, a sort of little ghetto. He had strolled through the neighborhood, catching sight of and fe a sort of sympathy with certain types of women with h cheeks, and full lips, and wide cheek-bones, a da Vinci s rather depraved, while the coarse language and shrill lau destroyed this harmony that was in their faces when in re Even in the dregs of the people, in those large-headed, b eyed creatures with their bestial faces, their thick-set, bodies, those degenerate descendants of the most noble peoples, even in that thick, fetid muddiness there were st phosphorescent gleams, like will-o'-the-wisps dancing ov swamp: marvelous glances, minds subtle and brilliant, a s electricity emanating from the ooze which fascinated and turbed Christophe. He thought that hidden deep were souls struggling, great hearts striving to break free fro dung: and he would have liked to meet them, and to aid t without knowing them, he loved them, while he was a fearful of them. And he had never had any opportuni meeting the best of the Jews.

His dinner at the Mannheims' had for him the attracti novelty and something of that of forbidden fruit. The who gave him the fruit sweetened its flavor. From the moment Christophe had eyes only for Judith Mannheim. was utterly different from all the women he had known. and slender, rather thin, though solidly built, with her framed in her black hair, not long, but thick and curle on her head, covering her temples and her broad, golden rather short-sighted, with large pupils, and slightly prom eyes: with a largish nose and wide nostrils, thin cheeks, a chin, strong coloring, she had a fine profile showing energy and alertness: full face, her expression was more c ing, uncertain, complex: her eyes and her cheeks were irre She seemed to give revelation of a strong race, and in the of that race, roughly thrown together, were manifold i gruous elements, of doubtful and unequal quality, beautifu vulgar at the same time. Her beauty lay especially in her

and in her eyes, in which there seemed to be greater depth
ason of their short-sightedness, and darker by reason of
luish markings round them.
needed to be more used than Christophe was to those eyes,
are more those of a race than of an individual, to be
to read through the limpidity that unveiled them with
vivid quality, the real soul of the woman whom he thus
ntered. It was the soul of the people of Israel that he
n her sad and burning eyes, the soul that, unknown to
shone forth from them. He lost himself as he gazed into
It was only after some time that he was able, after los-
is way again and again, to strike the track again on that
al sea.
looked at him: and nothing could disturb the clearness
r gaze: nothing in his Christian soul seemed to escape
He felt that. Under the seduction of the woman's eyes
him he was conscious of a virile desire, clear and cold,
stirred in him brutally, indiscreetly. There was no evil
brutality of it. She took possession of him: not like a
te, whose desire is to seduce without caring whom she se-
Had she been a coquette she would have gone to greatest
s: but she knew her power, and she left it to her natural
t to make use of it in its own way,—especially when she
easy a prey as Christophe.—What interested her more
know her adversary—(any man, any stranger, was an
ary for her,—an adversary with whom later on, if occa-
rved, she could sign a compact of alliance).—She wished
w his quality. Life being a game, in which the cleverest
t was a matter of reading her opponent's cards and of
owing her own. When she succeeded she tasted the sweets
ory. It mattered little whether she could turn it to any
t. It was purely for her pleasure. She had a passion
telligence: not abstract intelligence, although she had
enough, if she had liked, to have succeeded in any
of knowledge and would have made a much better suc-
o Lothair Mannheim, the banker, than her brother. But
ferred intelligence in the quick, the sort of intelligence
studies men. She loved to pierce through to the soul
weigh its value—(she gave as scrupulous an attention

to it as the Jewess of Matsys to the weighing of her gol with marvelous divination she could find the weak spot in armor, the imperfections and foibles which are the key to soul,—she could lay her hands on its secrets: it was her of feeling her sway over it. But she never dallied with victory: she never did anything with her prize. Once curiosity and her vanity were satisfied she lost her int and passed on to another specimen. All her power was st There was something of death in her living soul. She the genius of curiosity and boredom.

And so she looked at Christophe and he looked at her. hardly spoke. An imperceptible smile was enough, a movement of the corners of her mouth: Christophe was hy tized by her. Every now and then her smile would fade a her face would become cold, her eyes indifferent: she w attend to the meal or speak coldly to the servants: it w though she were no longer listening. Then her eyes would up again: and a few words coming pat would show tha had heard and understood everything.

She coldly examined her brother's judgment of Christ she knew Franz's crazes: her irony had had fine sport she saw Christophe appear, whose looks and distinction had vaunted by her brother—(it seemed to her that Franz a special gift for seeing facts as they are not: or perhap only thought it a paradoxical joke).—But when she look Christophe more closely she recognized that what Franz said was not altogether false: and as she went on with scrutiny she discovered in Christophe a vague, unbala though robust and bold power: that gave her pleasure, fo knew, better than any, the rarity of power. She was ab make Christophe talk about whatever she liked, and revea thoughts, and display the limitations and defects of his n she made him play the piano: she did not love music bu understood it: and she saw Christophe's musical origin although his music had roused no sort of emotion in her. out the least change in the coldness of her manner, with a short, apt, and certainly not flattering, remarks she showed growing interest in Christophe.

ristophe saw it: and he was proud of it: for he felt the
h of such judgment and the rarity of her approbation.
nade no secret of his desire to win it: and he set about it
ïvely as to make the three of them smile: he talked only
udith and for Judith: he was as unconcerned with the
s as though they did not exist.
anz watched him as he talked: he followed his every word,
his lips and eyes, with a mixture of admiration and amuse-
: and he laughed aloud as he glanced at his father and his
, who listened impassively and pretended not to notice

thair Mannheim,—a tall old man, heavily built, stooping a
, red-faced, with gray hair standing straight up on end,
black mustache and eyebrows, a heavy though energetic
jovial face, which gave the impression of great vitality—
lso studied Christophe during the first part of the dinner,
but good-naturedly: and he too had recognized at once
there was "something" in the boy. But he was not in-
ed in music or musicians: it was not in his line: he knew
ng about it and made no secret of his ignorance: he even
ed of it—(when a man of that sort confesses his ignorance
ything he does so to feed his vanity).—As Christophe had
y shown at once, with a rudeness in which there was no
of malice, that he could without regret dispense with the
y of the banker, and that the society of Fräulein Judith
heim would serve perfectly to fill his evening, old Lothair
me amusement had taken his seat by the fire: he read his
, listening vaguely and ironically to Christophe's crotchets
is queer music, which sometimes made him laugh inwardly
e idea that there could be people who understood it and
pleasure in it. He did not trouble to follow the con-
ion: he relied on his daughter's cleverness to tell him
y what the newcomer was worth. She discharged her duty
entiously.
en Christophe had gone Lothair asked Judith:
Vell, you probed him enough: what do you think of the
?"
laughed, thought for a moment, reckoned up, and said:
e is a little cracked: but he is not stupid."

"Good," said Lothair. "I thought so too. He will suc
then?"

"Yes, I think so. He has power."

"Very good," said Lothair with the magnificent logic o
strong who are only interested in the strong, "we must
him."

Christophe went away filled with admiration for J
Mannheim. He was not in love with her as Judith tho
They were both—she with her subtlety, he with his ins
which took the place of mind in him,—mistaken about
other. Christophe was fascinated by the enigma and the in
activity of her mind: but he did not love her. His eyes
his intelligence were ensnared: his heart escaped.—Why
were difficult to tell. Because he had caught a glimpse of
doubtful, disturbing quality in her?—In other circumst
that would have been a reason the more for loving: lo
never stronger than when it goes out to one who will ma
suffer.—If Christophe did not love Judith it was not the
of either of them. The real reason, humiliating enoug
both, was that he was still too near his last love. Exper
had not made him wiser. But he had loved Ada so muc
had consumed so much faith, force, and illusion in that pa
that there was not enough left for a new passion. Befor
other flame could be kindled he would have to build a new
in his heart: short of that there could only be a few flicke
remnants of the conflagration that had escaped by chance,
asked only to be allowed to burn, cast a brief and brilliant
and then died down for want of food. Six months later,
haps, he might have loved Judith blindly. Now he sa
her only a friend,—a rather disturbing friend in truth-
he tried to drive his uneasiness back: it reminded him of
there was no attraction in that memory: he preferred n
think of it. What attracted him in Judith was everythi
her which was different from other women, not that whic
had in common with them. She was the first intelligent w
he had met. She was intelligent from head to foot. Eve
beauty—her gestures, her movements, her features, the fo
her lips, her eyes, her hands, her slender elegance—wa

ion of her intelligence: her body was molded by her in-
nce: without her intelligence she would have passed un-
d: and no doubt she would even have been thought plain
ost people. Her intelligence delighted Christophe. He
ht it larger and more free than it was: he could not yet
how deceptive it was. He longed ardently to confide in
id to impart his ideas to her. He had never found any-
o take an interest in his dreams: he was turned in upon
f: what joy then to find a woman to be his friend! That
l not a sister had been one of the sorrows of his child-
it seemed to him that a sister would have understood
ore than a brother could have done. And when he met
he felt that childish and illusory hope of having a
ly love spring up in him. Not being in love, love seemed
a poor thing compared with friendship.
ith felt this little shade of feeling and was hurt by it.
as not in love with Christophe, and as she had excited
passions in other young men of the town, rich young
better position, she could not feel any great satisfaction
wing Christophe to be in love with her. But it piqued
know that he was not in love. No doubt she was pleased
im for confiding his plans: she was not surprised by it:
was a little mortifying for her to know that she could
ercise an intellectual influence over him—(an unreason-
luence is much more precious to a woman).—She did
n exercise her influence: Christophe only courted her
Judith's intellect was imperious. She was used to
g to her will the soft thoughts of the young men of her
tance. As she knew their mediocrity she found no pleas-
holding sway over them. With Christophe the pursuit
re interesting because more difficult. She was not in-
in his projects: but she would have liked to direct his
lity of thought, his ill-grown power, and to make them
in her own way, of course, and not in Christophe's,
she did not take the trouble to understand. She saw
that she could not succeed without a struggle: she had
down in Christophe all sorts of notions and ideas which
ught childish and extravagant: they were weeds to her:
d hard to eradicate them. She did not get rid of a

single one. She did not gain the least satisfaction fo vanity. Christophe was intractable. Not being in love h no reason for surrendering his ideas to her.

She grew keen on the game and instinctively tried for time to overcome him. Christophe was very nearly tak again in spite of his lucidity of mind at that time. Me easily taken in by any flattery of their vanity or their de and an artist is twice as easy to trick as any other man be he has more imagination. Judith had only to draw Chris into a dangerous flirtation to bowl him over once more thoroughly than ever. But as usual she soon wearied o game: she found that such a conquest was hardly worth Christophe was already boring her: she did not under him.

She did not understand him beyond a certain point. that she understood everything. Her admirable intelli could not take her beyond it: she needed a heart, or in d of that the thing which could give the illusion of one time: love. She understood Christophe's criticism of and things: it amused her and seemed to her true enoug had thought much the same herself. But what she d understand was that such ideas might have an influen practical life when it might be dangerous or awkwa apply them. The attitude of revolt against everybod everything which Christophe had taken up led to nothin could not imagine that he was going to reform the world And then? . . . It was waste of time to knock one's head a a wall. A clever man judges men, laughs at them in despises them a little: but he does as they do—only a better: it is the only way of mastering them. Thought world: action is another. What boots it for a man to victim of his thoughts? Since men are so stupid as be able to bear the truth, why force it on them? To their weakness, to seem to bow to it, and to feel free to them in his heart, is there not a secret joy in that? T of a clever slave? Certainly. But all the world is a there is no getting away from that: it is useless to against it: better to be a slave deliberately of one's ow will and to avoid ridiculous and futile conflict. Beside

slavery of all is to be the slave of one's own thoughts
) sacrifice everything to them. There is no need to deceive
self.—She saw clearly that if Christophe went on, as
med determined to do, with his aggressive refusal to com-
se with the prejudices of German art and German mind,
uld turn everybody against him, even his patrons: he
urting inevitable ruin. She did not understand why he
tinately held out against himself, and so took pleasure in
g his own ruin.
have understood him she would have had to be able to
stand that his aim was not success but his own faith.
lieved in art: he believed in *his* art: he believed in him-
s realities not only superior to interest, but also to his
ife. When he was a little out of patience with her re-
and told her so in his naïve arrogance, she just shrugged
oulders: she did not take him seriously. She thought he
sing big words such as she was accustomed to hearing
her brother when he announced periodically his absurd
diculous resolutions, which he never by any chance put
ractice. And then when she saw that Christophe really
d in what he said, she thought him mad and lost interest

r that she took no trouble to appear to advantage, and
wed herself as she was: much more German, and average
n, than she seemed to be at first, more perhaps than she
t.—The Jews are quite erroneously reproached with not
ng to any nation and with forming from one end of
to the other a homogeneous people impervious to the
ce of the different races with which they have pitched
nts. In reality there is no race which more easily takes
impress of the country through which it passes: and
are many characteristics in common between a French
d a German Jew, there are many more different charac-
derived from their new country, of which with in-
rapidity they assimilate the habits of mind: more the
than the mind, indeed. But habit, which is a second
to all men, is in most of them all the nature that they
nd the result is that the majority of the autochthonous
of any country have very little right to reproach the

Jews with the lack of a profound and reasonable national ing of which they themselves possess nothing at all.

The women, always more sensible to external influences, easily adaptable to the conditions of life and to change them—Jewish women throughout Europe assume the ph and moral customs, often exaggerating them, of the co in which they live,—without losing the shadow and the st fluid, solid, and haunting quality of their race.—This idea to Christophe. At the Mannheims' he met Judith's a cousins, and friends. Though there was little of the Ge in their eyes, ardent and too close together, their noses down to their lips, their strong features, their red blood ing under their coarse brown skins: though almost all of seemed hardly at all fashioned to be German—they we extraordinarily German: they had the same way of talkin dressing,—of overdressing.—Judith was much the best of all: and comparison with them made all that was excep in her intelligence, all that she had made of herself, shine But she had most of their faults just as much as they. was much more free than they morally—almost absolutely —but socially she was no more free: or at least her pra sense usurped the place of her freedom of mind. She be in society, in class, in prejudice, because when all was tol found them to her advantage. It was idle for her to kn the German spirit: she followed it like any German. He telligence made her see the mediocrity of some artist of r tion: but she respected him none the less because of his r tion: and if she met him personally she would admire hi her vanity was flattered. She had no love for the wor Brahms and she suspected him of being an artist of the s rank: but his fame impressed her: and as she had receive or six letters from him the result was that she thought the greatest musician of the day. She had no doubt Christophe's real worth, or as to the stupidity of Lieu Detlev von Fleischer: but she was more flattered by the h the lieutenant deigned to pay to her millions than by tophe's friendship: for a dull officer is a man of another it is more difficult for a German Jewess to enter that caste for any other woman. Although she was not deceived by

follies, and although she knew quite well that if she did Lieutenant Detlev von Fleischer she would be doing him it honor, she set herself to the conquest: she stooped so to make eyes at the fool and to flatter his vanity. The Jewess, who had a thousand reasons for her pride—the disdainful daughter of Mannheim the banker lowered f, and acted like any of the little middle-class German whom she despised.

t experience was short. Christophe lost his illusions about as quickly as he had found them. It is only just to at Judith did nothing to preserve them. As soon as a of that stamp has judged a man she is done with him: he to exist for her: she will not see him again. And she re hesitates to reveal her soul to him, with calm impudence, o appear naked before her dog, her cat, or any other tic animal. Christophe saw Judith's egoism and cold- and the mediocrity of her character. He had not had be absolutely caught. But he had been enough caught to him suffer and to bring him to a sort of fever. He did much love Judith as what she might have been—what ght to have been. Her fine eyes exercised a melancholy tion over him: he could not forget them: although he ow the drab soul that slumbered in their depths he went ing them as he wished to see them, as he had first seen It was one of those loveless hallucinations of love which p so much of the hearts of artists when they are not y absorbed by their work. A passing face is enough to it: they see in it all the beauty that is in it, unknown indifferent possessor. And they love it the more for its rence. They love it as a beautiful thing that must die t any man having known its worth or that it even had

aps he was deceiving himself, and Judith Mannheim not have been anything more than she was. But for a t Christophe had believed in her: and her charm en- he could not judge her impartially. All her beauty to him to be hers, to be herself. All that was vulgar he cast back upon her twofold race, Jew and German,

and perhaps he was more indignant with the German than the Jew, for it had made him suffer more. As he did not know any other nation, the German spirit was for him a sort of scapegoat: he put upon it all the sins of the world. Judith had deceived him was a reason the more for comb it: he could not forgive it for having crushed the life o such a soul.

Such was his first encounter with Israel. He had l much from it. He had hoped to find in that strong race apart from the rest an ally for his fight. He lost that With the flexibility of his passionate intuition, which mad leap from one extreme to another, he persuaded himself the Jewish race was much weaker than it was said to be much more open—much too open—to outside influence had all its own weaknesses augmented by those of the r the world picked up on its way. It was not in them th could find assistance in working the lever of his art. H he was in danger of being swallowed with them in the of the desert.

Having seen the danger, and not feeling sure enough of self to brave it, he suddenly gave up going to the Manni He was invited several times and begged to be excused w giving any reason. As up till then he had shown a cessive eagerness to accept, such a sudden change was rem it was attributed to his "originality": but the Mannheim no doubt that the fair Judith had something to do wi Lothair and Franz joked about it at dinner. Judith shr her shoulders and said it was a fine conquest, and she her brother frigidly not to make such a fuss about it. she left no stone unturned in her effort to bring Chri back. She wrote to him for some musical information no one else could supply: and at the end of her letter she a friendly allusion to the rarity of his visits and the pl it would give them to see him. Christophe replied, givi desired information, said that he was very busy, and di go. They met sometimes at the theater. Christophe obsti looked away from the Mannheims' box: and he would pr not to see Judith, who held herself in readiness to giv her most charming smile. She did not persist. As she di

on him for anything she was annoyed that the little should let her do all the labor of their friendship, and vaste at that. If he wanted to come, he would. If not— ell, they could do without him. . . .

y did without him: and his absence left no very great the Mannheims' evenings. But in spite of herself Judith ally annoyed with Christophe. It seemed natural enough bother about him when he was there: and she could him to show his displeasure at being neglected: but that splеasure should go so far as to break off their relation- ltogether seemed to her to show a stupid pride and a more egoistic than in love.—Judith could not tolerate n faults in others.

followed the more attentively everything that Christophe d wrote. Without seeming to do so, she would lead her r to the subject of Christophe: she would make him tell his intercourse with him: and she would punctuate the ive with clever ironic comment, which never let any ous feature escape, and gradually destroyed Franz's en- m without his knowing it.

irst all went well with the Review. Christophe had not rceived the mediocrity of his colleagues: and, since he ne of them, they hailed him as a genius. Mannheim, d discovered him, went everywhere repeating that Chris- was an admirable critic, though he had never read any- he had written, that he had mistaken his vocation, and e, Mannheim, had revealed it to him. They advertised icles in mysterious terms which roused curiosity: and his fort was in fact like a stone falling into a duck-pond in ny of the little town. It was called: *Too much music.* o much music, too much drinking, too much eating," Christophe. "Eating, drinking, hearing, without hun- irst, or need, from sheer habitual gormandizing. Liv- e Strasburg geese. These people are sick from a diseased e. It matters little what you give them: *Tristram* or the *ter von Säkkingen*, Beethoven or Mascagni, a fugue or tep, Adam, Bach, Puccini, Mozart, or Marschner: they do w what they are eating: the great thing is to eat. They pleasure in it. Look at them at a concert. Talk of

German gaiety! These people do not know what gaiety me they are always gay! Their gaiety, like their sorrow, drops rain: their joy is dust: there is neither life nor force i They would stay for hours smilingly and vaguely drinkin sounds, sounds, sounds. They think of nothing: they feel n ing: they are sponges. True joy, or true sorrow—streng is not drawn out over hours like beer from a cask. They you by the throat and have you down: after they are there is no desire left in a man to drink in anything: i full! . . .

"Too much music! You are slaying each other and it. you choose to murder each other that is your affair: I help it. But where music is concerned,—hands off! I not suffer you to debase the loveliness of the world by he up in the same basket things holy and things shamefu giving, as you do at present, the prelude to *Parsifal* betwe fantasia on the *Daughter of the Regiment* and a saxop quartette, or an adagio of Beethoven between a cakewalk the rubbish of Leoncavallo. You boast of being a mu people. You pretend to love music. What sort of mus you love? Good or bad? You applaud both equally. W then, choose! What exactly do you want? You do not k yourselves. You do not want to know: you are too fe of taking sides and compromising yourselves. . . . To th with your prudence!—You are above party, do you say Above? You mean below. . . ."

And he quoted the lines of old Gottfried Keller, the citizen of Zurich—one of the German writers who was dear to him by reason of his vigorous loyalty and his savor of the soil:

"Wer über den Partein sich wähnt mit stolzen Mienen
Der steht zumeist vielmehr beträchtlich unter ihnen.

("He who proudly preens himself on being above parti rather immeasurably beneath them.")

"Have courage and be true," he went on. "Have cou and be ugly. If you like bad music, then say so frankly. S

lves, see yourselves as you are. Rid your souls of the me burden of all your compromise and equivocation. it in pure water. How long is it since you have seen lves in a mirror? I will show you yourselves. Composers, *i*, conductors, singers, and you, dear public. You shall ee know yourselves. . . . Be what you like: but, for any e true! Be true even though art and artists—and I —have to suffer for it! If art and truth cannot live r, then let art disappear. Truth is life. Lies are death." urally, this youthful, wild outburst, which was all of a and in very bad taste, produced an outcry. And yet, as dy was attacked and nobody in particular, its pertinency t recognized. Every one is, or believes himself to be, that he is the best friend of truth: there was therefore ger of the conclusions of the article being attacked. Only were shocked by its general tone: everybody agreed that hardly proper, especially from an artist in a semi-official n. A few musicians began to be uneasy and protested : they saw that Christophe would not stop at that. Others t themselves more clever and congratulated Christophe courage: they were no less uneasy about his next articles. tactics produced the same result. Christophe had l: nothing could stop him: and as he had promised, dy was passed in survey, composers and interpreters alike. first victims were the *Kapellmeisters*. Christophe did fine himself to general remarks on the art of conducting estra. He mentioned his colleagues of his own town e neighboring towns by name: or if he did not name is allusions were so transparent that nobody could be n. Everybody recognized the apathetic conductor of the Alois von Werner, a cautious old man, laden with honors, s afraid of everything, dodged everything, was too timid e a remark to his musicians and meekly followed what- ey chose to do,—who never risked anything on his pro- e that had not been consecrated by twenty years of success, east, guaranteed by the official stamp of some academic Christophe ironically applauded his boldness: he con- ed him on having discovered Gade, Dvorak, or Tschai- : he waxed enthusiastic over his unfailing correctness,

his metronomic equality, the always *fein-nuanciert* (fi shaded) playing of his orchestra: he proposed to orches the *École de la Vélocité* of Czerny for his next concert, implored him not to try himself so much, not to give re his passions, to look after his precious health.—Or he cried indignantly upon the way in which he had conducted the *E* of Beethoven:

"A cannon! A cannon! Mow me down these people! But have you then no idea of the conflict, the fight bet human stupidity and human ferocity,—and the strength w tramples them underfoot with a glad shout of laughter?— could you know it? It is you against whom it fights! expend all the heroism that is in you in listening or in pla the *Eroica* of Beethoven without a yawn—(for it bores you. Confess that it bores you to death!)—or in risking a dr as you stand with bare head and bowed back to let some S Highness pass."

He could not be sarcastic enough about the pontiffs o Conservatories who interpreted the great men of the pa "classics."

"Classical! That word expresses everything. Free pa arranged and expurgated for the use of schools! Life, vast plain swept by the winds,—inclosed within the four of a school playground! The fierce, proud beat of a he anguish, reduced to the tic-tacs of a four-tune pendulum. w goes its jolly way, hobbling and imperturbably leaning o crutch of time! . . . To enjoy the Ocean you need to p in a bowl with goldfish. You only understand life whe have killed it."

If he was not kind to the "bird-stuffers," as he called he was even less kind to the ringmen of the orchestra. illustrious *Kapellmeisters* who toured the country to sho their flourishes and their dainty hands, those who exer their virtuosity at the expense of the masters, tried ha make the most familiar works unrecognizable, and turned se saults through the hoop of the *Symphony in C minor*. made them appear as old coquettes, *prima donnas* of the or tra, gipsies, and rope-dancers.

The *virtuosi* naturally provided him with splendid mat

clared himself incompetent when he had to criticise their ring performances. He said that such mechanical exercises red to the School of Arts and Crafts, and that not musical sm but charts registering the duration, and number of tes, and the energy expended, could decide the merit of labors. Sometimes he would set at naught some famous *virtuoso* who during a two hours' concert had surmounted rmidable difficulties, with a smile on his lips and his hair ng down into his eyes—of executing a childish *andante* zart.—He did not ignore the pleasure of overcoming diffi-. He had tasted it himself: it was one of the joys of him. But only to see the most material aspect of it, reduce all the heroism of art to that, seemed to him que and degrading. He could not forgive the "lions" or hers" of the piano.—But he was not very indulgent either ls the town pedants, famous in Germany, who, while re rightly anxious not to alter the text of the masters, lly suppress every flight of thought, and, like E. d'Albert . von Bülow, seem to be giving a lesson in diction when re rendering a passionate sonata.

singers had their turn. Christophe was full to the brim ngs to say about their barbarous heaviness and their pro- affectations. It was not only because of his recent mis- ures with the enraged lady, but because of all the torture suffered during so many performances. It was difficult w which had suffered most, ears or eyes. And Christophe ot enough standards of comparison to be able to have ea of the ugliness of the setting, the hideous costumes, reaming colors. He was only shocked by the vulgarity people, their gestures and attitudes, their unnatural g, the inability of the actors to take on other souls than wn, and by the stupefying indifference with which they from one rôle to another, provided they were written r less in the same register. Matrons of opulent flesh, and buxom, appeared alternately as Ysolde and Carmen. tas played Figaro.—But what most offended Christophe e ugliness of the singing, especially in the classical works h the beauty of melody is essential. No one in Germany ing the perfect music of the eighteenth century: no one

would take the trouble. The clear, pure style of Gluck Mozart which, like that of Goethe, seems to be bathed in light of Italy—the style which begins to change and to be vibrant and dazzling with Weber—the style ridiculed by ponderous caricatures of the author of *Crociato*—had killed by the triumph of Wagner. The wild flight of Valkyries with their strident cries had passed over the Gr sky. The heavy clouds of Odin dimmed the light. No now thought of singing music: they sang poems. Ugliness carelessness of detail, even false notes were let pass under text that only the whole, only the thought behind it tered. . . .

"Thought! Let us talk of that. As if you understoo . . . But whether or no you do understand it, I pray you re the form that thought has chosen for itself. Above all music be and remain music!"

And the great concern of German artists with expr and profundity of thought was, according to Christop good joke. Expression? Thought? Yes, they introduced into everything—everything impartially. They would found thought in a skein of wool just as much—neither nor less—as in a statue of Michael Angelo. They played thing, anybody's music with exactly the same energy. most of them the great thing in music—so he declared the volume of sound, just a musical noise. The pleasu singing so potent in Germany was in some sort a pleasu vocal gymnastics. It was just a matter of being inflated air and then letting it go vigorously, powerfully, for a time together and rhythmically.—And by way of compl he accorded a certain great singer a certificate of good i He was not content with flaying the artists. He strode the footlights and trounced the public for coming, g to such performances. The public was staggered and d know whether it ought to laugh or be angry. They had right to cry out upon his injustice: they had taken car to be mixed up in any artistic conflict: they stood aside dently from any burning question: and to avoid making mistake they applauded everything! And now Christoph clared that it was a crime to applaud! . . . To applaud

?—That would have been enough! But Christophe went
r: he stormed at them for applauding great works:
umbugs!" he said. "You would have us believe that
ve as much enthusiasm as that? . . . Oh! Come! Spare
lves the trouble! You only prove exactly the opposite
at you are trying to prove. Applaud if you like those
and passages which in some measure deserve applause.
id those loud final movements which are written, as
said, "for long ears." Applaud as much as you like,
your braying is anticipated: it is part of the concert.—
fter the *Missa Solemnis* of Beethoven! . . . Poor
es! . . . It is the Last Judgment. You have just seen
ddening *Gloria* pass like a storm over the ocean. You
en the waterspout of an athletic and tremendous well,
stops, breaks, reaches up to the clouds clinging by its
nds above the abyss, then plunging once more into space
swing. The squall shrieks and whirls along. And
he hurricane is at its height there is a sudden modula-
radiance of sound which cleaves the darkness of the
l falls upon the livid sea like a patch of light. It is
l: the furious flight of the destroying angel stops short,
gs transfixed by these flashes of lightning. Around
is buzzing and quivering. The eye gazes fixedly forward
or. The heart beats, breathing stops, the limbs are
ed. . . . And hardly has the last note sounded than
you are gay and merry. You shout, you laugh, you
, you applaud. . . . But you have seen nothing, heard
, felt nothing, understood nothing. nothing, nothing,
ly nothing! The sufferings of an artist are a show to
You think the tears of agony of a Beethoven are finely
. You would cry 'Encore' to the Crucifixion. A
ul struggles all its life long in sorrow to divert your
for an hour! . . ."

ithout knowing it, he confirmed Goethe's great words:
had not yet attained his lofty serenity:
people make a sport of the sublime. If they could
it is, they would be unable to bear its aspect."
had only stopped at that!—But, whirled along by his
sm, he swept past the public and plunged like a cannon

ball into the sanctuary, the tabernacle, the inviolable refu
mediocrity: Criticism. He bombarded his colleagues. On
them had taken upon himself to attack the most gifte
living composers, the most advanced representative of the
school, Hassler, the writer of programme symphonies, extr
gant in truth, but full of genius. Christophe who—as per
will be remembered—had been presented to him when he w
child, had always had a secret tenderness for him in his g
tude for the enthusiasm and emotion that he had had
To see a stupid critic, whose ignorance he knew, instru
a man of that caliber, calling him to order, and remin
him of set principles, infuriated him:

"Order! Order!" he cried. "You do not know any
but that of the police. Genius is not to be dragged alon
beaten track. It creates order, and makes its will a law

After this arrogant declaration he took the unlucky c
considered all the idiocies he had written for some time
and administered correction.

All the critics felt the affront. Up to that time they
stood aside from the conflict. They did not care to r
rebuff: they knew Christophe, they knew his efficiency,
they knew also that he was not long-suffering. Certain of
had discreetly expressed their regret that so gifted a com
should dabble in a profession not his own. Whatever
be their opinion (when they had one), and however hurt
might be by Christophe, they respected in him their own
lege of being able to criticise everything without being crit
themselves. But when they saw Christophe rudely brea
tacit convention which bound them, they saw in him an e
of public order. With one consent it seemed revolting to
that a very young man should take upon himself to show
respect for the national glories: and they began a furious
paign against him. They did not write long articles or
secutive arguments—(they were unwilling to venture upon
ground with an adversary better armed than themselves
though a journalist has the special faculty of being ab
discuss without taking his adversary's arguments into
sideration, and even without having read them)—but long
perience had taught them that, as the reader of a paper al

with it, even to appear to argue was to weaken its credit
im: it was necessary to affirm, or better still, to deny—
ion is twice as powerful as affirmation: it is a direct
uence of the law of gravity: it is much easier to drop
e than to throw it up).—They adopted, therefore, a sys-
little notes, perfidious, ironic, injurious, which were re-
day by day, in an easily accessible position, with un-
ng assiduity. They held the insolent Christophe up to
e, though they never mentioned him by name, but always
rently alluded to him. They twisted his words to make
look absurd: they told anecdotes about him, true for
ost part, though the rest were a tissue of lies, nicely
ted to set him at loggerheads with the whole town, and,
still, with the Court: even his physical appearance, his
s, his manner of dressing, were attacked and caricatured
ay that by dint of repetition came to be like him.

ould have mattered little to Christophe's friends if their
had not also come in for blows in the battle. In truth,
ed rather as an advertisement: there was no desire to
the Review to the quarrel: rather the attempt was made
Christophe off from it: there was astonishment that
ld so compromise its good name, and they were given
erstand that if they did not take care steps would be
however unpleasant it might be, to make the whole
l staff responsible. There were signs of attack, gentle
, upon Adolf Mai and Mannheim, which stirred up the
nest. Mannheim only laughed at it: he thought that
d infuriate his father, his uncles, cousins, and his in-
ble family, who took upon themselves to watch every-
e did and to be scandalized by it. But Adolf Mai took
seriously and blamed Christophe for compromising the
Christophe sent him packing. The others who had
n attacked found it rather amusing that Mai, who was
pontificate over them, should be their scapegoat. Wald-
as secretly delighted: he said that there was never a
ithout a few heads being broken. Naturally he took
re that it should not be his own: he thought he was
d from onslaught by the position of his family and his

relatives: and he saw no harm in the Jews, his allies, b mauled a little. Ehrenfeld and Goldenring, who were s untouched, would not have been worried by attack: they reply. But what did touch them on the raw was that C tophe should go on persistently putting them in the w with their friends, and especially their women friends. had laughed loudly at the first articles and thought them fun: they admired Christophe's vigorous window-smas they thought they had only to give the word to check his bativeness, or at least to turn his attack from men and w whom they might mention.—But no. Christophe would to nothing: he paid no heed to any remark and went o a madman. If they let him go on there would be no in the place. Already their young women friends, furio in tears, had come and made scenes at the offices of the R They brought all their diplomacy to bear on Christophe t suade him at least to moderate certain of his criticisms: tophe changed nothing. They lost their tempers: Chris lost his, but he changed nothing. Waldhaus was amu the unhappiness of his friends, which in no wise touched and took Christophe's part to annoy them. Perhaps a was more capable than they of appreciating Christophe travagance, who with head down hurled himself upon thing without keeping any line of retreat, or prepari refuge for the future. As for Mannheim he was royally a by the farce: it seemed to him a good joke to have intr this madman among these correct people, and he rocked laughter both at the blows which Christophe dealt and a which he received. Although under his sister's influ was beginning to think that Christophe was decidedly a cracked, he only liked him the more for it—(it was ne for him to find those who were in sympathy with him a absurd).—And so he joined Waldhaus in supporting tophe against the others.

As he was not wanting in practical sense, in spite of efforts to pretend to the contrary, he thought very justl it would be to his friend's advantage to ally himself wi cause of the most advanced musical party in the country.

As in most German towns, there was in the town a *Wo*

, which represented new ideas against the conservative
it.—In truth, there was no great risk in defending Wagner
his fame was acknowledged everywhere and his works
ed in the repertory of every Opera House in Germany.
et his victory was rather won by force than by universal
, and at heart the majority were obstinately conservative,
lly in the small towns such as this which have been
left outside the great modern movements and are rather
of their ancient fame. More than anywhere else there
l the distrust, so innate in the German people, of any-
new, the sort of laziness in feeling anything true or
ul which has not been pondered and digested by several
tions. It was apparent in the reluctance with which—
the works of Wagner which are beyond discussion—
ew work inspired by the Wagnerian spirit was accepted.
the *Wagner-Vereine* would have had a useful task to
f they had set themselves to defend all the young and
l forces in art. Sometimes they did so, and Bruckner
o Wolf found in some of them their best allies. But
n the egoism of the master weighed upon his disciples:
st as Bayreuth serves only monstrously to glorify one
e *offshoots* of Bayreuth were little churches in which
as eternally sung in honor of the one God. At the
e faithful disciples were admitted to the side chapels,
iples who applied the hallowed doctrines to the letter,
ostrate in the dust, adored the only Divinity with His
ces: music, poetry, drama, and metaphysics.
Wagner-Verein of the town was in exactly this case.—
r, they went through the form of activity: they were
trying to enroll young men of talent who looked as
they might be useful to it: and they had long had their
Christophe. They had discreetly made advances to
which Christophe had not taken any notice, because
no need of being associated with anybody: he could not
nd the necessity which drove his compatriots always
nding themselves together in groups, being unable to
ing alone: neither to sing, nor to walk, nor to drink.
averse to all *Vereinswesen*. But on the whole he was
ndly disposed to the *Wagner-Verein* than to any other

Verein: at least they did provide an excuse for fine conce and although he did not share all the Wagnerian ideas on he was much nearer them than to those of any other g in music. He could he thought find common ground w party which was as unjust as himself towards Brahms the "Brahmins." So he let himself be put up for it. M heim introduced him: he knew everybody. Without bei musician he was a member of the *Wagner-Verein.*—The ma ing committee had followed the campaign which Christ was conducting in the Review. His slaughter in the opp camp had seemed to them to give signs of a strong grip w it would be as well to have in their service. Christoph also let fly certain disrespectful remarks about the sacred f but they had preferred to close their eyes to that: and pe his attacks, not yet very offensive, had not been without influence, unconsciously, in making them so eager to Christophe before he had time to deliver himself man They came and very amiably asked his permission to play of his compositions at one of the approaching concerts Association. Christophe was flattered, and accepted: he to the *Wagner-Verein,* and, urged by Mannheim, he was a member.

At that time there were at the head of the *Wagner-* two men, of whom one enjoyed a certain notoriety as a w and the other as a conductor. Both had a Mohammedan in Wagner. The first, Josias Kling, had compiled a W Dictionary—*Wagner Lexikon*—which made it possible moment to know the master's thoughts *de omni re s* it had been his life's work. He was capable of reciting chapters of it at table, as the French provincials used to the songs of the Maid. He used also to publish in the *reuther Blätter* articles on Wagner and the Aryan Spirit course, Wagner was to him the type of the pure Aryan, of the German race had remained the last inviolable refuge the corrupting influences of Latin Semitism, especial French. He declared that the impure French spirit was destroyed, though he did not desist from attacking it b day by day as though the eternal enemy were still a m He would only acknowledge one great man in France

of Gobineau. Kling was a little man, very little, and
d to blush like a girl.—The other pillar of the *Wagner-*
, Erich Lauber, had been manager of a chemical works
four years before: then he had given up everything to
e a conductor. He had succeeded by force of will, and
e he was very rich. He was a Bayreuth fanatic: it was
hat he had gone there on foot, from Munich, wearing
n's sandals. It was a strange thing that a man who
ad much, traveled much, practised divers professions, and
rything displayed an energetic personality, should have
e in music a sheep of Panurge: all his originality was
led in his being a little more stupid than the others.
s not sure enough of himself in music to trust to his own
al feelings, and so he slavishly followed the interpreta-
f Wagner given by the *Kapellmeisters,* and the licensees
vreuth. He desired to reproduce even to the smallest
the setting and the variegated costumes which delighted
erile and barbarous taste of the little Court of Wahn-
He was like the fanatical admirer of Michael Angelo
ed to reproduce in his copies even the cracks in the
the moldy patches which had themselves been hallowed
r appearance in the hallowed pictures.

stophe was not likely to approve greatly of the two men.
ey were men of the world, pleasant, and both well-read:
uber's conversation was always interesting on any other
than music. He was a bit of a crank: and Christophe
dislike cranks: they were a change from the horrible
of reasonable people. He did not yet know that there
ing more devastating than an irrational man, and that
lity is even more rare among those who are called
als" than among the rest. For these "originals"
ply maniacs whose thoughts are reduced to clock-

s Kling and Lauber, being desirous of winning Chris-
support, were at first very keenly interested in him.
vrote a eulogistic article about him and Lauber followed
directions when he conducted his compositions at one
concerts of the Society. Christophe was touched by it
nfortunately all their attentions were spoiled by the

stupidity of those who paid them. He had not the faculty pretending about people because they admired him. He exacting. He demanded that no one should admire him the opposite of what he was: and he was always prone to re as enemies those who were his friends, by mistake. An he was not at all pleased with Kling for seeing in him a disc of Wagner, and trying to see connections between passage his *Lieder* and passages of the *Tetralogy,* which had nothing common but certain notes of the scale. And he had no plea in hearing one of his works sandwiched—together with a wo less imitation by a Wagnerian student—between two enorm blocks of Wagnerian drama.

It was not long before he was stifled in the little che It was just another Conservatoire, as narrow as the old C servatoires, and more intolerant because it was the latest c in art. Christophe began to lose his illusions about the abs value of a form of art or of thought. Hitherto he had al believed that great ideas bear their own light within th selves. Now he saw that ideas may change, but that remain the same: and, in fine, nothing counted but men: i were what they were. If they were born mediocre and ser even genius became mediocre in its passage through their s and the shout of freedom of the hero breaking his bonds be the act of slavery of succeeding generations.—Christophe c not refrain from expressing his feelings. He let no opportu slip of jeering at fetishism in art. He declared that there no need of idols, or classics of any sort, and that he only the right to call himself the heir of the spirit of Wagner was capable of trampling Wagner underfoot and so wal on and keeping himself in close communion with life. Kl stupidity made Christophe aggressive. He set out all the fa and absurdities he could see in Wagner. The Wagnerian once credited him with a grotesque jealousy of their Christophe for his part had no doubt that these same pe who exalted Wagner since he was dead would have been first to strangle him in his life: and he did them an injus The Klings and the Laubers also had had their hour of illum tion: they had been advanced twenty years ago: and then most people they had stopped short at that. Man has so l

that he is out of breath after the first ascent: very few
ng-winded enough to go on.
ristophe's attitude quickly alienated him from his new
s. Their sympathy was a bargain: he had to side with
if they were to side with him: and it was quite evident
Christophe would not yield an inch: he would not join
They lost their enthusiasm for him. The eulogies
he refused to accord to the gods and demi-gods who were
ved by the cult, were withheld from him. They showed
igerness to welcome his compositions: and some of the
ers began to protest against his name being too often on
ogrammes. They laughed at him behind his back, and
sm went on: Kling and Lauber by not protesting seemed
e part in it. They would have avoided a breach with
ophe if possible: first because the minds of the Germans of
nine like mixed solutions, solutions which are not solu-
and have the privilege of prolonging indefinitely an
ious situation: and secondly, because they hoped in spite
rything to be able to make use of him, by wearing him
if not by persuasion.
stophe gave them no time for it. Whenever he thought
that at heart any man disliked him, but would not admit
tried to cover it up so as to remain on good terms with
e would never rest until he had succeeded in proving
that he was his enemy. One evening at the *Wagner-*
when he had come up against a wall of hypocritical
y, he could bear it no longer and sent in his resignation
ber without wasting words. Lauber could not under-
it: and Mannheim hastened to Christophe to try and
him. At his first words Christophe burst out:
, no, no,—no! Don't talk to me about these people.
not see them again. . . . I cannot. I cannot. . . . I am
ed, horribly, with men: I can hardly bear to look at

nheim laughed heartily. He was thinking much less
othing Christophe down than of having the fun of it.
now that they are not beautiful," he said; "but that is
new: what new thing has happened?"
thing. I have had enough, that is all. . . . Yes, laugh,

laugh at me: everybody knows I am mad. Prudent p act in accordance with the laws of logic and reason and se I am not like that: I am a man who acts only on his impulse. When a certain quantity of electricity is accumu in me it has to expend itself, at all costs: and so much worse for the others if it touches them! And so much worse for them! I am not made for living in society. H forth I shall belong only to myself."

"You think you can do without everybody else?" said M heim. "You cannot play your music all by yourself. need singers, an orchestra, a conductor, an audien claque. . . ."

Christophe shouted.

"No! no! no!"

But the last word made him jump.

"A claque! Are you not ashamed?"

"I am not talking of a paid claque—(although, indeed, the only means yet discovered of revealing the merit of a position to the audience).—But you must have a claque author's coterie is a claque, properly drilled by him: author has his claque: that is what friends are for."

"I don't want any friends!"

"Then you will be hissed."

"I want to be hissed!"

Mannheim was in the seventh heaven.

"You won't have even that pleasure for long. They play you."

"So be it, then! Do you think I care about being a fa man? . . . Yes. I was making for that with all my might. Nonsense! Folly! Idiocy! . . . As if the satisfaction vulgarest sort of pride could compensate for all the sacrif weariness, suffering, infamy, insults, degradation, ignoble cessions—which are the price of fame! Devil take me if bother my head about such things again! Never again! licity is a vulgar infamy. I will be a private citizen an for myself and those whom I love. . . ."

"Good," said Mannheim ironically. "You must cho profession. Why shouldn't you make shoes?"

"Ah! if I were a cobbler like the incomparable Sac

Christophe. "How happy my life would be! A cobbler rough the week,—and a musician on Sunday, privately, ately, for my own pleasure and that of my friends! What that would be! . . . Am I mad, to waste my time and e for the magnificent pleasure of being a prey to the ent of idiots? Is it not much better and finer to be and understood by a few honest men than to be heard, sed, and toadied by thousands of fools? . . . The devil de and thirst for fame shall never again take me: trust that!"

rtainly," said Mannheim. He thought:
an hour he will say just the opposite." He remarked

en I am to go and smooth things down with the *Wagner-?*"

stophe waved his arms.

hat is the good of my shouting myself hoarse with telling No,' for the last hour? . . . I tell you that I will never t inside it again! I loathe all these *Wagner-Vereine,* se *Vereine,* all these flocks of sheep who have to huddle r to be able to baa in unison. Go and tell those sheep ne that I am a wolf, that I have teeth, and am not made pasture!"

od, good. I will tell them," said Mannheim, as he He was delighted with his morning's entertainment. ught:
is mad, mad, mad as a hatter. . . ."

sister, to whom he reported the interview, at once d her shoulders and said:

d? He would like us to think so! . . . He is stupid, surdly vain. . . ."

tophe went on with his fierce campaign in Waldhaus's It was not that it gave him pleasure: criticism dis- him, and he was always wishing it at the bottom of the t he stuck to it because people were trying to stop him: not wish to appear to have given in.

haus was beginning to be uneasy. As long as he was reach he had looked on at the affray with the calmness

of an Olympian god. But for some weeks past the other pa
had seemed to be beginning to disregard his inviolability:
had begun to attack his vanity as a writer with a rare m
olence in which, had Waldhaus been more subtle, he might
recognized the hand of a friend. As a matter of fact,
attacks were cunningly instigated by Ehrenfeld and Go
ring: they could see no other way of inducing him to
Christophe's polemics. Their perception was justified. W
haus at once declared that Christophe was beginning to w
him: and he withdrew his support. All the staff of the Re
then tried hard to silence Christophe! But it were as eas
muzzle a dog who is about to devour his prey! Everything
said to him only excited him more. He called them polt
and declared that he would say everything—everything tha
ought to say. If they wished to get rid of him, they were
to do so! The whole town would know that they wer
cowardly as the rest: but he would not go of his own ac

They looked at each other in consternation, bitterly bla
Mannheim for the trick he had played them in bringing
a madman among them. Mannheim laughed and tried
to curb Christophe himself: and he vowed that with the
article Christophe would water his wine. They were inc
lous: but the event proved that Mannheim had not bo
vainly. Christophe's next article, though not a model of
tesy, did not contain a single offensive remark about any
Mannheim's method was very simple: they were all an
at not having thought of it before: Christophe never read
he wrote in the Review, and he hardly read the proofs
articles, only very quickly and carelessly. Adolf Mai had
than once passed caustic remarks on the subject: he said
a printer's error was a disgrace to a Review: and Christ
who did not regard criticism altogether as an art, replied
those who were upbraided in it would understand well en
Mannheim turned this to account: he said that Christoph
right and that correcting proofs was printers' work: an
offered to take it over. Christophe was overwhelmed
gratitude: but they told him that such an arrangement w
be of service to them and a saving of time for the Review.
Christophe left his proofs to Mannheim and asked hi

t them carefully. Mannheim did: it was sport for him. st he only ventured to tone down certain phrases and to here and there certain ungracious epithets. Emboldened ccess, he went further with his experiments: he began er sentences and their meaning: and he was really skilful The whole art of it consisted in preserving the general rance of the sentence and its characteristic form while g it say exactly the opposite of what Christophe had . Mannheim took far more trouble to disfigure Chris- s articles than he would have done to write them himself: had he worked so hard. But he enjoyed the result: a musicians whom Christophe had hitherto pursued with rcasms were astounded to see him grow gradually gentle t last sing their praises. The staff of the Review were ted. Mannheim used to read aloud his lucubrations to They roared with laughter. Ehrenfeld and Goldenring say to Mannheim occasionally:

e careful! You are going too far."

ere's no danger," Mannheim would say. And he would with it.

istophe never noticed anything. He used to go to the of the Review, leave his copy, and not bother about it ore. Sometimes he would take Mannheim aside and say: is time I really have done for the swine. Just read. . . ."

nheim would read.

ll, what do you think of it?"

rrible, my dear fellow, there's nothing left of them!"

at do you think they will say?"

! there will be a fine row."

there never was a row. On the contrary, everybody at Christophe: people whom he detested would bow to the street. One day he came to the office uneasy and g: and, throwing a visiting card on the table, he asked:

at does this mean?"

as the card of a musician whom he slaughtered.

thousand thanks."

nheim replied with a laugh:

is ironical."

tophe was set at rest.

"Oh!" he said. "I was afraid my article had pleased h
"He is furious," said Ehrenfeld: "but he does not wi
seem so: he is posing as the strong man, and is just laugh
"Laughing? . . . Swine!" said Christophe, furious
more. "I shall write another article about him. He la
best who laughs last."
"No, no," said Waldhaus anxiously. "I don't think
laughing at you. It is humility: he is a good Christian.
is holding out the other cheek to the smiter."
"So much the better!" said Christophe. "Ah! Cow
He has asked for it: he shall have his flogging."
Waldhaus tried to intervene. But the others laughed.
"Let him be . . ." said Mannheim.
"After all . . ." replied Waldhaus, suddenly reassured
little more or less makes no matter! . . ."
Christophe went away. His colleagues rocked and r
with laughter. When they had had their fill of it Wal
said to Mannheim:
"All the same, it was a narrow squeak. . . . Please be
ful. We shall be caught yet."
"Bah!" said Mannheim. "We have plenty of time.
And besides, I am making friends for him."

II

ENGULFED

Christophe had got so far with his clumsy efforts tow
the reform of German art when there happened to pass thr
the town a troupe of French actors. It would be more exa
say, a band; for, as usual, they were a collection of poor d
picked up goodness knows where, and young unknown pl
too happy to learn their art, provided they were allowed to
They were all harnessed to the chariot of a famous and el
actress who was making tour of Germany, and passing thr
the little princely town, gave their performances there.
Waldhaus' review made a great fuss over them. Mannh
and his friends knew or pretended to know about the literary

life of Paris: they used to repeat gossip picked up in oulevard newspapers and more or less understood; they ented the French spirit in Germany. That robbed Chris- of any desire to know more about it. Mannheim used rwhelm him with praises of Paris. He had been there l times; certain members of his family were there. He lations in every country in Europe, and they had every- assumed the nationality and aspect of the country: this of the seed of Abraham included an English baronet, ian senator, a French minister, a deputy in the *Reichstag,* Papal Count; and all of them, although they were united lled with respect for the stock from which they sprang, incerely English, Belgian, French, German, or Papal, for pride never allowed of doubt that the country of their on was the greatest of all. Mannheim was paradoxically ly one of them who was pleased to prefer all the countries ch he did not belong. He used often to talk of Paris en- tically, but as he was always extravagant in his talk, and, of praising the Parisians, used to represent them as a of scatterbrains, lewd and rowdy, who spent their time e-making and revolutions without ever taking them- seriously, Christophe was not greatly attracted by the ntine and decadent republic beyond the Vosges." He used to imagine Paris as it was presented in a naïve engraving he had seen as a frontispiece to a book that had recently ed in a German art publication; the Devil of Notre Dame ed huddled up above the roofs of the town with the

rnal luxury like an insatiable Vampire devours its prey he great city."*

a good German he despised the debauched Volcae and terature, of which he only knew lively buffooneries like *n, Madame Sans Gêne,* and a few café songs. The snob- s of the little town, where those people who were most usly incapable of being interested in art flocked noisily places at the box office, brought him to an affectation nful indifference towards the great actress. He vowed would not go one yard to hear her. It was the easier

for him to keep his promise as seats had reached an exorb price which he could not afford.

The repertory which the French actors had brought incl a few classical pieces; but for the most part it was com of those idiotic pieces which are expressly manufactur Paris for exportation, for nothing is more international mediocrity. Christophe knew *La Tosca,* which was to b first production of the touring actors; he had seen it in t lation adorned with all those easy graces which the compa a little Rhenish theater can give to a French play: an laughed scornfully and declared that he was very glad, he saw his friends go off to the theater, not to have to again. But next day he listened none the less eagerly, wi seeming to listen, to the enthusiastic tales of the delig evening they had had: he was angry at having lost the to contradict them by having refused to see what everybody talking about.

The second production announced was a French transl of *Hamlet.* Christophe had never missed an opportunit seeing a play of Shakespeare's. Shakespeare was to him o same order as Beethoven, an inexhaustible spring of life. *H let* had been specially dear to him during the period of s and tumultuous doubts through which he had just passed spite of his fear of seeing himself reflected in that magic m he was fascinated by it: and he prowled about the th notices, though he did not admit that he was longing to a seat. But he was so obstinate that after what he had to his friends he would not eat his words: and he would stayed at home that evening if chance had not brought in contact with Mannheim just as he was sadly going h

Mannheim took his arm and told him angrily, thoug never ceased his banter, that an old beast of a relation, father's sister, had just come down upon them with all retinue and that they had all to stay at home to welcome Hc had time to get out of it: but his father would broo trifling with questions of family etiquette and the respect to elderly relatives: and as he had to handle his father fully because he wanted presently to get money out of he had had to give in and not go to the play.

u had tickets?" asked Christophe.
excellent box: and I have to go and give it—(I am
ing now)—to that old pig, Grünebaum, papa's partner,
he can swagger there with the she Grünebaum and their
hen of a daughter. Jolly! . . . I want to find
ng very disagreeable to say to them. They won't mind
as I give them the tickets—although they would much
hey were banknotes."
topped short with his mouth open and looked at Chris-

! but—but just the man I want!" He chuckled:
ristophe, are you going to the theater?"
"
od. You shall go. I ask it as a favor. You cannot

tophe did not understand.
I have no seat."
re you are!" said Mannheim triumphantly, thrusting
et into his hand.
u are mad," said Christophe. "What about your father's
"
heim laughed:
will be furious!" he said.
ried his eyes and went on:
nall tap him to-morrow morning as soon as he is up
ne knows anything."
nnot accept," said Christophe, "knowing that he would
it."
loes not concern you: you know nothing about it."
tophe had unfolded the ticket:
what would I do with a box for four?"
tever you like. You can sleep in it, dance if you like.
me women. You must know some? If need be we
you some."
tophe held out the ticket to Mannheim:
ainly not. Take it back."
I," said Mannheim, stepping back a pace. "I can't
u to go if it bores you, but I shan't take it back. You

can throw it in the fire or even take it virtuously to the G
baums. I don't care. Good-night!"

He left Christophe in the middle of the street, tick
hand, and went away.

Christophe was unhappy about it. He said to himself
he ought to take it to the Grünebaums: but he was not
about the idea. He went home still pondering, and when
he looked at the clock he saw that he had only just
enough to dress for the theater. It would be too silly to
the ticket. He asked his mother to go with him. But L
declared that she would rather go to bed. He went. At
he was filled with childish glee at the thought of his ev
Only one thing worried him: the thought of having t
alone in such a pleasure. He had no remorse about M
heim's father or the Grünebaums, whose box he was ta
but he was remorseful about those whom he might have
with him. He thought of the joy it could give to other
people like himself: and it hurt him not to be able to g
them. He cast about but could find nobody to whom he
offer his ticket. Besides, it was late and he must hurry.

As he entered the theater he passed by the closed w
on which a poster announced that there was not a single
left in the office. Among the people who were turning
from it disappointedly he noticed a girl who could not
up her mind to leave and was enviously watching the p
going in. She was dressed very simply in black; she was no
tall; her face was thin and she looked delicate; and a
moment he did not notice whether she were pretty or
He passed her: then he stopped, turned, and without ste
to think:

"You can't get a seat, Fräulein?" he asked point-bla

She blushed and said with a foreign accent:

"No, sir."

"I have a box which I don't know what to do with.
you make use of it with me?"

She blushed again and thanked him and said she could
accept. Christophe was embarrassed by her refusal, begged
pardon and tried to insist, but he could not persuade

gh it was obvious that she was dying to accept. He ry perplexed. He made up his mind suddenly.
here is a way out of the difficulty," he said. "You take ket. I don't want it. I have seen the play." (He was g). "It will give you more pleasure than me. Take se."
girl was so touched by his proposal and the cordial r in which it was made that tears all but came to her She murmured gratefully that she could not think of ng him of it.
en, come," he said, smiling.
looked so kind and honest that she was ashamed of refused, and she said in some confusion:
ank you. I will come."

went in. The Mannheims' box was wide, big, and faced ge: it was impossible not to be seen in it if they had It is useless to say that their entry passed unnoticed. phe made the girl sit at the front, while he stayed a ehind so as not to embarrass her. She sat stiffly up- not daring to turn her head: she was horribly shy: she have given much not to have accepted. To give her recover her composure and not knowing what to talk bout, Christophe pretended to look the other way. Which- y he looked it was easily seen that his presence with an n companion among the brilliant people of the boxes iting much curiosity and comment. He darted furious at those who were looking at him: he was angry that should go on being interested in him when he took no in them. It did not occur to him that their indiscreet was more busied with his companion than with him- that there was more offense in it. By way of showing r indifference to anything they might say or think he owards the girl and began to talk to her. She looked d by his talking and so unhappy at having to reply, eemed to be so difficult for her to wrench out a "Yes" No" without ever daring to look at him, that he took her shyness, and drew back to a corner. Fortunately began.

Christophe had not seen the play bill and he hardly to know what part the great actress was playing: he wa of those simple people who go to the theater to see the and not the actors. He had never wondered whether th mous player would be Ophelia or the Queen; if he had won about it he would have inclined towards the Queen, bearin mind the ages of the two ladies. But it could never hav curred to him that she would play Hamlet. When he Hamlet, and heard his mechanical dolly squeak, it was time before he could believe it; he wondered if he were dreaming.

"But who? Who is it?" he asked half aloud. "It be . . ."

And when he had to accept that it *was* Hamlet, he re out an oath, which fortunately his companion did hear, because she was a foreigner, though it was heard per in the next box: for he was at once indignantly bidden silent. He withdrew to the back of the box to swear h He could not recover his temper. If he had been ju would have given homage to the elegance of the travest the *tour de force* of nature and art, which made it possibl a woman of sixty to appear in a youth's costume and ev seem beautiful in it—at least to kindly eyes. But he all *tours de force,* everything which violates and falsifies ture. He liked a woman to be a woman, and a man a (It does not often happen nowadays.) The childish absurd travesty of the Leonora of Beethoven did not him much. But this travesty of Hamlet was beyond all d of the preposterous. To make of the robust Dane, fu pale, choleric, cunning, intellectual, subject to hallucina a woman—not even a woman: for a woman playing the can only be a monster,—to make of Hamlet a eunuch androgynous betwixt and between,—the times must be indeed, criticism must be idiotic, to let such disgusting fo tolerated for a single day and not hissed off the boards! actress's voice infuriated Christophe. She had that sy labored diction, that monotonous melopœia which see have been dear to the least poetic people in the world the days of the *Champmeslé* and the *Hôtel de Bourg*

ophe was so exasperated by it that he wanted to go away. rned his back on the scene, and he made hideous faces t the wall of the box like a child put in the corner. nately his companion dared not look at him: for if she een him she would have thought him mad.

denly Christophe stopped making faces. He stopped still ade no sound. A lovely musical voice, a young woman's grave and sweet, was heard. Christophe pricked his As she went on with her words he turned again, keenly ted to see what bird could warble so. He saw Ophelia. th she was nothing like the Ophelia of Shakespeare. She beautiful girl, tall, big and fine like a young fresh statue tra or Cassandra. She was brimming with life. In spite efforts to keep within her part, the force of youth and it was in her shone forth from her body, her movements, stures, her brown eyes that laughed in spite of herself. s the power of physical beauty that Christophe who a t before had been merciless in judging the interpreta- Hamlet never for a moment thought of regretting that was hardly at all like his image of her: and he sacri- is image to the present vision of her remorselessly. With conscious faithlessness of people of passion he even found ound truth in the youthful ardor brimming in the of the chaste and unhappy virgin heart. But the magic voice, pure, warm, and velvety, worked the spell: every ounded like a lovely chord: about every syllable there l like the scent of thyme or wild mint the laughing of the Midi with its full rhythm. Strange was this f an Ophelia from Arles! In it was something of that sun and its wild northwest wind, its *mistral*.

tophe forgot his companion and came and sat by her the front of the box: he never took his eyes off the l actress whose name he did not know. But the audi- no had not come to see an unknown player paid no n to her, and only applauded when the female Hamlet That made Christophe growl and call them: "Idiots!" v voice which could be heard ten yards away.

s not until the curtain was lowered upon the first act remembered the existence of his companion, and seeing

that she was still shy he thought with a smile of how he m
have scared her with his extravagances. He was not far wro
the girl whom chance had thrown in his company for a
hours was almost morbidly shy; she must have been in
abnormal state of excitement to have accepted Christop
invitation. She had hardly accepted it than she had wishe
any cost to get out of it, to make some excuse and to esc
It had been much worse for her when she had seen that
was an object of general curiosity, and her unhappiness
been increased almost past endurance when she heard beh
her back—(she dared not turn round)—her companion's
growls and imprecations. She expected anything now,
when he came and sat by her she was frozen with terror: w
eccentricity would he commit next? She would gladly
sunk into the ground fathoms down. She drew back inst
tively: she was afraid of touching him.

But all her fears vanished when the interval came and
heard him say quite kindly:

"I am an unpleasant companion, eh? I beg your par

Then she looked at him and saw his kind smile which
induced her to come with him.

He went on:

"I cannot hide what I think. . . . But you know it is
much! . . . That woman, that old woman! . . ."

He made a face of disgust.

She smiled and said in a low voice:

"It is fine in spite of everything."

He noticed her accent and asked:

"You are a foreigner?"

"Yes," said she.

He looked at her modest gown.

"A governess?" he said.

"Yes."

"What nationality?"

She said:

"I am French."

He made a gesture of surprise:

"French? I should not have thought it."

"Why?" she asked timidly.

ou are so . . . serious!" said he.
e thought it was not altogether a compliment from him.)
here are serious people also in France," said she con-
y.
looked at her honest little face, with its broad forehead,
straight nose, delicate chin, and thin cheeks framed in
estnut hair. It was not she that he saw: he was thinking
beautiful actress. He repeated:
is strange that you should be French! . . . Are you
of the same nationality as Ophelia? One would never
it."
r a moment's silence he went on:
w beautiful she is!" without noticing that he seemed to
ing a comparison between the actress and his companion
as not at all flattering to her. But she felt it: but she
mind: for she was of the same opinion. He tried to find
ut the actress from her: but she knew nothing: it was
at she did not know much about the theater.
u must be glad to hear French?" he asked. He meant
st, but he touched her.
!" she said with an accent of sincerity which struck
it does me so much good! I am stifled here."
ooked at her more closely: she clasped her hands, and
to be oppressed. But at once she thought of how her
might hurt him:
give me," she said. "I don't know what I am saying."
aughed:
n't beg pardon! You are quite right. You don't need
rench to be stifled here. Ouf!"
hrew back his shoulders and took a long breath.
he was ashamed of having been so free and relapsed into
Besides she had just seen that the people in the boxes
them were listening to what they were saying: he
it too and was wrathful. They broke off: and until
of the interval he went out into the corridor. The
rds were ringing in his ears, but he was lost in dreams:
ge of Ophelia filled his thoughts. During the succeed-
she took hold of him completely, and when the beautiful
came to the mad scene and the melancholy songs of

love and death, her voice gave forth notes so moving tha
was bowled over: he felt that he was going to burst into t
Angry with himself for what he took to be a sign of weakn
(for he would not admit that a true artist can weep)--
not wishing to make an object of himself, he left the
abruptly. The corridors and the foyer were empty. In
agitation he went down the stairs of the theater and went
without knowing it. He had to breathe the cold night
and to go striding through the dark, half-empty streets.
came to himself by the edge of a canal, and leaned on the p
pet of the bank and watched the silent water whereon th
flections of the street lamps danced in the darkness. His
was like that: it was dark and heaving: he could see not
in it but great joy dancing on the surface. The clocks
the hour. It was impossible for him to go back to the th
and hear the end of the play. To see the triumph of Fe
bras? No, that did not tempt him. A fine triumph
Who thinks of envying the conqueror? Who would be he
being gorged with all the wild and absurd savagery of
The whole play is a formidable indictment of life. But
is such a power of life in it that sadness becomes joy,
bitterness intoxicates. . . .

Christophe went home without a thought for the unk
girl, whose name even he had not ascertained.

Next morning he went to see the actress at the little
rate hotel in which the impresario had quartered her with
comrades while the great actress had put up at the best
in the town. He was conducted to a very untidy room
the remains of breakfast were left on an open piano, to
with hairpins and torn and dirty sheets of music. In the
room Ophelia was singing at the top of her voice, like a
for the pleasure of making a noise. She stopped for a m
when her visitor was announced to ask merrily in a loud
without ever caring whether she were heard through the

"What does he want? What is his name? Chris
Christophe what? Christophe Krafft? What a name!"

(She repeated it two or three times, rolling her *r*'s terri

"It is like a swear——"

ıe swore.)
he young or old? Pleasant? Very well. I'll come."
began to sing again:
thing is sweeter than my love . . ." while she rushed
her room cursing a tortoise-shell pin which had got lost
the rubbish. She lost patience, began to grumble, and
. Although he could not see her Christophe followed all
ovements on the other side of the wall in imagination
ughed to himself. At last he heard steps approaching,
or was flung open, and Ophelia appeared.
was half dressed, in a loose gown which she was holding
her waist: her bare arms showed in her wide sleeves:
ir was carelessly done, and locks of it fell down into
es and over her cheeks. Her fine brown eyes smiled, her
iled, her cheeks smiled, and a charming dimple in her
niled. In her beautiful grave melodious voice she asked
excuse her appearance. She knew that there was noth-
excuse and that he could only be very grateful to her
She thought he was a journalist come to interview her.
of being annoyed when he told her that he had come
entirely of his own accord and because he admired her,
s delighted. She was a good girl, affectionate, delighted
se, and making no effort to conceal her delight. Chris-
visit and his enthusiasm made her very happy—(she
yet spoiled by flattery). She was so natural in all her
nts and ways, even in her little vanities and her naïve
in giving pleasure, that he was not embarrassed for a
noment. They became old friends at once. He could
a few words of French: and she could jabber a few
f German: after an hour they told each other all their
She never thought of sending him away. The splen-
southern creature, intelligent and warm-hearted, who
ave been bored to tears with her stupid companions and
ntry whose language she did not know, a country with-
natural joy that was in herself, was glad to find some
lk to. As for Christophe it was an untold blessing for
meet the free-hearted girl of the Midi filled with
of the people, in the midst of his narrow and insincere
itizens. He did not yet know the workings of such

natures which, unlike the Germans, have no more in minds and hearts than they show, and often not even as r But at the least she was young, she was alive, she said fra rawly, what she thought: she judged everything freely fr new and a fresh point of view: in her it was possible to br a little of the northwest wind that sweeps away mists. was gifted. Uneducated and unthinking, she could at once with her whole heart and be sincerely moved by things w were beautiful and good; and then, a moment later, she w burst out laughing. She was a coquette and made eyes did not mind showing her bare arms and neck under her open gown; she would have liked to turn Christophe's but it was all purely instinctive. There was no thoug gaining her own ends in her, and she much preferred to l and talk blithely, to be a good fellow, a good chum, wi ceremony or awkwardness. She told him about the u world of the theater, her little sorrows, the silly susceptib of her comrades, the bickerings of Jezebel—(so she calle great actress)—who took good care not to let her shine. confided his sufferings at the hands of the Germans: she cl her hands and played chords to him. She was kind would not speak ill of anybody; but that did not keep from doing so, and while she blamed herself for her when she laughed at anybody, she had a fund of mo humor and that realistic and witty gift of observation belongs to the people of the South; she could not resist drew cuttingly satirical portraits. With her pale lips laughed merrily to show her teeth, like those of a puppy dark eyes shone in her pale face, which was a little disco by grease paint.

They noticed suddenly that they had been talking for than an hour. Christophe proposed to come for Corinne— was her stage name)—in the afternoon and show her ov town. She was delighted with the idea, and they arrang meet immediately after dinner.

At the appointed hour, he turned up. Corinne was s in the little drawing-room of the hotel, with a book in hand, which she was reading aloud. She greeted him smiling eyes but did not stop reading until she had fini

entence. Then she signed to him to sit down on the sofa
r side:
it there," she said, "and don't talk. I am going over
art. I shall have finished in a quarter of an hour."
e followed the script with her finger nail and read very
ly and carelessly like a little girl in a hurry. He offered
ar her her words. She passed him the book and got up to
t what she had learned. She floundered and would re-
he end of one sentence four times before going on to the
She shook her head as she recited her part; her hair-
fell down and all over the room. When she could not
ect sometimes some word she was as impatient as a naughty
; sometimes she swore comically or she would use big
—one word with which she apostrophized herself was
big and very short. Christophe was astonished by the
re of talent and childishness in her. She would produce
g tones of voice quite aptly, but in the middle of a speech
which she seemed to be throwing her whole heart she
say a whole string of words that had absolutely no
ng. She recited her lesson like a parrot, without trou-
about its meaning, and then she produced burlesque non-
She did not worry about it. When she saw it she would
with laughter. At last she said: "Zut!", snatched the
from him, flung it into a corner of the room, and said:
olidays! The hour has struck! . . . Now let us go

was a little anxious about her part and asked:
ou think you will know it?"
replied confidently:
rtainly. What is the prompter for?" She went into
om to put on her hat. Christophe sat at the piano while
s waiting for her and struck a few chords. From the
oom she called:
! What is that? Play some more! How pretty it is!"
ran in, pinning on her hat. He went on. When he had
d she wanted him to play more. She went into ecstasies
ll the little arch exclamations habitual to Frenchwomen
they make about *Tristan* and a cup of chocolate equally.
e Christophe laugh; it was a change from the tremendous

affected, clumsy exclamations of the Germans; they were l
exaggerated in different directions; one made a mountain
of a mole-hill, the other made a mole-hill out of a mounta
the French was not less ridiculous than the German, but
the moment it seemed more pleasant because he loved the
from which it came. Corinne wanted to know what he
playing, and when she learned that he had composed it
gave a shout. He had told her during their conversation
the morning that he was a composer, but she had ha
listened to him. She sat by him and insisted on his pla
everything that he had composed. Their walk was forgot
It was not mere politeness on her part; she adored music
had an admirable instinct for it which supplied the defici
of her education. At first he did not take her seriously
played his easiest melodies. But when he had played a pa
by which he set more store and saw that she preferred it
although he had not said anything about it, he was j
surprised. With the naïve astonishment of the Germans w
they meet a Frenchman who is a good musician he said:

"Odd. How good your taste is! I should never have tho
it . . ."

Corinne laughed in his face.

He amused himself then by selecting compositions mor
more difficult to understand, to see how far she would
with him. But she did not seem to be put out by his bold
and after a particularly new melody which Christophe hi
had almost come to doubt because he had never succeede
having it accepted in Germany, he was greatly astonished w
Corinne begged him to play it again, and she got up and b
to sing the notes from memory almost without a mistake!
turned towards her and took her hands warmly:

"But you are a musician!" he cried.

She began to laugh and explained that she had made
début as a singer in provincial opera houses, but that an
presario of touring companies had recognized her disposi
towards the poetic theater and had enrolled her in its ser
He exclaimed:

"What a pity!"

hy?" said she. "Poetry also is a sort of music."
made him explain to her the meaning of his *Lieder;*
d her the German words, and she repeated them with
imicry, copying even the movements of his lips and eyes
pronounced the words. When she had these to sing from
y, then she made grotesque mistakes, and when she
she invented words, guttural and barbarously sonorous,
made them both laugh. She did not tire of making him
or he of playing for her and hearing her pretty voice;
l not know the tricks of the trade and sang a little from
roat like little girls, and there was a curious fragile
in her voice that was very touching. She told him
what she thought. Although she could not explain
e liked or disliked anything there was always some grain
e hidden in her judgment. The odd thing was that she
least pleasure in the most classical passages which were
ppreciated in Germany; she paid him a few compliments
politeness; but they obviously meant nothing. As she
musical culture she had not the pleasure which ama-
nd even artists find in what is *already heard,* a pleasure
often makes them unconsciously reproduce, or, in a new
ition, like forms or formulæ which they have already
old compositions. Nor did she have the German taste
lodious sentimentality (or, at least, her sentimentality
ferent; Christophe did not yet know its failings)—she
go into ecstasies over the soft insipid music preferred
nany; she did not single out the most melodious of his
—a melody which he would have liked to destroy be-
is friends, only too glad to be able to compliment
something, were always talking about it. Corinne's
instinct made her prefer the melodies which frankly
ced a certain passion; he also set most store by them.
she did not hesitate to show her lack of sympathy with
rude harmonies which seemed quite natural to Chris-
hey gave her a sort of shock when she came upon them;
ld stop then and ask "if it was really so." When he said
then she would rush at the difficulty; but she would
little grimace which did not escape Christophe. Some-

times even she would prefer to skip the bar. Then he w play it again on the piano.

"You don't like that?" he would ask.

She would screw up her nose.

"It is wrong," she would say.

"Not at all," he would reply with a laugh. "It is right. Think of its meaning. It is rhymthic, isn't it?"

(He pointed to her heart.)

But she would shake her head:

"May be; but it is wrong here." (She pulled her ear

And she would be a little shocked by the sudden outb of German declamation.

"Why should he talk so loud?" she would ask. "I all alone. Aren't you afraid of his neighbors overhearing It is as though—(Forgive me! You won't be angry? were hailing a boat."

He was not angry; he laughed heartily, he recognized there was some truth in what she said. Her remarks am him; nobody had ever said such things before. They a that declamation in singing generally deforms the na word like a magnifying glass. Corinne asked Christop write music for a piece in which she would speak to th companiment of the orchestra, singing a few sentences now and then. He was fired by the idea in spite of the culties of the stage setting which, he thought, Corinne's cal voice would easily overcome, and they made plans fo future. It was not far short of five o'clock when they th of going out. Night fell early. They could not think of for a walk. Corinne had a rehearsal at the theater i evening; nobody was allowed to be present. She made promise to come and fetch her during the next afterno take the walk they had planned.

Next day they did almost the same again. He found Co in front of her mirror, perched on a high stool, swinging legs; she was trying on a wig. Her dresser was there a hair dresser of the town to whom she was giving instruc about a curl which she wished to have higher up. As looked in the glass she saw Christophe smiling behind

he put out her tongue at him. The hair dresser went
ith the wig and she turned gaily to Christophe:
d-day, my friend!" she said.
held up her cheek to be kissed. He had not expected
timacy, but he took advantage of it all the same. She
attach so much importance to the favor; it was to her
ng like any other.
! I am happy!" said she. "It will do very well to-
(She was talking of her wig.) "I was so wretched!
had come this morning you would have found me abso-
niserable."
sked why.
s because the Parisian hair dresser had made a mistake
ing and had sent a wig which was not suitable to the

e flat," she said, "and falling straight down. When
I wept like a Magdalen. Didn't I, Désirée?"
n I came in," said Désirée, "I was afraid for Madame.
was quite white. Madame looked like death."
ophe laughed. Corinne saw him in her mirror:
rtless wretch; it makes you laugh," she said indig-

egan to laugh too.
ked her how the rehearsal had gone. Everything had
well. She would have liked the other parts to be cut
l her own less. They talked so much that they wasted
he afternoon. She dressed slowly; she amused herself
g Christophe's opinion about her dresses. Christophe
er elegance and told her naïvely in his Franco-German
hat he had never seen anybody so "luxurious." She
him for a moment and then burst out laughing.
t have I said?" he asked. "Have I said anything

yes," she cried, rocking with laughter. "You have

t they went out. Her striking costume and her ex-
hatter attracted attention. She looked at everything
mocking eyes and made no effort to conceal her im-
. She chuckled at the dressmakers' shops, and at the

picture post-card shops in which sentimental scenes, comic obscene drawings, the town prostitutes, the imperial family Emperor as a sea-dog holding the wheel of the *Germania* defying the heavens, were all thrown together higgledy-pigg She giggled at a dinner-service decoration with Wagner's c grained face, or at a hair dresser's shop-window in which was the wax head of a man. She made no attempt to m her hilarity over the patriotic monument representing th Emperor in a traveling coat and a peaked cap, together Prussia, the German States, and a nude Genius of War. made remarks about anything in the faces of the people or way of speaking that struck her as funny. Her victims left in no doubt about it as she maliciously picked out absurdities. Her instinctive mimicry made her sometime tate with her mouth and nose their broad grimaces and fr without thinking; and she would blow out her cheeks a repeated fragments of sentences and words that struck h grotesque in sound as she caught them. He laughed he and was not at all embarrassed by her impertinence, for h no longer easily embarrassed. Fortunately he had no reputation to lose, or his walk would have ruined it for

They visited the cathedral. Corinne wanted to go t top of the spire, in spite of her high heels, and long dress w swept the stairs or was caught in a corner of the staircase did not worry about it, but pulled the stuff which split went on climbing, holding it up. She wanted very mu ring the bells. From the top of the tower she declaimed V Hugo (he did not understand it), and sang a popular F song. After that she played the muezzin. Dusk was fa They went down into the cathedral where the dark sha were creeping along the gigantic walls in which the magic of the windows were shining. Kneeling in one of the chapels, Christophe saw the girl who had shared his b *Hamlet*. She was so absorbed in her prayers that she di see him: he saw that she was looking sad and strained. would have liked to speak to her, just to say, "How do do?" but Corinne dragged him off like a whirlwind.

They parted soon afterwards. She had to get ready fo performance, which began early, as usual in Germany.

rdly reached home when there was a ring at the door letter from Corinne was handed in:

ck! Jezebel ill! No performance! No school! Come! dine together! Your friend,

"CORINETTE.

S. Bring plenty of music!"

is some time before he understood. When he did under- ne was as happy as Corinne, and went to the hotel at He was afraid of finding the whole company assembled er; but he saw nobody. Corinne herself was not there. he heard her laughing voice at the back of the house: t to look for her and found her in the kitchen. She en it into her head to cook a dish in her own way, one e southern dishes which fills the whole neighborhood s aroma and would awaken a stone. She was on excel- ms with the large proprietress of the hotel, and they bbering in a horrible jargon that was a mixture of , French, and negro, though there is no word to describe ny language. They were laughing loudly and making her taste their cooking. Christophe's appearance made oisier than ever. They tried to push him out; but he d and succeeded in tasting the famous dish. He made She said he was a barbarous Teuton and that it was putting herself out for him.

went up to the little sitting-room when the table was ere were only two places, for himself and Corinne. He ot help asking her where her companions were. Corinne er hands carelessly:

n't know."

't you sup together?"

er! We see enough of each other at the theater! . . . would be awful if we had to meet at meals! . . ."

s so different from German custom that he was sur- nd charmed by it.

ought," he said, "you were a sociable people!"

!," said she, "am I not sociable?"

able means living in society. We have to see each

other! Men, women, children, we all belong to societies f birth to death. We are always making societies: we eat, think in societies. When the societies sneeze, we sneeze we don't have a drink except with our societies."

"That must be amusing," said she. "Why not out of same glass?"

"Brotherly, isn't it?"

"That for fraternity! I like being 'brotherly' with p I like: not with the others . . . Pooh! That's not soc that is an ant heap."

"Well, you can imagine how happy I am here, for I as you do."

"Come to us, then!"

He asked nothing better. He questioned her about and the French. She told him much that was not per accurate. Her southern propensity for boasting was with an instinctive desire to shine before him. Accordi her, everybody in Paris was free: and as everybody in was intelligent, everybody made good use of their liberty, no one abused it. Everybody did what they liked: the believed, loved or did not love, as they liked; nobody h thing to say about it. There nobody meddled with other p beliefs, or spied on their consciences or tried to regulate thoughts. There politicians never dabbled in literature arts, and never gave orders, jobs, and money to their or clients. There little cliques never disposed of reputati success, journalists were never bought; there men of l never entered into controversies with the church, that co to nothing. There criticism never stifled unknown tal exhausted its praises upon recognized talent. There cess, success at all costs, did not justify the m and command the adoration of the public. There were gentle manners, kindly and sweet. There was never any terness, never any scandal. Everybody helped everybody Every worthy newcomer was certain to find hands held o him and the way made smooth for him. Pure love of be filled the chivalrous and disinterested souls of the French. they were only absurd in their idealism, which, in spite of acknowledged wit, made them the dupes of other nations.

stophe listened open-mouthed. It was certainly mar-
Corinne marveled herself as she heard her words.
l forgotten what she had told Christophe the day before
he difficulties of her past life. He gave no more thought
an she.

yet Corinne was not only concerned with making the
s love her country: she wanted to make herself loved,
whole evening without flirtation would have seemed
and rather absurd to her. She made eyes at Chris-
but it was trouble wasted: he did not notice it. Chris-
id not know what it was to flirt. He loved or did not
When he did not love he was miles from any thought of
He liked Corinne enormously. He felt the attraction
outhern nature; it was so new to him. And her sweet-
l good humor, her quick and lively intelligence: many
asons than he needed for loving. But the spirit blows
listeth. It did not blow in that direction, and as for
at love, in love's absence, the idea had never occurred

ne was amused by his coldness. She sat by his side
iano while he played the music he had brought with
l put her arm round his neck, and to follow the music
ed towards the keyboard, almost pressing her cheek
his. He felt her hair touch his face, and quite close
saw the corner of her mocking eye, her pretty little
nd the light down on her tip-tilted nose. She waited,
—she waited. Christophe did not understand the invi-
Corinne was in his way: that was all he thought of.
ally he broke free from her and moved his chair.
n, a moment later, he turned to speak to Corinne, he
she was choking with laughter: her cheeks were
her lips were pressed together, and she seemed to be
herself in.

is the matter?" he said, in his astonishment.
oked at him and laughed aloud.
not understand.
are you laughing?" he asked. "Did I say anything

ore he insisted, the more she laughed. When she

had almost finished she had only to look at his crestfalle pearance to break out again. She got up, ran to the se the other end of the room, and buried her face in the cu to laugh her fill; her whole body shook with it. He beg laugh too, came towards her, and slapped her on the When she had done laughing she raised her head, drie tears in her eyes, and held out her hands to him.

"What a good boy you are!" she said.

"No worse than another."

She went on, shaking occasionally with laughter, still ing his hands.

"Frenchwomen are not serious?" she asked. (She nounced it: "*Françouése.*")

"You are making fun of me," he said good-humoredl

She looked at him kindly, shook his hands vigorously said:

"Friends?"

"Friends!" said he, shaking her hand.

"You will think of Corinette when she is gone? You be angry with the Frenchwoman for not being serious?"

"And Corinette won't be angry with the barbarous T for being so stupid?"

"That is why she loves him. . . . You will come an her in Paris?"

"It is a promise. . . . And she—she will write to him

"I swear it. . . . You say: 'I swear.'"

"I swear."

"No, not like that. You must hold up your hand." recited the oath of the Horatii. She made him promi write a play for her, a melodrama, which could be tran into French and played in Paris by her. She was going next day with her company. He promised to go and se again the day after at Frankfort, where they were giv performance.

They stayed talking for some time. She presented C tophe with a photograph in which she was much déco draped only in a garment fastening below her shoulders. parted gaily, and kissed like brother and sister. And, in once Corinne had seen that Christophe was fond of her,

all in love, she began to be fond of him, too, without
s a good friend.

r sleep was not troubled by it. He could not see her
t day, because he was occupied by a rehearsal. But on
following he managed to go to Frankfort as he had
d. It was a few hours' journey by rail. Corinne hardly
Christophe's promise. But he had taken it seriously,
ıen the performance began he was there. When he
at her dressing-room door during the interval, she
ry of glad surprise and threw her arms round his neck
r usual exuberance. She was sincerely grateful to him
ng come. Unfortunately for Christophe, she was much
ught after in the city of rich, intelligent Jews, who
ppreciate her actual beauty and her future success. Al-
ery minute there was a knock at the door, and it opened
l men with heavy faces and quick eyes, who said the
onal things with a thick accent. Corinne naturally
es, and then she would go on talking to Christophe in
affected, provoking voice, and that irritated him. And
l no pleasure in the calm lack of modesty with which
on dressing in his presence, and the paint and grease
ich she larded her arms, throat, and face filled him
found disgust. He was on the point of going away
seeing her again after the performance; but when he
d-bye and begged to be excused from going to the
hat was to be given to her after the play, she was so
it and so affectionate, too, that he could not hold out
ıer. She had a time-table brought, so as to prove that
and must stay an hour with her. He only needed
ıvinced, and he was at the supper. He was even able
l his annoyance with the follies that were indulged
his irritation at Corinne's coquetries with all and
It was impossible to be angry with her. She was an
rl, without any moral principles, lazy, sensual, pleas-
g, childishly coquettish; but at the same time so loyal,
ınd all her faults were so spontaneous and so healthy
as only possible to smile at them and even to love
hristophe, who was sitting opposite her, watched her
, her radiant eyes, her sticky lips, with their Ital-

ian smile—that smile in which there is kindness, subtlet
a sort of heavy greediness. He saw her more clearly th
had yet done. Some of her features reminded him of
certain gestures, certain looks, certain sensual and rather
tricks—the eternal feminine. But what he loved in her w
southern nature, that generous nature which is not nig
with its gifts, which never troubles to fashion drawing
beauties and literary cleverness, but harmonious creatur
are made body and mind to grow in the air and the sun.
he left she got up from the table to say good-bye to him
from the others. They kissed and renewed their promi
write and meet again.

He took the last train home. At a station the train c
from the opposite direction was waiting. In the c
opposite his—a third-class compartment—Christophe sa
young Frenchwoman who had been with him to the p
ance of *Hamlet*. She saw Christophe and recognized
They were both astonished. They bowed and did not
and dared not look again. And yet he had seen at one
she was wearing a little traveling toque and had an old
by her side. It did not occur to him that she was l
the country. He thought she must be going away for
days. He did not know whether he ought to speak t
He stopped, turned over in his mind what to say, an
just about to lower the window of the carriage to add
few words to her, when the signal was given. He ga
the idea. A few seconds passed before the train moved.
looked straight at each other. Each was alone, and the
were pressed against the windows and they looked int
other's eyes through the night. They were separated b
windows. If they had reached out their hands they
have touched each other. So near. So far. The ca
shook heavily. She was still looking at him, shy no
now that they were parting. They were so absorbed in
ing at each other that they never even thought of bowi
the last time. She was slowly borne away. He saw he
appear, and the train which bore her plunged into the
Like two circling worlds, they had passed close to each ot
infinite space, and now they sped apart perhaps for eter

she had disappeared he felt the emptiness that her
eyes had left in him, and he did not understand why;
emptiness was there. Sleepy, with eyes half-closed,
a corner of the carriage, he felt her eyes looking into
all other thoughts ceased, to let him feel them more
The image of Corinne fluttered outside his heart like
t breaking its wings against a window; but he did
t in.

und it again when he got out of the train on his arri-
n the keen night air and his walk through the streets
eeping town had shaken off his drowsiness. He scowled
ought of the pretty actress, with a mixture of pleasure
ation, according as he recalled her affectionate ways
ulgar coquetries.

these French people," he growled, laughing softly,
was undressing quietly, so as not to waken his mother,
asleep in the next room.

ark that he had heard the other evening in the box
to him:

e are others also."

first encounter with France she laid before him the
f her double nature. But, like all Germans, he did
le to solve it, and as he thought of the girl in the
said quietly:

loes not look like a Frenchwoman."

a German could say what is French and what is

or not, she filled his thoughts; for he woke in the
the night with a pang: he had just remembered the
the seat by the girl's side; and suddenly the idea
had gone forever crossed his mind. The idea must
to him at the time, but he had not thought of it. It
with a strange sadness. He shrugged his shoulders.
does it matter to me?" he said. "It is not my

t to sleep.

t day the first person he met when he went out was
, who called him "Blücher," and asked him if he

had made up his mind to conquer all France. From the rulous newsmonger he learned that the story of the box had a success exceeding all Mannheim's expectations.

"Thanks to you! Thanks to you!" cried Mannheim. "are a great man. I am nothing compared with you."

"What have I done?" said Christophe.

"You are wonderful!" Mannheim replied. "I am je of you. To shut the box in the Grünebaums' faces, and to ask the French governess instead of them—no, that the cake! I should never have thought of that!"

"She was the Grünebaums' governess?" said Christop amazement.

"Yes. Pretend you don't know, pretend to be inn You'd better! . . . My father is beside himself. The G baums are in a rage! . . . It was not for long: they sacked the girl."

"What!" cried Christophe. "They have dismissed Dismissed her because of me?"

"Didn't you know?" said Mannheim. "Didn't sh you?"

Christophe was in despair.

"You mustn't be angry, old man," said Mannheim. does not matter. Besides, one had only to expect the Grünebaums would find out . . ."

"What?" cried Christophe. "Find out what?"

"That she was your mistress, of course!"

"But I do not even know her. I don't know who sh Mannheim smiled, as if to say:

"You take me for a fool."

Christophe lost his temper and bade Mannheim do hi honor of believing what he said. Mannheim said:

"Then it is even more humorous."

Christophe worried about it, and talked of going t Grünebaums and telling them the facts and justifying girl. Mannheim dissuaded him.

"My dear fellow," he said, "anything you may say only convince them of the contrary. Besides, it is too The girl has gone away."

Christophe was utterly sick at heart and tried to trac

Frenchwoman. He wanted to write to her to beg her
. But nothing was known of her. He applied to the
aums, but they snubbed him. They did not know
lves where she had gone, and they did not care. The
the harm he had done in trying to do good tortured
phe: he was remorseful. But added to his remorse
mysterious attraction, which shone upon him from the
the woman who was gone. Attraction and remorse
emed to be blotted out, engulfed in the flood of the
ew thoughts. But they endured in the depths of his
Christophe did not forget the woman whom he called
im. He had sworn to meet her again. He knew how
ere the chances of his ever seeing her again: and he
e that he would see her again.

r Corinne, she never answered his letters. But three
later, when he had given up expecting to hear from
received a telegram of forty words of utter nonsense,
h she addressed him in little familiar terms, and
if they were still fond of each other." Then, after
year's silence, there came a scrappy letter scrawled in
rmous childish zigzag writing, in which she tried to
lady,—a few affectionate, droll words. And there
it. She did not forget him, but she had no time
of him.

nder the spell of Corinne and full of the ideas they
anged about art, Christophe dreamed of writing the
r a play in which Corinne should act and sing a few
ort of poetic melodrama. That form of art once so
favor in Germany, passionately admired by Mozart,
tised by Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn and Schu-
nd all the great classics, had fallen into discredit
triumph of Wagnerism, which claimed to have realized
ite formula of the theater and music. The Wagnerian
not content with proscribing every new melodrama,
emselves with dressing up the old melodramas and
hey carefully effaced every trace of spoken dialogue and
Mozart, Beethoven, or Weber, recitations in their own
they were convinced that they were doing a service to

the fame of the masters and filling out their thoughts b
pious deposit of their dung upon masterpieces.

Christophe, who had been made more sensible of the l
ness, and often the ugliness, of Wagnerian declamati
Corinne, had for some time been debating whether it wa
nonsense and an offense against nature to harness and
together the spoken word and the word sung in the th
it was like harnessing a horse and a bird to a cart. S
and singing each had its rhythm. It was comprehensible
an artist should sacrifice one of the two arts to the tri
of that which he preferred. But to try to find a compr
between them was to sacrifice both: it was to want spee
longer to be speech, and singing no longer to be singin
want singing to let its vast flood be confined between the
of monotonous canals, to want speech to cloak its lovely
limbs with rich, heavy stuffs which must paralyze its ge
and movements. Why not leave both with their spont
and freedom of movement? Like a beautiful girl wa
tranquilly, lithely along a stream, dreaming as she goes
gay murmur of the water lulls her dreams, and uncons
she brings her steps and her thoughts in tune with the
of the stream. So being both free, music and poesy wo
side by side, dreaming, their dreams mingling. Assured
music was not good for such a union, nor all poetry. The
nents of melodrama had good ground for attack in the c
ness of the attempts which had been made in that form a
the interpreters. Christophe had for long shared their
like: the stupidity of the actors who delivered these rec
spoken to an instrumental accompaniment, without bot
about the accompaniment, without trying to merge their
in it, rather, on the contrary, trying to prevent anything
heard but themselves, was calculated to revolt any musici
But since he had tasted the beauty of Corinne's harmo
voice—that liquid and pure voice which played upon
like a ray of light on water, which wedded every turn
melody, which was like the most fluid and most free singi
he had caught a glimpse of the beauty of a new art.

Perhaps he was right, but he was still too inexperienc
venture without peril upon a form which—if it is mea

ıtiful and really artistic—is the most difficult of all. rt especially demands one essential condition, the per- rmony of the combined efforts of the poet, the musicians, e actors. Christophe had no tremors about it: he himself blindly at an unknown art of which the laws ly known to himself.

irst idea had been to clothe in music a fairy fantasy of eare or an act of the second part of *Faust*. But the showed little disposition to make the experiment. It be too costly and appeared absurd. They were quite to admit Christophe's efficiency in music, but that he take upon himself to have ideas about poetry and the made them smile. They did not take him seriously. rld of music and the world of poesy were like two for- l secretly hostile states. Christophe had to accept the ıtion of a poet to be able to set foot upon poetic ter- ınd he was not allowed to choose his own poet. He ot have dared to choose himself. He did not trust his poetry. He had been told that he knew nothing about indeed, he could not understand the poetry which was by those about him. With his usual honesty and ness, he had tried hard sometimes to feel the beauty of these works, but he had always been bewildered and a named of himself. No, decidedly he was not a poet. ı, he loved passionately certain old poets, and that him a little. But no doubt he did not love them as uld be loved. Had he not once expressed the ridicu- that those poets only are great who remain great even ey are translated into prose, and even into the prose eign language, and that words have no value apart soul which they express? His friends had laughed Mannheim had called him a goose. He did not try himself. As every day he saw, through the example s who talk of music, the absurdity of artists who to image any art other than their own, he resigned though a little incredulous at heart—to his incom- n poetry, and he shut his eyes and accepted the judg- those whom he thought were better informed than So he let his friends of the Review impose one of

their number on him, a great man of a decadent cot Stephen von Hellmuth, who brought him an *Iphigenia* was at the time when German poets (like their colleague France) were recasting all the Greek tragedies. Stephen Hellmuth's work was one of those astounding Græco-Ger plays in which Ibsen, Homer, and Oscar Wilde are compou —and, of course, a few manuals of archæology. Agamen was neurasthenic and Achilles impotent: they lamented condition at length, and naturally their outcries produced change. The energy of the drama was concentrated in the of Iphigenia—a nervous, hysterical, and pedantic Iphig who lectured the hero, declaimed furiously, laid bare for audience her Nietzschian pessimism and, glutted with death her throat, shrieking with laughter.

Nothing could be more contrary to Christophe's mind such pretentious, degenerate, Ostrogothic stuff, in Greek d It was hailed as a masterpiece by everybody about him. was cowardly and was overpersuaded. In truth, he was h ing with music and thinking much more of his music of the text. The text was a new bed into which to let the flood of his passions. He was as far as possible fro state of abnegation and intelligent impersonality prope musical translation of a poetic work. He was thinking of himself and not at all of the work. He never thoug adapting himself to it. He was under an illusion: he sa the poem something absolutely different from what was act in it—just as when he was a child he used to compose in mind a play entirely different from that which was upon stage.

It was not until it came to rehearsal that he saw the play. One day he was listening to a scene, and he thoug so stupid that he fancied the actors must be spoiling it, went so far as to explain it to them in the poet's presence also to explain it to the poet himself, who was defending interpretation. The author refused bluntly to hear him said with some asperity that he thought he knew what he meant to write. Christophe would not give in, and maint that Hellmuth knew nothing about it. The general merri told him that he was making himself ridiculous. He said

agreeing that after all it was not he who had written
oem. Then he saw the appalling emptiness of the play
was overwhelmed by it: he wondered how he could ever
been persuaded to try it. He called himself an idiot and
his hair. He tried in vain to reassure himself by saying:
know nothing about it; it is not your business. Keep
ur music." He was so much ashamed of certain idiotic
s in it, of the pretentious pathos, the crying falsity of
ords, the gestures and attitudes, that sometimes, when
s conducting the orchestra, he hardly had the strength to
his bâton. He wanted to go and hide in the prompter's
He was too frank and too little politic to conceal what
ought. Every one noticed it: his friends, the actors, and
thor. Hellmuth said to him with a frigid smile:
it not fortunate enough to please you?"
istophe replied honestly:
ruth to tell, no. I don't understand it."
hen you did not read it when you set it to music?"
es," said Christophe naïvely, "but I made a mistake. I
stood it differently."
is a pity you did not write what you understood your-

h! If only I could have done so!" said Christophe.
poet was vexed, and in his turn criticised the music.
mplained that it was in the way and prevented his words
heard.
he poet did not understand the musician or the musician
et, the actors understood neither the one nor the other,
d not care. They were only asking for sentences in their
on which to bring in their usual effects. They had no
adapting their declamation to the formality of the piece
e musical rhythm. They went one way, the music an-
It was as though they were constantly singing out of
Christophe ground his teeth and shouted the note at
until he was hoarse. They let him shout and went on
urbably, not even understanding what he wanted them

stophe would have flung the whole thing up if the re-
s had not been so far advanced, and he had not been

bound to go on by fear of legal proceedings. Mannheim, to whom he confided his discouragement, laughed at him:

"What is it?" he asked. "It is all going well. You don't understand each other? What does that matter? Who ever understood his work but the author? It is a toss-up whether he understands it himself!"

Christophe was worried about the stupidity of the poem which, he said, would ruin the music. Mannheim made no difficulty about admitting that there was no common sense in the poem and that Hellmuth was "a muff," but he would not worry about him: Hellmuth gave good dinners and had a pretty wife. What more did criticism want?

Christophe shrugged his shoulders and said that he had no time to listen to nonsense.

"It is not nonsense!" said Mannheim, laughing. "How serious people are! They have no idea of what matters in life."

And he advised Christophe not to bother so much about Hellmuth's business, but to attend to his own. He wanted him to advertise a little. Christophe refused indignantly. The reporter who came and asked for a history of his life was replied furiously:

"It is not your affair!"

And when they asked for his photograph for a review he stamped with rage and shouted that he was not, thank God, an emperor, to have his face passed from hand to hand. It was impossible to bring him into touch with influential people. He never replied to invitations, and when he had been forced by any chance to accept, he would forget to go or would go with such a bad grace that he seemed to have set himself to be disagreeable to everybody.

But the climax came when he quarreled with his reviewer, two days before the performance.

The thing was bound to happen. Mannheim had gone on revising Christophe's articles, and he no longer scrupled about deleting whole lines of criticism and replacing them with compliments.

One day, out visiting, Christophe met a certain virtuoso—

h pianist whom he had slaughtered. The man came and ed him with a smile that showed all his white teeth. He d brutally that there was no reason for it. The other ed and poured forth expressions of gratitude. Christophe m short by saying that if he was satisfied with the article as his affair, but that the article had certainly not been n with a view to pleasing him. And he turned his back m. The virtuoso thought him a kindly boor and went aughing. But Christophe remembered having received a f thanks from another of his victims, and a suspicion l upon him. He went out, bought the last number of the r at a news-stand, turned to his article, and read . . . st he wondered if he were going mad. Then he under- and, mad with rage, he ran to the office of the *Dionysos.* dhaus and Mannheim were there, talking to an actress they knew. They had no need to ask Christophe what t him. Throwing a number of the Review on the table, phe let fly at them without stopping to take breath, with rdinary violence, shouting, calling them rogues, rascals, , thumping on the floor with a chair. Mannheim began gh. Christophe tried to kick him. Mannheim took behind the table and rolled with laughter. But Wald- ook it very loftily. With dignity, formally, he tried to himself heard through the row, and said that he would ow any one to talk to him in such a tone, that Christophe hear from him, and he held out his card. Christophe t in his face.

schief-maker!—I don't need your card to know what . . . . You are a rascal and a forger! . . . And you would fight with you . . . a thrashing is all you de- . . ."

voice could be heard in the street. People stopped to Mannheim closed the windows. The actress tried to but Christophe was blocking the way. Waldhaus was d choking. Mannheim was stuttering and stammering ing to reply. Christophe did not let them speak. He let pon them every expression he could think of, and never until he was out of breath and had come to an end of lts. Waldhaus and Mannheim only found their tongues

after he had gone. Mannheim quickly recovered hims insults slipped from him like water from a duck's back. Waldhaus was still sore: his dignity had been outraged, what made the affront more mortifying was that there had b witnesses. He would never forgive it. His colleagues joi chorus with him. Mannheim only of the staff of the Rev was not angry with Christophe. He had had his fill of en tainment out of him: it did not seem to him a heavy p to pay for his pound of flesh, to suffer a few violent words had been a good joke. If he had been the butt of it he wo have been the first to laugh. And so he was quite re to shake hands with Christophe as though nothing had h pened. But Christophe was more rancorous and rejected advances. Mannheim did not care. Christophe was a from which he had extracted all the amusement possible. was beginning to want a new puppet. From that very day was over between them. But that did not prevent Mann still saying, whenever Christophe was mentioned in his e ence, that they were intimate friends. And perhaps he thou they were.

Two days after the quarrel the first performance of *Ip genia* took place. It was an utter failure. Waldhaus' re praised the poem and made no mention of the music. other papers and reviews made merry over it. They laug and hissed. The piece was withdrawn after the third perfo ance, but the jokes at its expense did not disappear so quic People were only too glad of the opportunity of having a s at Christophe, and for several weeks the *Iphigenia* rem an unfailing subject for joking. They knew that Christo had no weapon of defense, and they took advantage of it. only thing which held them back a little was his positon the Court. Although his relation with the Grand Duke become quite cold, for the Prince had several times made marks to which he had paid no attention whatever, he st went to the Palace at intervals, and still enjoyed, in the of the public, a sort of official protection, though it was m visionary than real. He took upon himself to destroy ev that last support.

suffered from the criticisms. They were concerned
nly with his music, but also with his idea of a new
of art, which the writers did not take the trouble
derstand. It was very easy to travesty it and make
f it. Christophe was not yet wise enough to know that
st reply to dishonest critics is to make none and to go
orking. For some months past he had fallen into the
abit of not letting any unjust attack go unanswered. He
an article in which he did not spare certain of his adver-
. The two papers to which he took it returned it with
ally polite excuses for being unable to publish it. Chris-
stuck to his guns. He remembered that the socialist
in the town had made advances to him. He knew one
editors. They used to meet and talk occasionally. Chris-
was glad to find some one who would talk freely about
, the army and oppression and archaic prejudices. But
could not go far with each other, for the socialist always
back to Karl Marx, about whom Christophe cared not a
Moreover, Christophe used to find in his speeches about the
nan—besides a materialism which was not much to his
-a pedantic severity and a despotism of thought, a secret
f force, an inverse militarism, all of which did not sound
lifferent from what he heard every day in German.
vever, he thought of this man and his paper when he
l other doors in journalism closed to him. He knew that
ing so would cause a scandal. The paper was violent,
nant, and always being condemned. But as Christophe
read it, he only thought of the boldness of its ideas, of
he was not afraid, and not of the baseness of its tone,
would have repelled him. Besides, he was so angry at
the other papers in alliance to suppress him that perhaps
ld have gone on even if he had been warned. He wanted
w people that he was not so easily got rid of. So he
is article to the socialist paper, which received it with
rms. The next day the article appeared, and the paper
nced in large letters that it had engaged the support of
ung and talented maestro, Jean-Christophe Krafft, whose
ympathy with the demands of the working classes was
nown.

Christophe read neither the note nor the article, for he h gone out before dawn for a walk in the country, it being Su day. He was in fine fettle. As he saw the sun rise he shout laughed, yodeled, leaped, and danced. No more review, more criticisms to do! It was spring and there was once m the music of the heavens and the earth, the most beautiful all. No more dark concert rooms, stuffy and smelly, unple ant people, dull performers. Now the marvelous song of murmuring forests was to be heard, and over the fields l waves there passed the intoxicating scents of life, break through the crust of the earth and issuing from the grave

He went home with his head buzzing with light and mu and his mother gave him a letter which had been brought fr the Palace while he was away. The letter was in an im sonal form, and told Herr Krafft that he was to go to Palace that morning. The morning was past, it was nea one o'clock. Christophe was not put about.

"It is too late now," he said. "It will do to-morrow."

But his mother said anxiously:

"No, no. You cannot put off an appointment with H Highness like that: you must go at once. Perhaps it is matter of importance."

Christophe shrugged his shoulders.

"Important! As if those people could have anything i portant to say! . . . He wants to tell me his ideas about mus That will be funny! . . . If only he has not taken it into head to rival Siegfried Meyer[1] and wants to show me *Hymn to Aegis!* I vow that I will not spare him. I shall s 'Stick to politics. You are master there. You will always right. But beware of art! In art you are seen without y plumes, your helmet, your uniform, your money, your tit your ancestors, your policemen—and just think for a mom what will be left of you then!'"

Poor Louisa took him quite seriously and raised her ha in horror.

"You won't say that! . . . You are mad! Mad!"

It amused him to make her uneasy by playing upon h

[1]A nickname given by German pamphleteers to H. M. (His M jesty) the Emperor.

lity until he became so extravagant that Louisa began
e that he was making fun of her.
Tou are stupid, my boy!"
laughed and kissed her. He was in a wonderfully good
r. On his walk he had found a beautiful musical theme,
ne felt it frolicking in him like a fish in water. He re-
to go to the Palace until he had had something to eat.
as as hungry as an ape. Louisa then supervised his dress-
'or he was beginning to tease her again, pretending that
s quite all right as he was with his old clothes and dusty
But he changed them all the same, and cleaned his
whistling like a blackbird and imitating all the instru-
in an orchestra. When he had finished his mother in-
d him and gravely tied his tie for him again. For once
ray he was very patient, because he was pleased with him-
which was not very usual. He went off saying that he
oing to elope with Princess Adelaide—the Grand Duke's
ter, quite a pretty woman, who was married to a German
ling and had come to stay with her parents for a few
She had shown sympathy for Christophe when he was
l, and he had a soft side for her. Louisa used to declare
e was in love with her, and he would pretend to be so in

lid not hurry; he dawdled and looked into the shops, and
d to pat some dog that he knew as it lay on its side and
l in the sun. He jumped over the harmless railings
inclosed the Palace square—a great empty square, sur-
d with houses, with two little fountains, two symmetrical
ower-beds, divided, as by a parting, by a gravel path,
ly raked and bordered by orange trees in tubs. In the
was the bronze statue of some unknown Grand Duke in
tume of Louis Philippe, on a pediment adorned at the
rners by allegorical figures representing the Virtues.
eat one solitary man was dozing over his paper. Behind
y moat of the earthworks of the Palace two sleepy cannon
upon the sleepy town. Christophe laughed at the
hing.
ntered the Palace without troubling to take on a more
manner. At most he stopped humming, but his thoughts

went dancing on inside him. He threw his hat on the ta in the hall and familiarly greeted the old usher, whom he h known since he was a child. (The old man had been th on the day when Christophe had first entered the Palace, on evening when he had seen Hassler.) But to-day the old m who always used to reply good-humoredly to Christophe's d respectful sallies, now seemed a little haughty. Christo paid no heed to it. A little farther on, in the ante-chamber, met a clerk of the chancery, who was usually full of con sation and very friendly. He was surprised to see him hu past him to avoid having to talk. However, he did not att any significance to it, and went on and asked to be shown

He went in. They had just finished dinner. His Highn was in one of the drawing-rooms. He was leaning against mantelpiece, smoking, and talking to his guests, among wh Christophe saw *his* princess, who was also smoking. She w lying back in an armchair and talking in a loud voice to officers who made a circle about her. The gathering was liv They were all very merry, and when Christophe entered heard the Grand Duke's thick laugh. But he stopped d when he saw Christophe. He growled and pounced on him

"Ah! There you are!" he said. "You have condescend to come at last? Do you think you can go on making fo me any longer? You're a blackguard, sir!"

Christophe was so staggered by this brutal attack that was some time before he could utter a word. He was think that he was only late, and that that could not have provo such violence. He murmured:

"What have I done, Your Highness?"

His Highness did not listen and went on angrily:

"Be silent! I will not be insulted by a blackguard!" Chr tophe turned pale, and gulped so as to try to speak, for was choking. He made an effort, and said:

"Your Highness, you have no right—you have no right insult me without telling me what I have done."

The Grand Duke turned to his secretary, who produced paper from his pocket and held it out to him. He was in su a state of exasperation as could not be explained only by anger: the fumes of good wine had their share in it, too. H

ıd stood in front of Christophe, and like a toreador with
e, furiously waved the crumpled newspaper in his face
uted:
ır muck, sir! . . . You deserve to have your nose
in it!"
tophe recognized the socialist paper.
ɔn't see what harm there is in it," he said.
ıt! What!" screamed the Grand Duke. "You are im-
. . . This rascally paper, which insults me from day
ınd spews out filthy insults upon me! . . ."
," said Christophe, "I have not read it."
lie!" shouted the Grand Duke.
shall not call me a liar," said Christophe. "I have
it. I am only concerned with reviews, and besides, I
right to write in whatever paper I like."
have no right but to hold your tongue. I have been
to you. I have heaped kindness upon you, you and
n spite of your misconduct and your father's, which
ave justified me in cutting you off. I forbid you to
iting in a paper which is hostile to me. And further:
you altogether to write anything in future without my
. I have had enough of your musical polemics. I
allow any one who enjoys my patronage to spend his
attacking everything which is dear to people of taste
ing, to all true Germans. You would do better to
tter music, or if that is impossible, to practise your
d exercises. I don't want to have anything to do with a
Bebel who amuses himself by decrying all our national
ıd upsetting the minds of the people. We know what
thank God. We do not need to wait for you to tell
to your piano, sir, or leave us in peace!"
ng face to face with Christophe the fat man glared
nsultingly. Christophe was livid, and tried to speak.
noved; he stammered:
not your slave. I shall say what I like and write
ke . . ."
oked. He was almost weeping with shame and rage.
were trembling. He jerked his elbow and upset an
on a table by his side. He felt that he was in a

ridiculous position. He heard people laughing. He l down the room, and as through a mist saw the princess w ing the scene and exchanging ironically commiserating re with her neighbors. He lost count of what exactly happ The Grand Duke shouted. Christophe shouted louder th without knowing what he said. The Prince's secretary another official came towards him and tried to stop him. pushed them away, and while he talked he waved an ash which he had mechanically picked up from the table a which he was leaning. He heard the secretary say:

"Put it down! Put it down!"

And he heard himself shouting inarticulately and kn on the edge of the table with the ash-tray.

"Go!" roared the Grand Duke, beside himself with "Go! Go! I'll have you thrown out!"

The officers had come up to the Prince and were tryi calm him. The Grand Duke looked apoplectic. His ey starting from his head, he shouted to them to throw th out. Christophe saw red. He longed to thrust his fist Grand Duke's face; but he was crushed under a weight flicting feelings: shame, fury, a remnant of shyness, of loyalty, traditional respect, habits of humility in the presence. He tried to speak; he could not. He tried to he could not. He could not see or hear. He suffer to push him along and left the room.

He passed through the impassive servants who had to the door, and had missed nothing of the quarrel. to go thirty yards to cross the ante-chamber, and it lifetime. The corridor grew longer and longer as he up it. He would never get out! . . . The light of da he saw shining downstairs through the glass door w haven. He went stumbling down the stairs. He forg he was bareheaded. The old usher reminded him to ta hat. He had to gather all his forces to leave the ca the court, reach his home. His teeth were chattering w opened the door. His mother was terrified by his face a trembling. He avoided her and refused to answer her tions. He went up to his room, shut himself in, and la He was shaking so that he could not undress. His breat

n jerks and his whole body seemed shattered. . . . Oh!
y he could see no more, feel no more, no longer have
r with his wretched body, no longer have to struggle
ignoble life, and fall, fall, breathless, without thought,
) longer be anywhere! . . . With frightful difficulty
e off his clothes and left them on the ground, and
ung himself into his bed and drew the coverings over
There was no sound in the room save that of the little
rattling on the tiled floor.

sa listened at the door. She knocked in vain. She called
There was no reply. She waited, anxiously listening
the silence. Then she went away. Once or twice
the day she came and listened, and again at night, before
it to bed. Day passed, and the night. The house was
Christophe was shaking with fever. Every now and
e wept, and in the night he got up several times and
is fist at the wall. About two o'clock, in an access of
s, he got up from his bed, sweating and half naked. He
to go and kill the Grand Duke. He was devoured by
l shame. His body and his heart writhed in the fire of
thing of all the storm in him could be heard outside;
vord, not a sound. With clenched teeth he fought it
d forced it back into himself.

morning he came down as usual. He was a wreck. He
thing and his mother dared not question him. She
om the gossip of the neighborhood. All day he stayed
by the fire, silent, feverish, and with bent head, like a
d man. And when he was alone he wept in silence.
e evening the editor of the socialist paper came to see
Naturally he had heard and wished to have details.
he was touched by his coming, and interpreted it
as a mark of sympathy and a desire for forgiveness
part of those who had compromised him. He made a
seeming to regret nothing and he let himself go and
rything that was rankling in him. It was some solace
to talk freely to a man who shared his hatred of oppres-
he other urged him on. He saw a good chance for his
in the event, and an opportunity for a scandalous ar-

ticle, for which he expected Christophe to provide him material if he did not write it himself; for he thought after such an explosion the Court musician would put his considerable political talents and his no less considerable tit-bits of secret information about the Court at the service of "the cause." As he did not plume himself on his subtlety he presented the thing rawly in the crudest light. Christophe started. He declared that he would write nothing and said that any attack on the Grand Duke that he might make would be interpreted as an act of personal vengeance, and that he would be more reserved now that he was free than when, not being free, he ran some risk in saying what he thought. The journalist could not understand his scruples. He thought Christophe narrow and clerical at heart, but he also decided that Christophe was afraid. He said:

"Oh, well! Leave it to us. I will write it myself. You need not bother about it."

Christophe begged him to say nothing, but he had no means of restraining him. Besides, the journalist declared that the affair was not his concern only: the insult touched the party which had the right to avenge itself. There was nothing more to be said to that. All that Christophe could do was to ask him, on his word of honor not to abuse certain of his confidences which had been made to his friend and not to the journalist. The other made no difficulty about that. Christophe was not reassured by it. He knew too well how imprudent he had been. When he was left alone he turned over everything that he had said, and shuddered. Without hesitating for a moment he wrote to the journalist imploring him once more not to repeat what he had confided to him. (The poor wretch repeated it in part himself in the letter.)

Next day, as he opened the paper with feverish haste, the first thing he read was his story at great length on the front page. Everything that he had said on the evening before was immeasurably enlarged, having suffered that peculiar deformation which everything has to suffer in its passage through the mind of a journalist. The article attacked the Grand Duke and the Court with low invective. Certain details which he gave were too personal to Christophe, too obviously known

for the article not to be attributed to him in its en-

stophe was crushed by this fresh blow. As he read a eat came out on his face. When he had finished he was nded. He wanted to rush to the office of the paper, mother withheld him, not unreasonably being fearful of ence. He was afraid of it himself. He felt that if he ere he would do something foolish; and he stayed—and ery foolish thing. He wrote an indignant letter to the st in which he reproached him for his conduct in insult- ns, disclaimed the article, and broke with the party. claimer did not appear.

tophe wrote again to the paper, demanding that his ould be published. They sent him a copy of his first written on the night of the interview and confirming it. ked if they were to publish that, too. He felt that he heir hands. Thereupon he unfortunately met the indis- erviewer in the street. He could not help telling him of empt for him. Next day the paper, without a spark of published an insulting paragraph about the servants of rt, who even when they are dismissed remain servants incapable of being free. A few allusions to recent ft no room for doubt that Christophe was meant.

it became evident to everybody that Christophe had e support, there suddenly cropped up a host of enemies xistence he had never suspected. All those whom he nded, directly or indirectly, either by personal criticism tacking their ideas and taste, now took the offensive nged themselves with interest. The general public hristophe had tried to shake out of their apathy were eased to see the insolent young man, who had pre- o reform opinion and disturb the rest of people of taken down a peg. Christophe was in the water. ly did their best to duck him.

did not come down upon him all at once. One tried spy out the land. Christophe made no response, and k more lustily. Others followed, and then the whole them. Some joined in the sport simply for fun, like

puppies who think it funny to leave their mark in inappro places. They were the flying squadron of incompetent jou ists, who, knowing nothing, try to hide their ignorance b lauding the victors and belaboring the vanquished. brought the weight of their principles and they shouted deaf people. Nothing was left of anything when they passed. They were the critics—with the criticism which

Fortunately for Christophe, he did not read the paper few devoted friends took care to send him the most insu But he left them in a heap on his desk and never thoug opening them. It was only towards the end of it that his were attracted by a great red mark round an artic read that his *Lieder* were like the roaring of a wild beast his symphonies seemed to have come from a madhouse. his art was hysterical, his harmony spasmodic, as a c from the dryness of his heart and the emptiness of his t The critic, who was well known, ended with these w

"Herr Krafft as a journalist has lately given as proof of his style and taste, which roused irresistible in musical circles. He was then given the friendly rather to devote himself to composition. But the latest of his muse have shown that this advice, though well was bad. Herr Krafft should certainly devote himself t nalism."

After reading the article, which prevented Christophe ing the whole morning, naturally he began to look for th hostile papers, and became utterly demoralized. But who had a mania for moving everything lying about, b of "tidying up," had already burned them. He was irrit first and then comforted, and he held out the last papers to her, and said that she had better do the same that.

Other rebuffs hurt him more. A quartette which he sent in manuscript to a well-known society at Frankfort rejected unanimously and returned without explanation. overture which an orchestra at Cologne seemed disposed to form was returned after a month as unplayable. But the w of all was inflicted on him by an orchestral society in the t The *Kapellmeister,* H. Euphrat, its conductor, was qui

usician, but like many conductors, he had no curiosity
l. He suffered (or rather he carried to extremes) the
peculiar to his class, which consists in going on and
stigating familiar works, while it shuns any really new
e the plague. He was never tired of organizing Beetho-
zart, or Schumann festivals: in conducting these works
only to let himself be carried along by the purring of
iliar rhythms. On the other hand, contemporary music
lerable to him. He dared not admit it and pretended
iendly towards young talent; in fact, whenever he was
a work built on the old lines—a sort of hotch-potch of
at had been new fifty years before—he would receive
ell, and would even produce it ostentatiously and force it
public. It did not disturb either his effects or the way
the public was accustomed to be moved. On the other
was filled with a mixture of contempt and hatred for
which threatened to disturb that arrangement and
to extra trouble. Contempt would predominate if
vator had no chance of emerging from obscurity. But
were any danger of his succeeding, then hatred would
nate—of course until the moment when he had gained
lished success.

ophe was not yet in that position: far from it. And
s much surprised when he was informed, by indirect
, that Herr H. Euphrat would be very glad to pro-
of his compositions. It was all the more unex-
he knew that the *Kapellmeister* was an intimate friend
s and others whom he had maltreated in his criticisms.
onest himself, he credited his adversaries with the
erous feelings which he would have had himself. He
that now that he was down they wished to show him
were above petty spite. He was touched by it. He
usively to Herr Euphrat and sent him a symphonic
he conductor replied through his secretary coldly but
acknowledging the receipt of his work, and adding
ccordance with the rules of the society, the symphony
given out to the orchestra immediately and put to
f a general rehearsal before it could be accepted for
aring. A rule is a rule. Christophe had to bow to it,

though it was a pure formality which served to weed out lucubrations of amateurs which were sometimes a nuisance.

A few weeks later Christophe was told that his compo was to be rehearsed. On principle everything was done priv and even the author was not permitted to be present a rehearsal. But by a generally agreed indulgence the au was always admitted; only he did not show himself. E body knew it and everybody pretended not to know it. the appointed day one of his friends brought Christo the hall, where he sat at the back of a box. He was surp to see that at this private rehearsal the hall—at least the g floor seats—were almost all filled; a crowd of dilettante and critics moved about and chattered to each other. orchestra had to ignore their presence.

They began with the Brahms *Rhapsody* for alto, cho male voices, and orchestra on a fragment of the *Har im Winter* of Goethe. Christophe, who detested the m sentimentality of the work, thought that perhaps the "B ins" had introduced it politely to avenge themselves by fo him to hear a composition of which he had written irrever The idea made him laugh, and his good humour in when after the *Rhapsody* there came two other productio known musicians whom he had taken to task; there see be no doubt about their intentions. And while he co help making a face at it he thought that after all it wa fair tactics; and, failing the music, he appreciated th It even amused him to applaud ironically with the aud which made manifest its enthusiasm for Brahms and his

At last it came to Christophe's symphony. He saw the way the orchestra and the people in the hall were lo his box that they were aware of his presence. He hid h He waited with the catch at his heart which every mu feels at the moment when the conductor's wand is rais the waters of the music gather in silence before bursti dam. He had never yet heard his work played. H the creatures of his dreams live? How would their sound? He felt their roaring within him; and he leane the abyss of sounds waiting fearfully for what should forth.

at did come forth was a nameless thing, a shapeless hotch-
Instead of the bold columns which were to support the
of the building the chords came crumbling down like a
ng in ruins; there was nothing to be seen but the dust
rtar. For a moment Christophe was not quite sure
er they were really playing his work. He cast back for the
the rhythm of his thoughts; he could not recognize it;
at on babbling and hiccoughing like a drunken man
g close to the wall, and he was overcome with shame,
ugh he had himself been seen in that condition. It was
avail to think that he had not written such stuff; when
stic interpreter destroys a man's thoughts he has always
ent of doubt when he asks himself in consternation if he
self responsible for it. The audience never asks such
tion; the audience believes in the interpreter, in the
, in the orchestra whom they are accustomed to hear as
lieve in their newspaper; they cannot make a mistake;
say absurd things, it is the absurdity of the author. This
e was the less inclined to doubt because it liked to
Christophe tried to persuade himself that the *Kapell-*
was aware of the hash and would stop the or-
and begin again. The instruments were not playing
r. The horn had missed his beat and had come in a
late; he went on for a few minutes, and then stopped
to clean his instrument. Certain passages for the oboe
solutely disappeared. It was impossible for the most
ear to pick up the thread of the musical idea, or even
ine that there was one. Fantastic instrumentations, hu-
sallies became grotesque through the coarseness of the
n. It was lamentably stupid, the work of an idiot, of
who knew nothing of music. Christophe tore his hair.
d to interrupt, but the friend who was with him held
k, assuring him that the *Herr Kapellmeister* must surely
faults of the execution and would put everything right
Christophe must not show himself and that if he made
nark it would have a very bad effect. He made Chris-
t at the very back of the box. Christophe obeyed, but he
head with his fists; and every fresh monstrosity drew
m a groan of indignation and misery.

"The wretches! The wretches! . . ."

He groaned, and squeezed his hands tight to keep him from crying out.

Now mingled with the wrong notes there came up to him the muttering of the audience, who were beginning to be restless. At first it was only a tremor; but soon Christophe was left without a doubt; they were laughing. The musicians of the orchestra had given the signal; some of them did not conceal their hilarity. The audience, certain then that the music was laughable, rocked with laughter. This merriment became general; it increased at the return of a very rhythmical motif which the double-basses accentuated in a burlesque fashion. But the *Kapellmeister* went on through the uproar imperturbably beating time.

At last they reached the end (the best things come to an end). It was the turn of the audience. They exploded with delight, an explosion which lasted for several minutes. Some hissed; others applauded ironically; the wittiest of all shouted "Encore!" A bass voice coming from a stage box began to imitate the grotesque motif. Other jokers followed suit and imitated it also. Some one shouted "Author!" It was time since these witty folk had been so highly entertained.

When the tumult was calmed down a little the *Kapellmeister*, standing quite impassive with his face turned towards the audience though he was pretending not to see it—(the audience was still supposed to be non-existent)—made a sign to the audience that he was about to speak. There was a cry of "Sh!" and silence. He waited a moment longer; then—(his voice was curt, cold, and cutting):

"Gentlemen," he said, "I should certainly not have let it be played through to the end if I had not wished to make an example of the gentleman who has dared to write offensively of the great Brahms."

That was all; and jumping down from his stand he went out amid cheers from the delighted audience. They tried to recall him; the applause went on for a few minutes longer. But he did not return. The orchestra went away. The audience decided to go too. The concert was over.

It had been a good day.

stophe had gone already. Hardly had he seen the
ed conductor leave his desk when he had rushed from the
e plunged down the stairs from the first floor to meet
d slap his face. His friend who had brought him fol-
nd tried to hold him back, but Christophe brushed him
nd almost threw him downstairs;—(he had reason to
that the fellow was concerned in the trick which had
ayed him). Fortunately for H. Euphrat and himself the
ading to the stage was shut; and his furious knocking
ot make them open it. However the audience was begin-
leave the hall. Christophe could not stay there. He

vas in an indescribable condition. He walked blindly,
his arms, rolling his eyes, talking aloud like a madman;
pressed his cries of indignation and rage. The street
nost empty. The concert hall had been built the year
in a new neighborhood a little way out of the town;
ristophe instinctively fled towards the country across
ty fields in which were a few lonely shanties and scaf-
surrounded by fences. His thoughts were murderous;
l have killed the man who had put such an affront upon
las! and when he had killed him would there be any
in the animosity of those people whose insulting laugh-
still ringing in his ears? They were too many; he
nothing against them; they were all agreed—they who
ided about so many things—to insult and crush him.
past understanding; there was hatred in them. What
lone to them all? There were beautiful things in him,
o do good and make the heart big; he had tried to
, to make others enjoy them; he thought they would be
ke himself. Even if they did not like them they should
ful to him for his intentions; they could, if need be,
n kindly where he had been wrong; but that they should
h a malignant joy in insulting and odiously travestying
s, in trampling them underfoot, and killing him
ule, how was it possible? In his excitement he exag-
their hatred; he thought it much more serious than
diocre people could ever be. He sobbed: "What have
o them?" He choked, he thought that all was lost, just

as he did when he was a child coming into contact for the first time with human wickedness.

And when he looked about him he suddenly saw that he had reached the edge of the mill-race, at the very spot where a few years before his father had been drowned. And at once he thought of drowning himself too. He was just at the point of making the plunge.

But as he leaned over the steep bank, fascinated by the cool clean aspect of the water, a tiny bird in a tree by his side began to sing—to sing madly. He held his breath to listen. The water murmured. The ripening corn moaned as it waved under the soft caressing wind; the poplars shivered. Behind the hedge on the road, out of sight, bees in hives in a garden filled the air with their scented music. From the other side of the stream a cow was chewing the cud and gazing with soft eyes. A little fair-haired girl was sitting on a wall, with a flower basket on her shoulders, like a little angel with wings, and she was dreaming, and swinging her bare legs and humming tunelessly. Far away in a meadow a white dog was leaping and running in wide circles. Christophe leaned against a tree and listened and watched the earth in Spring; he was caught up in the peace and joy of these creatures; he could forget, he would forget. Suddenly he clasped the tree with his arms and laid his cheek against it. He threw himself on the ground and buried his face in the grass; he laughed nervously, happily. All the beauty, the grace, the charm of life wrapped him round, imbued his soul, and he sucked them up like a sponge. He thought:

"Why are you so beautiful, and they—men—so ugly?"

No matter! He loved it, he loved it, he felt that he would always love it, and that nothing could ever take it from him. He held the earth to his breast. He held life to his breast.

"I love you! You are mine. They cannot take you from me. Let them do what they will! Let them make me suffer. . . . Suffering also is life!"

Christophe began bravely to work again. He refused to have anything more to do with "men of letters"—well named makers of phrases, the sterile babblers, journalists, critics

ploiters and traffickers of art. As for musicians he would no more time in battling with their prejudices and sy. They did not want him? Very well! He did not them. He had his work to do; he would do it. The had given him back his liberty; he was grateful for it. s grateful to the people for their hostility; he could work ce.

isa approved with all her heart. She had no ambition; s not a Krafft; she was like neither his father nor his ather. She did not want honors or reputation for her She would have liked him to be rich and famous; but if dvantages could only be bought at the price of so much santness she much preferred not to bother about them. d been more upset by Christophe's grief over his rupture ie Palace than by the event itself; and she was heartily hat he had quarreled with the review and newspaper She had a peasant's distrust of blackened paper; it was waste of time and made enemies. She had sometimes is young friends of the Review talking to Christophe; l been horrified by their malevolence; they tore every- o pieces and said horrible things about everybody; and rse things they said the better pleased they were. She like them. No doubt they were very clever and very , but they were not kind, and she was very glad that phe saw no more of them. She was full of common what good were they to him?

ey may say, write, and think what they like of me," said phe. "They cannot prevent my being myself. What do eas or their art matter to me? I deny them!"

all very fine to deny the world. But the world is not y denied by a young man's boasting. Christophe was but he was under illusion; he did not know himself. not a monk; he had not the temperament for renounc- world, and besides he was not old enough to do so. he did not suffer much, he was plunged in composi- d while his work lasted he did not feel the want of any- But when he came to the period of depression which fol-

lows the completion of a work and lasts until a new work tak possession of the mind, he looked about him and was horrifi by his loneliness. He asked himself why he wrote. While man is writing he never asks himself that question; he mu write, there is no arguing about it. And then he finds himse with the work that he has begotten: the great instinct whi caused it to spring forth is silent; he does not understand w it was born: he hardly recognizes it, it is almost a stranger him; he longs to forget it. And that is impossible as lo as it is not published or played, or living its own life in t world. Till then it is like a new-born child attached to mother, a living thing bound fast to his living flesh; it m be amputated at all costs or it will not live. The more Chr tophe composed the more he suffered under the weight of th creatures who had sprung forth from himself and could neit live nor die. He was haunted by them. Who could deli him from them? Some obscure impulse would stir in th children of his thoughts; they longed desperately to b away from him to expand into other souls like the quick a fruitful seed which the wind scatters over the universe. M he remain imprisoned in his sterility? He raged against it.

Since every outlet—theaters, concerts—was closed to hi and nothing would induce him to approach those managers w had once failed him, there was nothing left but for him to p lish his writings, but he could not flatter himself that it wou be easier to find a publisher to produce his work than an o chestra to play it. The two or three clumsy attempts that had made were enough; rather than expose himself to anot rebuff, or to bargain with one of these music merchants w put up with his patronizing airs, he preferred to publish it his own expense. It was an act of madness; he had some sm savings out of his Court salary and the proceeds of a fe concerts, but the source from which the money had come w dried up and it would be a long time before he could fi another; and he should have been prudent enough to be care with his scanty funds which had to help him over the diffic period upon which he was entering. Not only did he not so; but, as his savings were not enough to cover the expenses

cation, he did not shrink from getting into debt. Louisa not say anything; she found him absolutely unreasonable, did not understand how anybody could spend money for ake of seeing his name on a book; but since it was a way aking him be patient and of keeping him with her, she nly too happy for him to have that satisfaction.

tead of offering the public compositions of a familiar ndisturbing kind, in which it could feel at home, Chris- chose from among his manuscripts a suite very individual aracter, which he valued highly. They were piano pieces l with *Lieder,* some very short and popular in style, others elaborate and almost dramatic. The whole formed a of impressions, joyous or mild, linked together naturally vritten alternately for the piano and the voice, alone or panied. "For," said Christophe, "when I dream, I do lways formulate what I feel. I suffer, I am happy, and no words to say; but then comes a moment when I must hat I am feeling, and I sing without thinking of what I ing; sometimes I sing only vague words, a few discon- phrases, sometimes whole poems; then I begin to dream And so the day goes by; and I have tried to give the sion of a day. Why these gathered impressions com- only of songs or preludes? There is nothing more false harmonious. One must try to give the free play of the He had called his suite: *A Day.* The different parts composition bore sub-titles, shortly indicating the suc- of his inward dreams. Christophe had written mysteri- dications, initials, dates, which only he could understand, reminded him of poetic moments or beloved faces: the rinne, the languishing Sabine, and the little unknown woman.

les this work he selected thirty of his *Lieder*—those pleased him most, and consequently pleased the public He avoided choosing the most "melodious" of his s, but he did choose the most characteristic. (The pub- ays has a horror of anything "characteristic." Char- s things are more likely to please them.)

e *Lieder* were written to poems of old Silesian poets of

the seventeenth century that Christophe had read by chance a popular collection, and whose loyalty he had loved. T especially were dear to him, dear as brothers, two creatures of genius and both had died at thirty: the charming L Fleming, the traveler to the Caucasus and to Ispahan, who served his soul pure, loving and serene in the midst of savagery of war, the sorrows of life, and the corruption of time, and Johann Christian Günther, the unbalanced ge who wore himself out in debauchery and despair, casting life to the four winds. He had translated Günther's of provocation and vengeful irony against the hostile God overwhelms His creatures, his furious curses like those Titan overthrown hurling the thunder back against the heav He had selected Fleming's love songs to Anemone and Bas soft and sweet as flowers, and the rondo of the stars. *Tanzlied* (dancing song) of hearts glad and limpid—and calm heroic sonnet To Himself (*An Sich*), which Chris used to recite as a prayer every morning.

The smiling optimism of the pious Paul Gerhardt also its charm for Christophe. It was a rest for him on recov from his own sorrows. He loved that innocent vision of n as God, the fresh meadows, where the storks walk gravely am the tulips and white narcissus, by little brooks singing on sands, the transparent air wherein there pass the wide-wi swallows and flying doves, the gaiety of a sunbeam piercing rain, and the luminous sky smiling through the clouds. the serene majesty of the evening, the sweet peace of forests, the cattle, the bowers and the fields. He had had impertinence to set to music several of those mystic canti which are still sung in Protestant communities. And he avoided preserving the choral character. Far from it: he a horror of it; he had given them a free and vivacious ch acter. Old Gerhardt would have shuddered at the dev pride which was breathed forth now in certain lines of *Song of the Christian Traveler,* or the pagan delight w made this peaceful stream of his *Song of Summer* bubble o like a torrent.

The collection was published without any regard for comm sense, of course. The publisher whom Christophe paid h

g and storing his *Lieder* had no other claim to his choice hat of being his neighbor. He was not equipped for nportant work; the printing went on for months; there nistakes and expensive corrections. Christophe knew ; about it and the whole thing cost more by a third than have done; the expenses far exceeded anything he had ated. Then when it was done, Christophe found an us edition on his hands and did not know what to do The publisher had no customers; he took no steps to e the work. And his apathy was quite in accord with phe's attitude. When he asked him, to satisfy his con- to write him a short advertisement of it, Christophe that "he did not want any advertisement; if his music d it would speak for itself." The publisher religiously d his wishes; he put the edition away in his warehouse. well kept; for in six months not a copy was sold.

he was waiting for the public to make up its mind he had to find some way of repairing the hole he had his means; and he could not be nice about it, for he ive and pay his debts. Not only were his debts larger had imagined but he saw that the moneys on which counted were less than he had thought. Had he lost ithout knowing it or—what was infinitely more proba- he reckoned up wrongly? (He had never been able to rectly.) It did not matter much why the money was it was missing without a doubt. Louisa had to all to help her son. He was bitterly remorseful and pay her back as soon as possible and at all costs. He get lessons, though it was painful to him to ask and p with refusals. He was out of favor altogether; he very difficult to obtain pupils again. And so when it ested that he should teach at a school he was only too

a semi-religious institution. The director, an astute n, had seen, though he was no musician, how useful e might be. and how cheaply in his present position. pleasant and paid very little. When Christophe ven- make a timid remark the director told him with a

kindly smile that as he no longer held an official positio could not very well expect more.

It was a sad task! It was not so much a matter of tea the pupils music as of making their parents and them believe that they had learned it. The chief thing was to them able to sing at the ceremonies to which the public wer mitted. It did not matter how it was done. Christophe in despair; he had not even the consolation of telling hi as he fulfilled his task that he was doing useful wor conscience reproached him with it as hypocrisy. He tri give the children more solid instruction and to make acquainted with and love serious music; but they did no for it a bit. Christophe could not succeed in making listen to it; he had no authority over them; in truth he wa made for teaching children. He took no interest in floundering; he tried to explain to them all at once the of music. When he had to give a piano lesson he would pupil a symphony of Beethoven which he would play duet with her. Naturally that could not succeed; he explode angrily, drive the pupil from the piano and playing alone for a long time. He was just the same wi private pupils outside the school. He had not an ou patience; for instance he would tell a young lady who herself on her aristocratic appearance and position. th played like a kitchen maid; or he would even write mother and say that he gave it up, that it would kill h he went on long bothering about a girl so devoid of tal of which did not improve his position. His few pup him; he could not keep any of them more than a few His mother argued with him; he would argue with h Louisa made him promise that at least he would not brea the school he had joined; for if he lost that position he d know what he should do for a living. And so he resi himself in spite of his disgust; he was most exe punctual. But how could he conceal his thoughts w donkey of a pupil blundered for the tenth time in so sages, or when he had to coach his class for the next co in some foolish chorus!—(For he was not even allowed to d

ogramme: his taste was not trusted)—He was not exactly
about it all. And yet he went stubbornly on, silent,
ng, only betraying his secret wrath by occasionally
ing on his desk and making his pupils jump in their
But sometimes the pill was too bitter; he could not
any longer. In the middle of the chorus he would in-
the singers:
! Stop! Stop! I'll play you some Wagner instead."
asked nothing better. They played cards behind his
There was always someone who reported the matter to
ector; and Christophe would be reminded that he was
re to make his pupils like music but to make them
He received his scoldings with a shudder; but he ac-
them; he did not want to lose his work. Who would
ought a few years before, when his career looked so
and brilliant (when he had done nothing), that he
e reduced to such humiliation just as he was beginning
orth something?
ng the hurts to his vanity that he came by in his work
school, one of the most painful was having to call on
agues. He paid two calls at random; and they bored
that he had not the heart to go on. The two privileged
were not at all pleased about it, but the others were
ly affronted. They all regarded Christophe as their
in position and intelligence; and they assumed a
ing manner towards him. Sometimes he was over-
l by it, for they seemed to be so sure of themselves and
ion they had of him that he began to share it; he felt
with them; what could he have found to say to them?
re full of their profession and saw nothing beyond it.
re not men. If only they had been books! But they
y notes to books, philological commentaries.
ophe avoided meeting them. But sometimes he was
o do so. The director was at home once a month in
rnoon; and he insisted on all his people being there.
he, who had cut the first afternoon, without excuse,
ain hope that his absence would not be noticed, was
rwards the object of sour attention. Next time he was

lectured by his mother and decided to go; he was as sol about it as though he were going to a funeral.

He found himself at a gathering of the teachers of school and other institutions of the town, and their w and daughters. They were all huddled together in a room small for them, and grouped hierarchically. They paid attention to him. The group nearest him was talking pedagogy and cooking. All the wives of the teachers had linary recipes which they set out with pedantic exubera and insistence. The men were no less interested in these ters and hardly less competent. They were as proud of domestic talents of their wives as they of their husbands' ing. Christophe stood by a window leaning against the not knowing how to look, now trying to smile stupidly. gloomy with a fixed stare and unmoved features, and he bored to death. A little away from him, sitting in the re of the window, was a young woman to whom nobody was ing and she was as bored as he. They both looked at the and not at each other. It was only after some time that noticed each other just as they both turned away to yawn, being at the limit of endurance. Just at that moment eyes met. They exchanged a look of friendly understand He moved towards her. She said in a low voice:

"Are you amused?"

He turned his back on the room, and, looking out of window, put out his tongue. She burst out laughing suddenly waking up signed to him to sit down by her They introduced themselves; she was the wife of Prof Reinhart, who lectured on natural history at the school was newly come to the town, where they knew nobody. was not beautiful; she had a large nose, ugly teeth, and lacked freshness; but she had keen, clever eyes and a ki smile. She chattered like a magpie; he answered her solem she had an amusing frankness and a droll wit; they ha ingly exchanged impressions out loud without bothering a the people round them. Their neighbors, who had not deigne notice their existence when it would have been charitable help them out of their loneliness, now threw angry lo

m; it was in bad taste to be so much amused. But they t care what the others might think of them; they were their revenge in their chatter.

he end Frau Reinhart introduced her husband to Chris- He was extremely ugly; he had a pale, greasy, pock- l, rather sinister face, but he looked very kind. He low down in his throat and pronounced his words sen- sly, stammeringly, pausing between each syllable.

had been married a few months only and these two people were in love with each other; they had an affec- way of looking at each other, talking to each other, each other's hands in the presence of everybody—which mic and touching. If one wanted anything the other want it too. And so they invited Christophe to go and th them after the reception. Christophe began jokingly to be excused; he said that the best thing to do that would be to go to bed; he was quite worn out with n, as tired as though he had walked ten miles. But einhart said that he could not be left in that condition; d be dangerous to spend the night with such gloomy s. Christophe let them drag him off. In his loneliness glad to have met these good people, who were not very nished in their manners but were simple and *gemütlich.*

Reinharts' little house was *gemütlich* like them- It was a rather chattering *Gemüt,* a *Gemüt* with ions. The furniture, the utensils, the china all talked, nt on repeating their joy in seeing their "charming asked after his health, and gave him pleasant and vir- lvice. On the sofa—which was very hard—was a little which murmured amiably:

y a quarter of an hour!" (*Nur ein Viertelstündchen.*)

up of coffee which was handed to Christophe insisted aking more:

a drop!" (*Noch ein Schlückchen.*)

plates seasoned the cooking with morality and otherwise ing was quite excellent. One plate said:

nk of everything: otherwise no good will come to you!"

Another:

"Affection and gratitude please everybody. Ingrati[tude] pleases nobody."

Although Christophe did not smoke, the ash-tray on mantelpiece insisted on introducing itself to him:

"A little resting place for burning cigars." (*Ruheplätz[e] für brennende Cigarren.*)

He wanted to wash his hands. The soap on the washs[tand] said:

"For our charming guest." (*Für unseren lieben Gast.*)

And the sententious towel, like a person who has nothi[ng] say, but thinks he must say something all the same, gave this reflection, full of good sense but not very apposite, t[o] "to enjoy the morning you must rise early."

"*Morgenstund hat Gold im Mund.*"

At length Christophe dared not even turn in his chair fear of hearing himself addressed by other voices coming every part of the room. He wanted to say:

"Be silent, you little monsters! We don't understand o[ne] other."

And he burst out laughing crazily and then tried to ex[plain] to his host and hostess that he was thinking of the gal[es] at the school. He would not have hurt them for the w[orld] And he was not very sensible of the ridiculous. Very so[on] grew accustomed to the loquacious cordiality of these p[eo]ple and their belongings. He could have tolerated anythi[ng] them! They were so kind! They were not tiresome ev[en] if they had no taste they were not lacking in intelligen[ce].

They were a little lost in the place to which they had c[ome]. The intolerable susceptibilities of the little provincial t[own] did not allow people to enter it as though it were a mill w[ith]out having properly asked for the honor of becoming pa[rt] it. The Reinharts had not sufficiently attended to the pr[e]cial code which regulated the duties of new arrivals in the t[own] towards those who had settled in it before them. Rein[hart] would have submitted to it mechanically. But his wif[e] whom such drudgery was oppressive—she disliked being put [to] —postponed her duties from day to day. She had sele[cted] those calls which bored her least, to be paid first, or she h[ad]

e others off indefinitely. The distinguished persons who omprised in the last category choked with indignation ı a want of respect. Angelica Reinhart—(her husband her Lili)—was a little free in her manners; she could not n the official tone. She would address her superiors in erarchy familiarly and make them go red in the face ndignation; and if need be she was not afraid of contra- them. She had a quick tongue and always had to say er was in her head; sometimes she made extraordinarily remarks at which people laughed behind her back; and e could be malicious whole-heartedly, and that made her enemies. She would bite her tongue as she was saying ings and wish she had not said them, but it was too Her husband, the gentlest and most respectful of men, chide her timidly about it. She would kiss him and t she was a fool and that he was right. But the next t she would break out again; and she would always say at the least suitable moment; she would have burst if not said them. She was exactly the sort of woman to with Christophe.

ng the many ridiculous things which she ought not to d, and consequently was always saying, was her trick of ally comparing the way things were done in Germany way they were done in France. She was a German— more so)—but she had been brought up in Alsace French Alsatians, and she had felt the attraction of ivilization which so many Germans in the annexed s, even those who seem the least likely to feel it, cannot Perhaps, to tell the truth, the attraction had become out of a spirit of contradiction since Angelica had a North German and lived with him in purely German

pened up her usual subject of discussion on her first with Christophe. She loved the pleasant freedom rsation in France. Christophe echoed her. France to Corinne; bright blue eyes, smiling lips, frank free a musical voice; he loved to know more about it. einhart clapped her hands on finding herself so thor- greeing with Christophe.

"It is a pity," she said, "that my little French friend h gone, but she could not stand it; she has gone."

The image of Corinne was at once blotted out. As a ma going out suddenly makes the gentle glimmer of the stars sh out from the dark sky, another image and other eyes appea

"Who?" asked Christophe with a start, "the little gov ness?"

"What?" said Frau Reinhart, "you knew her too?"

He described her; the two portraits were identical.

"You knew her?" repeated Christophe. "Oh! Tell everything you know about her! . . ."

Frau Reinhart began by declaring that they were b friends and had no secrets from each other. But when had to go into detail her knowledge was reduced to little. They had met out calling. Frau Reinhart had m advances to the girl; and with her usual cordiality had inv her to come and see her. The girl had come two or three ti and they had talked. But the curious Lili had not so succeeded in finding out anything about the life of the Frenchwoman; the girl was very reserved; she had had to w her story out of her, bit by bit. Frau Reinhart knew she was called Antoinette Jeannin; she had no fortune, an friends, except a younger brother who lived in Paris an whom she was devoted. She used always to talk of him: h the only subject about which she could talk freely; an Reinhart had gained her confidence by showing sympath pity for the boy living alone in Paris without relations, wit friends, at a boarding school. It was partly to pay for education that Antoinette had accepted a post abroad. But two children could not live without each other; they want be with each other every day, and the least delay in delivery of their letters used to make them quite ill w anxiety. Antoinette was always worrying about her bro the poor child could not always manage to hide his sad and loneliness from her; every one of his complaints use sound through Antoinette's heart and seemed like to break the thought that he was suffering used to torture her and used often to imagine that he was ill and would not say Frau Reinhart in her kindness had often had to rebuke h

r groundless fears, and she used to succeed in restoring nfidence for a moment. She had not been able to find nything about Antoinette's family or position or her self. The girl was wildly shy and used to draw into at the first question. The little she said showed that s cultured and intelligent; she seemed to have a preco- knowledge of life; she seemed to be at once naïve and ived, pious and disillusioned. She had not been happy town in a tactless and unkind family. She used not to in, but it was easy to see that she used to suffer—Frau rt did not exactly know why she had gone. It had been at she had behaved badly. Angelica did not believe was ready to swear that it was all a disgusting calumny, of the foolish rotten town. But there had been stories; not matter what, did it?

," said Christophe, bowing his head.

d so she has gone."

d what did she say—anything to you when she went?"

!" said Lili Reinhart, "I had no chance. I had gone gne for a few days just then! When I came back—*Zu* (too late).—She stopped to scold her maid, who had her lemon too late for her tea.

she added sententiously with the solemnity which the rman brings naturally to the performance of the fa- duties of daily life:

o late, as one so often is in life!"

as not clear whether she meant the lemon or her inter- story.)

went on:

en I returned I found a line from her thanking me for d done and telling me that she was going; she was g to Paris; she gave no address."

l she did not write again?"

again."

more Christophe saw her sad face disappear into the once more he saw her eyes for a moment just as he n them for the last time looking at him through the window.

nigma of France was once more set before him more

insistently than ever. Christophe never tired of asking F Reinhart about the country which she pretended to know well. And Frau Reinhart who had never been there was reluctant to tell him about it. Reinhart, a good patriot, of prejudices against France, which he knew better than wife, sometimes used to qualify her remarks when her enthusiasm went too far; but she would repeat her assertions only more vigorously, and Christophe, knowing nothing at all about it, backed her up confidently.

What was more precious even than Lili Reinhart's memories were her books. She had a small library of French books, school books, a few novels, a few volumes bought at random Christophe, greedy of knowledge and ignorant of Fra thought them a treasure when Reinhart went and got them him and put them at his disposal.

He began with volumes of select passages, old school books which had been used by Lili Reinhart or her husband in their school days. Reinhart had assured him that he must begin with them if he wished to find his way about French literature which was absolutely unknown to him. Christophe was full of respect for those who knew more than himself, and ... religiously; and that very evening he began to read. He took first of all to take stock of the riches in his possession.

He made the acquaintance of certain French writers, names Théodore-Henri Barrau, François Pétis de la Croix, Fré... Baudry, Émile Delérot, Charles-Auguste-Désiré Filon, Sa... uel Descombaz, and Prosper Baur. He read the p... of Abbé Joseph Reyre, Pierre Lachambaudie, the Duc ... Nivernois, André van Hasselt, Andrieux, Madame ... Constance-Marie Princesse de Salm-Dyck, Henriette ... lard, Gabriel-Jean-Baptiste-Ernest-Wilfrid Legouvé, ... polyte Violeau, Jean Reboul, Jean Racine, Jean de Béran... Frédéric Béchard, Gustave Nadaud, Édouard Plouvier, Eu... Manuel, Hugo, Millevoye, Chênedollé, James Lacour Del... Félix Chavannes, Francis-Édouard-Joachim, known as Fran... Coppée, and Louis Belmontet. Christophe was lost, drown... submerged under such a deluge of poetry and turned to p... He found Gustave de Molinari, Fléchier, Ferdinand-Édou... Buisson, Mérimée, Malte-Brun, Voltaire, Lamé-Fleury, Du...

J.-J. Rousseau, Mézières, Mirabeau, de Mazade, Claretie, mbert, Frédéric II, and M. de Vogüé. The most quoted of French historians was Maximilien Samson- ric Schœll. In the French anthology Christophe l the Proclamation of the New German Empire; ie read a description of the Germans by Frédéric-Constant ugemont, in which he learned that "*the German was born e in the region of the soul. He has not the light noisy of the Frenchman. His is a great soul; his affections are r and profound. He is indefatigable in toil and persever- n enterprise. There is no more moral or long-lived people. ny has an extraordinary number of writers. She has the of art. While the inhabitants of other countries pride elves on being French, English, Spanish, the German on her hand embraces all humanity in his love. And though sition is the very center of Europe the German nation to be at once the heart and the higher reason of ity.*"

istophe closed the book. He was astonished and tired. ought:

ne French are good fellows; but they are not strong."

took another volume. It was on a higher plane: it was for high schools. Musset occupied three pages, and Duruy thirty, Lamartine seven pages and Thiers almost The whole of the *Cid* was included—or almost the —(ten monologues of Don Diègue and Rodrigue had uppressed because they were too long.)—Lanfrey exalted n against Napoleon I and so he had not been cut down; ne occupied more space than all the great classics of the nth century. Copious narrations of the French defeats) had been extracted from *La Débâcle* of Zola. Neither gne, nor La Rochefoucauld, nor La Bruyère, nor Diderot, ndhal, nor Balzac, nor Flaubert appeared. On the other Pascal, who did not appear in the other book, found a n this as a curiosity; and Christophe learned by the at the convulsionary "*was one of the fathers of Port- a girls' school, near Paris . . .*"

nthologies of French literature which Jean-Christophe bor- rom his friends the Reinharts were:

Christophe was on the point of throwing the book aw his head was swimming; he could not see. He said to himse "I shall never get through with it." He could not formula any opinion. He turned over the leaves idly for hours with knowing what he was reading. He did not read French ea and when he had labored to make out a passage, it was alm always something meaningless and highfalutin.

And yet from the chaos there darted flashes of light. rapier thrusts, words that looked and stabbed, heroic laugh Gradually an impression emerged from his first readi perhaps through the biased scheme of the selections. Vol tarily or involuntarily the German editors had selected th pieces of French which could seem to establish by the testim of the French themselves the failings of the French and superiority of the Germans. But they had no notion that they most exposed to the eyes of an independent mind Christophe's was the surprising liberty of these French who criticised everything in their own country and pra their adversaries. Michelet praised Frederick II, Lanfrey English of Trafalgar, Charras the Prussia of 1813. No of Napoleon had ever dared to speak of him so harshly. N ing was too greatly respected to escape their disparage Even under the great King the previous poets had had freedom of speech. Molière spared nothing, La Fon laughed at everything. Even Boileau gibed at the nobles. taire derided war, flogged religion, scoffed at his country. M alists, satirists, pamphleteers, comic writers, they all vied with another in gay or somber audacity. Want of respect universal. The honest German editors were sometimes sc by it, they had to throw a rope to their consciences trying to excuse Pascal, who lumped together cooks, por soldiers, and camp followers; they protested in a note Pascal would not have written thus if he had been acquai

I. *Selected French passages for the use of secondary schools*. Hubert H. Wingerath, Ph. D., director of the real-school of Saint at Strasburg. Part II: Middle forms.—7th Edition, 1902, Du Schauberg.

II. L. Herrig and G. F. Burguy: *Literary France*, arranged by Tendering, director of the real-gymnasium of the Johanneu Hamburg.—1904, Brunswick.

the noble armies of modern times. They did not fail to
d the reader how happily Lessing had corrected the
s of La Fontaine by following, for instance, the advice
Genevese Rousseau and changing the piece of cheese of
r Crow to a piece of poisoned meat of which the vile fox

ay you never gain anything but poison. You cursed
ers!"

y blinked at naked truth; but Christophe was pleased with
loved this light. Here and there he was even a little
d; he was not used to such unbridled independence
looks like anarchy to the eyes even of the freest of
ns, who in spite of everything is accustomed to order
iscipline. And he was led astray by the way of the
; he took certain things too seriously; and other things
were implacable denials seemed to him to be amusing
xes. No matter! Surprised or shocked he was drawn
le by little. He gave up trying to classify his impres-
he passed from one feeling to another; he lived. The
of the French stories—Chamfort, Ségur, Dumas père,
ée all lumped together—delighted him; and every now
en in gusts there would creep forth from the printed
e wild intoxicating scent of the Revolutions.

is nearly dawn when Louisa, who slept in the next room,
p and saw the light through the chinks of Christophe's
She knocked on the wall and asked if he were ill. A
reaked on the floor: the door opened and Christophe
d, pale, in his nightgown, with a candle and a book
hand, making strange, solemn, and grotesque gestures.
was in terror and got up in her bed, thinking that he
d. He began to laugh, and, waving his candle, he de-
a scene from Molière. In the middle of a sentence he
with laughter; he sat at the foot of his mother's bed
breath; the candle shook in his hand. Louisa was re-
and scolded him forcibly:

it is the matter with you? What is it? Go to bed.
My poor boy, are you going out of your senses?"

e began again:

must listen to this!"

And he sat by her bedside and read the play, going back to the beginning again. He seemed to see Corinne; he heard her mocking tones, cutting and sonorous. Louisa protested:

"Go away! Go away! You will catch cold. How tiresome you are. Let me go to sleep!"

He went on relentlessly. He raised his voice, waved his arms, choked with laughter; and he asked his mother if she did not think it wonderful. Louisa turned her back on him, buried herself in the bedclothes, stopped her ears, and said:

"Do leave me alone! . . ."

But she laughed inwardly at hearing his laugh. At last she gave up protesting. And when Christophe had finished the act, and asked her, without eliciting any reply, if she did not think what he had read interesting, he bent over her and saw that she was asleep. Then he smiled, gently kissed her hair, and stole back to his own room.

He borrowed more and more books from the Reinhart library. There were all sorts of books in it. Christophe devoured them all. He wanted so much to love the country of Corinne and the unknown young woman. He had so much enthusiasm to get rid of that he found a use for it in his reading. Even in second-rate works there were sentences and pages which had the effect on him of a gust of fresh air. He exaggerated the effect, especially when he was talking to Frau Reinhart, who always went a little better than he. Although she was as ignorant as a fish, she delighted to contrast French and German culture and to decry the German to the advantage of the French, just to annoy her husband and to avenge herself for the boredom she had to suffer in the little town.

Reinhart was really amused. Notwithstanding his learning, he had stopped short at the ideas he had learned at school. To him the French were a clever people, skilled in practical things, amiable, talkative, but frivolous, susceptible, and boastful, incapable of being serious, or sincere, or of feeling strongly—a people without music, without philosophy, without poetry (except for *l'Art Poétique,* Béranger and François Coppée)—a people of pathos, much gesticulation, exaggerated speech, and pornography. There were not words strong enough for the de-

tion of Latin immorality; and for want of a better he came back to *frivolity,* which for him, as for the ma- of his compatriots, had a particularly unpleasant mean- And he would end with the usual couplet in praise of the erman people,—the moral people (" *By that,*" Herder has *it is distinguished from all other nations.*")—the faith- ple (*treues Volk . . . Treu* meaning everything: sin- aithful, loyal and upright)—*the People par excellence,* ite says—German Force, the symbol of justice and truth an thought—the German *Gemüt*—the German language, ly original language, the only language that, like the self, has preserved its purity—German women, German erman song . . . " *Germany, Germany above everything world!*"

stophe would protest. Frau Reinhart would cry out. would all shout. They did not get on the less for it. new quite well that they were all three good Germans. stophe used often to go and talk, dine and walk with r friends. Lili Reinhart made much of him, and used dainty suppers for him. She was delighted to have the for satisfying her own greediness. She paid him all sentimental and culinary attentions. For Christophe's she made a cake, on which were twenty candles and niddle a little wax figure in Greek costume which was d to represent Iphigenia holding a bouquet. Chris- who was profoundly German in spite of himself, was by these rather blunt and not very refined marks of ection.

excellent Reinharts found other more subtle ways of their real friendship. On his wife's instigation t, who could hardly read a note of music, had bought copies of Christophe's *Lieder*—(the first to leave blisher's shop)—he had sent them to different f Germany to university acquaintances. He had nt a certain number to the libraries of Leipzig rlin, with which he had dealings through his s. For the moment at least their touching enter- which Christophe knew nothing, bore no fruit. The which had been scattered broadcast seemed to miss fire;

nobody talked of them; and the Reinharts, who were hu this indifference, were glad they had not told Christophe what they had done, for it would have given him more than consolation. But in truth nothing is lost, as so appears in life; no effort is in vain. For years nothing pens. Then one day it appears that your idea has mad way. It was impossible to be sure that Christophe's *L* had not reached the hearts of a few good people buried i country, who were too timid or too tired to tell him so.

One person wrote to him. Two or three months afte Reinharts had sent them, a letter came for Christophe was warm, ceremonious, enthusiastic, old-fashioned in and came from a little town in Thuringia, and was si "*Universitäts Musikdirektor Professor Dr. Peter Schulz.*

It was a great joy for Christophe, and even greater fo Reinharts, when at their house he opened the letter, whic had left lying in his pocket for two days. They read i gether. Reinhart made signs to his wife which Christoph not notice. He looked radiant, until suddenly Reinhart his face grow gloomy, and he stopped dead in the middle o reading.

"Well, why do you stop?" he asked.

(They used the familiar *du*.)

Christophe flung the letter on the table angrily.

"No. It is too much!" he said.

"What is?"

"Read!"

He turned away and went and sulked in a corner.

Reinhart and his wife read the letter, and could find only fervent admiration.

"I don't see," he said in astonishment.

"You don't see? You don't see? . . ." cried Christo taking the letter and thrusting it in his face. "Can't read? Don't you see that he is a *'Brahmin'*"?

And then Reinhart noticed that in one sentence the *Un sitäts Musikdirektor* compared Christophe's *Lieder* with t of Brahms. Christophe moaned:

"A friend! I have found a friend at last! . . . An have hardly found him when I have lost him! . . ."

he comparison revolted him. If they had let him, he ld have replied with a stupid letter, or perhaps, upon re- ion, he would have thought himself very prudent and rous in not replying at all. Fortunately, the Reinharts amused by his ill-humor, and kept him from committing further absurdity. They succeeded in making him write tter of thanks. But the letter, written reluctantly, was cold constrained. The enthusiasm of Peter Schulz was not en by it. He sent two or three more letters, brimming with affection. Christophe was not a good correspondent, although he was a little reconciled to his unknown friend he sincerity and real sympathy which he could feel behind words, he let the correspondence drop. Schulz wrote no e. Christophe never thought about him.

e now saw the Reinharts every day and frequently several s a day. They spent almost all the evenings together. r spending the day alone in concentration he had a physi- eed of talking, of saying everything that was in his mind, if he were not understood, and of laughing with or with- reason, of expanding and stretching himself.

e played for them. Having no other means of showing his tude, he would sit at the piano and play for hours to- r. Frau Reinhart was no musician, and she had diffi- in keeping herself from yawning; but she sympathized Christophe, and pretended to be interested in everything ayed. Reinhart was not much more of a musician than his but was sometimes touched quite materially by certain s of music, certain passages, certain bars, and then he l be violently moved sometimes even to tears, and that d silly to him. The rest of the time he felt nothing; it just music to him. That was the general rule. He was moved except by the least good passages of a composition olutely insignificant passages. Both of them persuaded selves that they understood Christophe, and Christophe to pretend that it was so. Every now and then he would ized by a wicked desire to make fun of them. He would aps for them and play things without any meaning, inept *urris;* and he would let them think that he had com-

posed them. Then, when they had admired it, he would them what it was. Then they would grow wary, and Christophe played them a piece with an air of mystery, would imagine that he was trying to catch them again, they would criticise it. Christophe would let them go on back them up, and argue that such music was worthless, then he would break out:

"Rascals! You are right! . . . It is my own!" would be as happy as a boy at having taken them in. Reinhart would be cross and come and give him a little but he would laugh so good-humoredly that they would l with him. They did not pretend to be infallible. An they had no leg to stand on, Lili Reinhart would criticise e thing and her husband would praise everything, and so were certain that one or other of them would always b agreement with Christophe.

For the rest, it was not so much the musician that attr them in Christophe as the crack-brained boy, with his tionate ways and true reality of life. The ill that they heard spoken of him had rather disposed them in his f Like him, they were rather oppressed by the atmosphere o little town; like him, they were frank, they judged for t selves, and they regarded him as a great baby, not very c in the ways of life, and the victim of his own frankness.

Christophe was not under many illusions concerning his friends, and it made him sad to think that they did not u stand the depths of his character, and that they would understand it. But he was so much deprived of friendship he stood in such sore need of it, that he was infinitely gra to them for wanting to like him a little. He had le wisdom in his experiences of the last year; he no l thought he had the right to be overwise. Two years e he would not have been so patient. He remembered with a ment and remorse his severe judgment of the honest and some Eulers! Alas! How wisdom had grown in him! sighed a little. A secret voice whispered: "Yes, but for long?"

That made him smile and consoled him a little. would he not have given to have a friend, one friend

ld understand him and share his soul! But although he still young he had enough experience of the world to know his desire was one of those which are most difficult to ize in life, and that he could not hope to be happier than majority of the true artists who had gone before him. He learned the histories of some of them. Certain books, bor-ed from the Reinharts, had told him about the terrible s through which the German musicians of the seventeenth ury had passed, and the calmness and resolution with which of these great souls—the greatest of all, the heroic Schütz—striven, as unshakably he went on his way in the midst vars and burning towns, and provinces ravaged by the ue, with his country invaded, trampled underfoot by the es of all Europe, and—worst of all—broken, worn out, aded by misfortune, making no fight, indifferent to every-g, longing only for rest. He thought: "With such an ple, what right has any man to complain? They had udience, they had no future; they wrote for themselves and What they wrote one day would perhaps be destroyed e next. And yet they went on writing and they were not Nothing made them lose their intrepidity, their joviality. were satisfied with their song; they asked nothing of but to live, to earn their daily bread, to express their and to find a few honest men, simple, true, not artists, no doubt did not understand them, but had confidence in and won their confidence in return. How dared he demanded more than they? There is a minimum of hap-s which it is permitted to demand. But no man has the to more; it rests with a man's self to gain the surplus of ness, not with others."

h thoughts brought him new serenity, and he loved his friends the Reinharts the more for them. He had no hat even this affection was to be denied him.

reckoned without the malevolence of small towns. They nacious in their spite—all the more tenacious because their is aimless. A healthy hatred which knows what it wants eased when it has achieved its end. But men who are ievous from boredom never lay down their arms, for

they are always bored. Christophe was a natural pre their want of occupation. He was beaten without a c but he was bold enough not to seem crushed. He di bother anybody, but then he did not bother about an He asked nothing. They were impotent against him. was happy with his new friends and indifferent to an that was said or thought of him. That was intolerable.— Reinhart roused even more irritation. Her open frien with Christophe in the face of the whole town seemed, li attitude, to be a defiance of public opinion. But the goo Reinhart defied nothing and nobody. She had no thoug provoke others; she did what she thought fit without a anybody else's advice. That was the worst provocation.

All their doings were watched. They had no idea He was extravagant, she scatter-brained, and both even ing in prudence when they went out together, or even at in the evening, when they leaned over the balcony talkin laughing. They drifted innocently into a familiarity of s and manner which could easily supply food for calumny.

One morning Christophe received an anonymous letter was accused in basely insulting terms of being Frau hart's lover. His arms fell by his sides. He had neve the least thought of love or even of flirtation with her. was too honest. He had a Puritanical horror of adu The very idea of such a dirty sharing gave him a physica moral feeling of nausea. To take the wife of a friend have been a crime in his eyes, and Lili Reinhart would been the last person in the world with whom he could been tempted to commit such an offense. The poor w was not beautiful, and he would not have had even the of passion.

He went to his friends ashamed and embarrassed. also were embarrassed. Each of them had received a si letter, but they had not dared to tell each other, and all of them were on their guard and watched each other and not move or speak, and they just talked nonsense. If Reinhart's natural carelessness took the ascendant for a ment, or if she began to laugh and talk wildly, sudde look from her husband or Christophe would stop her

etter would cross her mind; she would stop in the middle
familiar gesture and grow uneasy. Christophe and Rein-
were in the same plight. And each of them was thinking:
the others know?"

)wever, they said nothing to each other and tried to go
s though nothing had happened.

't the anonymous letters went on, growing more and more
ting and dirty. They were plunged into a condition of
ssion and intolerable shame. They hid themselves when
received the letters, and had not the strength to burn
unopened. They opened them with trembling hands,
is they unfolded the letters their hearts would sink; and
they read what they feared to read, with some new vari-
on the same theme—the injurious and ignoble inven-
of a mind bent on causing a hurt—they wept in silence.
racked their brains to discover who the wretch might be
:o persistently persecuted them.

e day Frau Reinhart, at the end of her letter, confessed
ersecution of which she was the victim to her husband,
ith tears in his eyes he confessed that he was suffering
e same way. Should they mention it to Christophe?
dared not. But they had to warn him to make him be
us.—At the first words that Frau Reinhart said to him,
a blush, she saw to her horror that Christophe had also
ed letters. Such utter malignance appalled them. Frau
art had no doubt that the whole town was in the secret.
d of helping each other, they only undermined each
s fortitude. They did not know what to do. Chris-
talked of breaking somebody's head.—But whose? And
, that would be to justify the calumny! . . . Inform
lice of the letters?—That would make their insinuations
. . . Pretend to ignore them? It was no longer pos-
Their friendly relations were now disturbed. It was
for Reinhart to have absolute faith in the honesty of
fe and Christophe. He suspected them in spite of him-
He felt that his suspicions were shameful and absurd,
ied hard not to pay any heed to them, and to leave Chris-
and his wife alone together. But he suffered, and his
w that he was suffering.

It was even worse for her. She had never thought of ing with Christophe, any more than he had thought of it her. The calumnious letters brought her imperceptibly to ridiculous idea that after all Christophe was perhaps in with her; and although he was never anywhere near sho any such feeling for her, she thought she must defend he not by referring directly to it, but by clumsy precauti which Christophe did not understand at first, though, whe did understand, he was beside himself. It was so stupid it made him laugh and cry at the same time! He in with the honest little woman, kind enough as she was, plain and common! . . . And to think that she should lieve it! . . . And that he could not deny it, and tell and her husband:

"Come! There is no danger! Be calm! . . ." But he could not offend these good people. And besides, he beginning to think that if she held out against being love him it was because she was secretly on the point of loving The anonymous letters had had the fine result of having g him so foolish and fantastic an idea.

The situation had become at once so painful and so that it was impossible for this to go on. Besides, Lili hart, who, in spite of her brave words, had no strengt character, lost her head in the face of the dumb hostilit the little town. They made shamefaced excuses for meeting:

"Frau Reinhart was unwell. . . . Reinhart was busy. They were going away for a few days. . . ."

Clumsy lies which were always unmasked by chance, w seemed to take a malicious pleasure in doing so.

Christophe was more frank, and said:

"Let us part, my friends. We are not strong enough."

The Reinharts wept.—But they were happier when the b was made.

The town had its triumph. This time Christophe was alone. It had robbed him of his last breath of air:—th fection, however humble, without which no heart can live.

III

DELIVERANCE

E had no one. All his friends had disappeared. His dear fried, who had come to his aid in times of difficulty, and m now he so sorely needed, had gone some months before. time forever. One evening in the summer of the last year a r in large handwriting, bearing the address of a distant vil- had informed Louisa that her brother had died upon one of vagabond journeys which the little peddler had insisted aking, in spite of his ill health. He was buried there in emetery of the place. The last manly and serene friend- which could have supported Christophe had been swal- l up. He was left alone with his old mother, who cared ng for his ideas—could only love him and not understand About him was the immense plain of Germany, the ocean. At every attempt to climb out of it he only d back deeper than ever. The hostile town watched him n. . . .

d as he was struggling a light flashed upon him in the le of the night, the image of Hassler, the great musician he had loved so much when he was a child. His fame over all Germany now. He remembered the promises Hassler had made him then. And he clung to this piece eckage in desperation. Hassler could save him! Hassler save him! What was he asking? Not help, nor money, aterial assistance of any kind. Nothing but understand- Hassler had been persecuted like him. Hassler was a man. He would understand a free man, whom German crity was pursuing with its spite and trying to crush. were fighting the same battle.

carried the idea into execution as soon as it occurred m. He told his mother that he would be away for a and that very evening he took the train for the great

town in the north of Germany where Hassler was *Kapellmei*
He could not wait. It was a last effort to breathe.

Hassler was famous. His enemies had not disarmed, but
friends cried that he was the greatest musician, present,
and future. He was surrounded by partisans and detractors
were equally absurd. As he was not of a very firm chara
he had been embittered by the last, and mollified by the
He devoted his energy to writing things to annoy his cr
and make them cry out. He was like an urchin playing pra
These pranks were often in the most detestable taste.
only did he devote his prodigious talent to musical eccent
ties which made the hair of the pontiffs stand on end, bu
showed a perverse predilection for queer themes, bizarre
jects, and often for equivocal and scabrous situations;
word, for everything which could offend ordinary good s
and decency. He was quite happy when the people ho
and the people did not fail him. Even the Emperor,
dabbled in art, as every one knows, with the insolent pres
tion of upstarts and princes, regarded Hassler's fame
public scandal, and let no opportunity slip of showing
contemptuous indifference to his impudent works. Ha
was enraged and delighted by such august opposition, w
had almost become a consecration for the advanced pat
German art, and went on smashing windows. At every
folly his friends went into ecstasies and cried that he w
genius.

Hassler's coterie was chiefly composed of writers, pain
and decadent critics who certainly had the merit of repre
ing the party of revolt against the reaction—always a mena
North Germany—of the pietistic spirit and State mora
but in the struggle the independence had been carried
pitch of absurdity of which they were unconscious. Fo
many of them were not lacking in a rude sort of talent,
had little intelligence and less taste. They could not rise
the fastidious atmosphere which they had created, and
all cliques, they had ended by losing all sense of real
They legislated for themselves and hundreds of fools who
their reviews and gulped down everything they were please

nulgate. Their adulation had been fatal to Hassler, for it made him too pleased with himself. He accepted without nination every musical idea that came into his head, and had a private conviction, however he might fall below his level, he was still superior to that of all other musicians. l though that idea was only too true in the majority of s, it did not follow that it was a very fit state of mind the creation of great works. At heart Hassler had a eme contempt for everybody, friends and enemies alike; this bitter jeering contempt was extended to himself and life general. He was all the more driven back into his ic skepticism because he had once believed in a number generous and simple things. As he had not been strong gh to ward off the slow destruction of the passing of the , nor hypocritical enough to pretend to believe in the he had lost, he was forever gibing at the memory of it. was of a Southern German nature, soft and indolent, not e to resist excess of fortune or misfortune, of heat or cold, ing a moderate temperature to preserve its balance. He drifted insensibly into a lazy enjoyment of life. He loved l food, heavy drinking, idle lounging, and sensuous thoughts. whole art smacked of these things, although he was too d for the flashes of his genius not still to shine forth from lax music which drifted with the fashion. No one was conscious than himself of his decay. In truth, he was only one to be conscious of it—at rare moments which, rally, he avoided. Besides, he was misanthropic, absorbed is fearful moods, his egoistic preoccupations, his concern t his health—he was indifferent to everything which had erly excited his enthusiasm or hatred.

ch was the man to whom Christophe came for assistance. what joy and hope he arrived, one cold, wet morning, he town wherein then lived the man who symbolized for the spirit of independence in his art! He expected words riendship and encouragement from him—words that he ed to help him to go on with the ungrateful, inevitable e which every true artist has to wage against the world he breathes his last, without even for one day laying

down his arms; for, as Schiller has said, *"the only rela with the public of which a man never repents—is war."*

Christophe was so impatient that he just left his bag the first hotel he came to near the station, and then ra the theater to find out Hassler's address. Hassler lived s way from the center of the town, in one of the suburbs. Ch tophe took an electric train, and hungrily ate a roll. His h thumped as he approached his goal.

The district in which Hassler had chosen his house almost entirely built in that strange new architecture i which young Germany has thrown an erudite and delibe barbarism struggling laboriously to have genius. In the mi of the commonplace town, with its straight, character streets, there suddenly appeared Egyptian hypogea, Norweg chalets, cloisters, bastions, exhibition pavilions, pot-bel houses, fakirs, buried in the ground, with expressionless fa with only one enormous eye; dungeon gates, ponderous ga iron hoops, golden cryptograms on the panes of grated wind belching monsters over the front door, blue porcelain t plastered on in most unexpected places; variegated mosaics r resenting Adam and Eve; roofs covered with tiles of jar colors; houses like citadels with castellated walls, defor animals on the roofs, no windows on one side, and then s denly, close to each other, gaping holes, square, red, angu triangular, like wounds; great stretches of empty wall f which suddenly there would spring a massive balcony with window—a balcony supported by Nibelungesque Caryatides, conies from which there peered through the stone balustr two pointed heads of old men, bearded and long-haired, n men of Bœcklin. On the front of one of these prisons—a P raohesque mansion, low and one-storied, with two naked gia at the gate—the architect had written:

> Let the artist show his universe,
> Which never was and yet will ever be.
>
> *Seine Welt zeige der Künstler,*
> *Die niemals war noch jemals sein wird.*

Christophe was absorbed by the idea of seeing Hassler, a looked with the eyes of amazement and under no attempt

erstand. He reached the house he sought, one of the plest—in a Carolingian style. Inside was rich luxury, com- nplace enough. On the staircase was the heavy atmosphere ot air. There was a small lift which Christophe did not use, ne wanted to gain time to prepare himself for his call by go- up the four flights of stairs slowly, with his legs giving and heart thumping with his excitement. During that short nt his former interview with Hassler, his childish enthu- m, the image of his grandfather were as clearly in his mind hough it had all been yesterday.

t was nearly eleven when he rang the bell. He was received a sharp maid, with a *serva padrona* manner, who looked at impertinently and began to say that "Herr Hassler could see him, as Herr Hassler was tired." Then the naïve dis- pointment expressed in Christophe's face amused her; for r making an unabashed scrutiny of him from head to foot, softened suddenly and introduced him to Hassler's study, said she would go and see if Herr Hassler would receive . Thereupon she gave him a little wink and closed the .

n the walls were a few impressionist paintings and some nt French engravings of the eighteenth century: for sler pretended to some knowledge of all the arts, and et and Watteau were joined together in his taste in accord- with the prescription of his coterie. The same mixture of s appeared in the furniture, and a very fine Louis XV au was surrounded by new art armchairs and an oriental n with a mountain of multi-colored cushions. The doors ornamented with mirrors, and Japanese bric-a-brac covered shelves and the mantelpiece, on which stood a bust of ler. In a bowl on a round table was a profusion of photo- hs of singers, female admirers and friends, with witty rks and enthusiastic interjections. The bureau was in- ibly untidy. The piano was open. The shelves were y, and half-smoked cigars were lying about everywhere.

the next room Christophe heard a cross voice grumbling. as answered by the shrill tones of the little maid. It clear that Hassler was not very pleased at having to ap- It was clear, also, that the young woman had decided

that Hassler should appear; and she answered him with treme familiarity and her shrill voice penetrated the w Christophe was rather upset at hearing some of the rem she made to her master. But Hassler did not seem to m On the contrary, it rather seemed as though her impertin amused him; and while he went on growling, he chaffed girl and took a delight in exciting her. At last Christ heard a door open, and, still growling and chaffing, Has came shuffling.

He entered. Christophe's heart sank. He recognized H Would to God he had not! It was Hassler, and yet it was he. He still had his great smooth brow, his face as unwrinl as that of a babe; but he was bald, stout, yellowish, sle looking; his lower lip drooped a little, his mouth looked b and sulky. He hunched his shoulders, buried his hands the pockets of his open waistcoat; old shoes flopped on his f his shirt was bagged above his trousers, which he had finished buttoning. He looked at Christophe with his sl eyes, in which there was no light as the young man murmu his name. He bowed automatically, said nothing, no towards a chair, and with a sigh, sank down on the divan piled the cushions about himself. Christophe repeated:

"I have already had the honor . . . You were kind eno . . . My name is Christophe Krafft. . . ."

Hassler lay back on the divan, with his legs crossed, hands clasped together on his right knee, which he held to his chin as he replied:

"I don't remember."

Christophe's throat went dry, and he tried to remind H of their former meeting. Under any circumstances it wo have been difficult for him to talk of memories so intim now it was torture for him. He bungled his sentences, co not find words, said absurd things which made him bl Hassler let him flounder on and never ceased to look at with his vague, indifferent eyes. When Christophe had reac the end of his story, Hassler went on rocking his knee silence for a moment, as though he were waiting for Ch tophe to go on. Then he said:

Yes . . . That does not make us young again . . ." and
tched his legs.
fter a yawn he added:
. . I beg pardon . . . Did not sleep . . . Supper at the
ter last night . . ." and yawned again.
hristophe hoped that Hassler would make some reference
vhat he had just told him, but Hassler, whom the story
not interested at all, said nothing about it, and he did not
Christophe anything about his life. When he had done
ning he asked:
Have you been in Berlin long?"
I arrived this morning," said Christophe.
Ah!" said Hassler, without any surprise. "What hotel?"
e did not seem to listen to the reply, but got up lazily and
sed an electric bell.
Allow me," he said.
he little maid appeared with her impertinent manner.
Kitty," said he, "are you trying to make me go without
kfast this morning?"
You don't think I am going to bring it here while you
some one with you?"
Why not?" he said, with a wink and a nod in Chris-
e's direction. "He feeds my mind: I must feed my
."
Aren't you ashamed to have some one watching you eat—
an animal in a menagerie?"
stead of being angry, Hassler began to laugh and cor-
d her:
Like a domestic animal," he went on. "But do bring it.
eat my shame with it."
ristophe saw that Hassler was making no attempt to find
what he was doing, and tried to lead the conversation back.
spoke of the difficulties of provincial life, of the mediocrity
e people, the narrow-mindedness, and of his own isolation.
tried to interest him in his moral distress. But Hassler
sunk deep in the divan, with his head lying back on a
ion and his eyes half closed, and let him go on talking
out even seeming to listen; or he would raise his eyelids

for a moment and pronounce a few coldly ironical words, so ponderous jest at the expense of provincial people, which short Christophe's attempts to talk more intimately. K returned with the breakfast tray: coffee, butter, ham, etc. put it down crossly on the desk in the middle of the unt papers. Christophe waited until she had gone before he w on with his sad story which he had such difficulty in conti ing. Hassler drew the tray towards himself. He poured h self out some coffee and sipped at it. Then in a familiar cordial though rather contemptuous way he stopped Christo in the middle of a sentence to ask if he would take a cup.

Christophe refused. He tried to pick up the thread of sentence, but he was more and more nonplussed, and did know what he was saying. He was distracted by the sight Hassler with his plate under his chin, like a child, gorg pieces of bread and butter and slices of ham which he held his fingers. However, he did succeed in saying that he c posed, that he had had an overture in the *Judith* of Hebbel formed. Hassler listened absently.

"*Was?*" (What?) he asked.

Christophe repeated the title.

"*Ach! So, so!*" (Ah! Good, good!) said Hassler, ping his bread and his fingers into his cup. That was all.

Christophe was discouraged and was on the point of gett up and going, but he thought of his long journey in vain, summoning up all his courage he murmured a proposal that should play some of his works to Hassler. At the first men of it Hassler stopped him.

"No, no. I don't know anything about it," he said, with chaffing and rather insulting irony. "Besides, I haven't time."

Tears came to Christophe's eyes. But he had vowed no leave until he had Hassler's opinion about his work. He s with a mixture of confusion and anger:

"I beg your pardon, but you promised once to hear I came to see you for that from the other end of Germa You shall hear me."

Hassler, who was not used to such ways, looked at the a ward young man, who was furious, blushing, and near te

t amused him, and wearily shrugging his shoulders, he ıted to the piano, and said with an air of comic resignation: Well, then! . . . There you are!"

n that he lay back on his divan, like a man who is going leep, smoothed out his cushions, put them under his out- ched arms, half closed his eyes, opened them for a mo- t to take stock of the size of the roll of music which Chris- e had brought from one of his pockets, gave a little sigh, lay back to listen listlessly.

hristophe was intimidated and mortified, but he began to . It was not long before Hassler opened his eyes and ears the professional interest of the artist who is struck in of himself by a beautiful thing. At first he said nothing lay still, but his eyes became less dim and his sulky lips ed. Then he suddenly woke up, growling his surprise and obation. He only gave inarticulate interjections, but the of them left no doubt as to his feelings, and they gave stophe an inexpressible pleasure. Hassler forgot to count ıumber of pages that had been played and were left to be d. When Christophe had finished a piece, he said:

Go on! . . . Go on! . . ."

e was beginning to use human language.

That's good! Good!" he exclaimed to himself. "Fa- ! . . . Awfully famous! (*Schrecklich famos!*) But, me!" He growled in astonishment. "What is it?"

e had risen on his seat, was stretching for wind, making ımpet with his hand, talking to himself, laughing with ure, or at certain odd harmonies, just putting out his ıe as though to moisten his lips. An unexpected modu- ı had such an effect on him that he got up suddenly with clamation, and came and sat at the piano by Christophe's He did not seem to notice that Christophe was there. vas only concerned with the music, and when the piece inished he took the book and began to read the page again, the following pages, and went on ejaculating his admira- ınd surprise as though he had been alone in the room.

The devil!" he said. "Where did the little beast find . . ."

pushed Christophe away with his shoulders and himself

played certain passages. He had a charming touch on piano, very soft, caressing and light. Christophe noticed fine long, well-tended hands, which were a little morbidly a tocratic and out of keeping with the rest. Hassler stoppe certain chords and repeated them, winking, and clicking with tongue. He hummed with his lips, imitating the sound the instruments, and went on interspersing the music with apostrophes in which pleasure and annoyance were ming He could not help having a secret initiative, an unavo jealousy, and at the same time he greedily enjoyed it all.

Although he went on talking to himself as though Ch tophe did not exist, Christophe, blushing with pleasure, c not help taking Hassler's exclamations to himself, and he plained what he had tried to do. At first Hassler seemed to pay any attention to what the young man was saying, went on thinking out loud; then something that Christ said struck him and he was silent, with his eyes still fixed the music, which he turned over as he listened without seem to hear. Christophe grew more and more excited, and at he plumped into confidence, and talked with naïve ent siasm about his projects and his life.

Hassler was silent, and as he listened he slipped back his irony. He had let Christophe take the book from hands; with his elbow on the rack of the piano and his h on his forehead, he looked at Christophe, who was explai his work with youthful ardor and eagerness. And he sm bitterly as he thought of his own beginning, his own ho and of Christophe's hopes, and all the disappointments that in wait for him.

Christophe spoke with his eyes cast down, fearful of lo the thread of what he had to say. Hassler's silence enc aged him. He felt that Hassler was watching him and missing a word that he said, and he thought he had br the ice between them, and he was glad at heart. When he finished he shyly raised his head—confidently, too—and lo at Hassler. All the joy welling in him was frozen on instant, like too early birds, when he saw the gloomy, mock eyes that looked into his without kindness. He was silent.

After an icy moment, Hassler spoke dully. He had chan

more; he affected a sort of harshness towards the young
. He teased him cruelly about his plans, his hopes of
ess, as though he were trying to chaff himself, now that he
recovered himself. He set himself coldly to destroy his
in life, his faith in art, his faith in himself. Bitterly
ave himself as an example, speaking of his actual works
n insulting fashion.

Hog-waste!" he said. "That is what these swine want.
ou think there are ten people in the world who love music?
ere a single one?"

There is myself!" said Christophe emphatically. Hassler
d at him, shrugged his shoulders, and said wearily:

You will be like the rest. You will do as the rest have
. You will think of success, of amusing yourself, like the
. . . And you will be right. . . ."

ristophe tried to protest, but Hassler cut him short; he
the music and began bitterly to criticise the works which
d first been praising. Not only did he harshly pick out
eal carelessness, the mistakes in writing, the faults of
or of expression which had escaped the young man, but
ade absurd criticisms, criticisms which might have been
by the most narrow and antiquated of musicians, from
he himself, Hassler, had had to suffer all his life. He
what was the sense of it all. He did not even criticise:
nied; it was as though he were trying desperately to
the impression that the music had made on him in spite
mself.

ristophe was horrified and made no attempt to reply.
could he reply to absurdities which he blushed to hear
e lips of a man whom he esteemed and loved? Besides,
r did not listen to him. He stopped at that, stopped
with the book in his hands, shut; no expression in his
nd his lips drawn down in bitterness. At last he said,
ugh he had once more forgotten Christophe's presence:

h! the worst misery of all is that there is not a single
who can understand you!"

istophe was racked with emotion. He turned suddenly,
is hand on Hassler's, and with love in his heart he re-
:

"There is myself!"

But Hassler did not move his hand, and if something sti in his heart for a moment at that boyish cry, no light sh in his dull eyes, as they looked at Christophe. Irony evasion were in the ascendant. He made a ceremonious comic little bow in acknowledgment.

"Honored!" he said.

He was thinking:

"Do you, though? Do you think I have lost my life you?"

He got up, threw the book on the piano, and went with long spindle legs and sat on the divan again. Christophe divined his thoughts and had felt the savage insult in them, he tried proudly to reply that a man does not need to be un stood by everybody; certain souls are worth a whole peo they think for it, and what they have thought the people to think.—But Hassler did not listen to him. He had fa back into his apathy, caused by the weakening of the slumbering in him. Christophe, too sane to understand the den change, felt that he had lost. But he could not resign self to losing after seeming to be so near victory. He made perate efforts to excite Hassler's attention once more. He up his music book and tried to explain the reason for the irr larities which Hassler had remarked. Hassler lay back on sofa and preserved a gloomy silence. He neither agreed contradicted; he was only waiting for him to finish.

Christophe saw that there was nothing more to be done. stopped short in the middle of a sentence. He rolled up music and got up. Hassler got up, too. Christophe was and ashamed, and murmured excuses. Hassler bowed slig with a certain haughty and bored distinction, coldly held his hand politely, and accompanied him to the door wit a word of suggestion that he should stay or come again.

Christophe found himself in the street once more, absol crushed. He walked at random; he did not know where he going. He walked down several streets mechanically, then found himself at a station of the train by which he come. He went back by it without thinking of what he

ng. He sank down on the seat with his arms and legs limp. was impossible to think or to collect his ideas; he thought nothing, he did not try to think. He was afraid to envisage self. He was utterly empty. It seemed to him that there emptiness everywhere about him in that town. He could breathe in it. The mists, the massive houses stifled him. had only one idea, to fly, to fly as quickly as possible,—as escaping from the town he would leave in it the bitter lusion which he had found in it.

e returned to his hotel. It was half-past twelve. It was hours since he had entered it,—with what a light shining is heart! Now it was dead.

e took no lunch. He did not go up to his room. To the nishment of the people of the hotel, he asked for his bill, as though he had spent the night there, and said that he going. In vain did they explain to him that there was urry, that the train he wanted to go by did not leave ours, and that he had much better wait in the hotel. He ed on going to the station at once. He was like a child. vanted to go by the first train, no matter which, and not ay another hour in the place. After the long journey and he expense he had incurred,—although he had taken his ay not only to see Hassler, but the museums, and to hear rts and to make certain acquaintances—he had only one in his head: To go . . .

went back to the station. As he had been told, his train not leave for three hours. And also the train was not ss—(for Christophe had to go by the cheapest class)— ed on the way. Christophe would have done better to the next train, which went two hours later and caught up irst. But that meant spending two more hours in the and Christophe could not bear it. He would not even the station while he was waiting.—A gloomy period of ng in those vast and empty halls, dark and noisy, where e shadows were going in and out, always busy, always ing; strange shadows who meant nothing to him, all un- to him, not one friendly face. The misty day died The electric lamps, enveloped in fog, flushed the night nade it darker than ever. Christophe grew more and

more depressed as time went on, waiting in agony for the t
to go. Ten times an hour he went to look at the train i
cators to make sure that he had not made a mistake. A
was reading them once more from end to end to pass the t
the name of a place caught his eye. He thought he knev
It was only after a moment that he remembered that it
where old Schulz lived, who had written him such kind
enthusiastic letters. In his wretchedness the idea came to
of going to see his unknown friend. The town was not on
direct line on his way home, but a few hours away, by a l
local line. It meant a whole night's journey, with two or t
changes and interminable waits. Christophe never thor
about it. He decided suddenly to go. He had an instin
need of clinging to sympathy of some sort. He gave himsel
time to think, and telegraphed to Schulz to say that he w
arrive next morning. Hardly had he sent the telegram tha
regretted it. He laughed bitterly at his eternal illusions.
go to meet a new sorrow?—But it was done now. It was
late to change his mind.

These thoughts filled his last hour of waiting—his trai
last was ready. He was the first to get into it, and he wa
childish that he only began to breathe again when the t
shook, and through the carriage window he could see
outlines of the town fading into the gray sky under the h
downpour of the night. He thought he must have died i
had spent the night in it.

At the very hour—about six in the evening—a letter f
Hassler came for Christophe at his hotel. Christophe's
stirred many things in him. The whole afternoon he had
thinking of it bitterly, and not without sympathy for the
boy who had come to him with such eager affection to b
ceived so coldly. He was sorry for that reception and a l
angry with himself. In truth, it had been only one of t
fits of sulky whimsies to which he was subject. He thor
to make it good by sending Christophe a ticket for the c
and a few words appointing a meeting after the performanc
Christophe never knew anything about it. When he did
see him, Hassler thought:

"He is angry. So much the worse for him!"

e shrugged his shoulders and did not wait long for him.
ext day Christophe was far away—so far that all eternity
d not have been enough to bring them together. And
were both separated forever.

ter Schulz was seventy-five. He had always had delicate
h and age had not spared him. He was fairly tall, but
ing, and his head hung down to his chest. He had a
throat and difficulty in breathing. Asthma, catarrh, bron-
s were always upon him, and the marks of the struggles
ad to make—many a night sitting up in his bed, bending
ard, dripping with sweat in the effort to force a breath of
nto his stifling lungs—were in the sorrowful lines on his
thin, clean-shaven face. His nose was long and a little
en at the top. Deep lines came from under his eyes and
ed his cheeks, that were hollow from his toothlessness.
and infirmity had not been the only sculptors of that
wreck of a man: the sorrows of life also had had their
in its making.—And in spite of all he was not sad. There
indness and serenity in his large mouth. But in his eyes
ally there was that which gave a touching softness to the
ce. They were light gray, limpid, and transparent. They
l straight, calmly and frankly. They hid nothing of the
Its depths could be read in them.
life had been uneventful. He had been alone for years.
vife was dead. She was not very good, or very intelli-
and she was not at all beautiful. But he preserved a
memory of her. It was twenty-five years since he had
er, and he had never once failed a night to have a
imaginary conversation, sad and tender, with her before
nt to sleep. He shared all his doings with her.—He had
o children. That was the great sorrow of his life. He
ansferred his need of affection to his pupils, to whom he
tached as a father to his sons. He had found very little
. An old heart can feel very near to a young heart and
of the same age; knowing how brief are the years that
ween them. But the young man never has any idea of
To him an old man is a man of another age, and be-
ne is absorbed by his immediate anxieties and instinctively

turns away from the melancholy end of all his efforts. Schulz had sometimes found gratitude in his pupils who w touched by the keen and lively interest he took in everyth good or ill that happened to them. They used to come and him from time to time. They used to write and thank when they left the university. Some of them used to go writing occasionally during the years following. And t old Schulz would hear nothing more of them except in papers which kept him informed of their advancement, and would be as glad of their success as though it was his own. was never hurt by their silence. He found a thousand excu for it. He never doubted their affection and used to asc even to the most selfish the feelings that he had for them.

But his books were his greatest refuge. They neither for nor deceived him. The souls which he cherished in them risen above the flood of time. They were inscrutable, fixed eternity in the love they inspired and seemed to feel, and g forth once more to those who loved them. He was Professo Æsthetics and the History of Music, and he was like an wood quivering with the songs of birds. Some of these so sounded very far away. They came from the depths of ages. But they were not the least sweet and mysterious all.—Others were familiar and intimate to him, dear com ions; their every phrase reminded him of the joys and rows of his past life, conscious or unconscious:—(for un every day lit by the light of the sun there are unfolded ot days lit by a light unknown)—And there were some songs he had never yet heard, songs which said the things that had been long awaiting and needing; and his heart opened receive them like the earth to receive rain. And so old Sc listened, in the silence of his solitary life, to the forest f with birds, and, like the monk of the legend, who slept in ecstasy of the song of the magic bird, the years passed him and the evening of life was come, but still he had the h of a boy of twenty.

He was not only rich in music. He loved the poets—old new. He had a predilection for those of his own coun especially for Goethe; but he also loved those of other co tries. He was a learned man and could read several langua

mind he was a contemporary of Herder and the great
thürger—the "citizens of the world," of the end of the
teenth century. He had lived through the years of bitter
ggle which preceded and followed seventy, and was im-
sed in their vast idea. And although he adored Germany,
vas not "vainglorious" about it. He thought, with Herder,
"among all vainglorious men, he who is vainglorious of
nationality is the completest fool," and, with Schiller, that
is a poor ideal only to write for one nation." And he was
d of mind, but his heart was large, and ready to welcome
ngly everything beautiful in the world. Perhaps he was
indulgent with mediocrity; but his instinct never doubted
o what was the best; and if he was not strong enough to
emn the sham artists admired by public opinion, he was
ys strong enough to defend the artists of originality and
r whom public opinion disregarded. His kindness often
nim astray. He was fearful of committing any injustice,
when he did not like what others liked, he never doubted
hat it must be he who was mistaken, and he would man-
to love it. It was so sweet to him to love! Love and
ration were even more necessary to his moral being than
o his miserable lungs. And so how grateful he was to
who gave him a new opportunity of showing them!—
stophe could have no idea of what his *Lieder* had been to
He himself had not felt them nearly so keenly when he
written them. His songs were to him only a few sparks
vn out from his inner fire. He had cast them forth
would cast forth others. But to old Schulz they were a
world suddenly revealed to him—a whole world to be
. His life had been lit up by them.

year before he had had to resign his position at the uni-
y. His health, growing more and more precarious,
nted his lecturing. He was ill and in bed when Wolf's
ry had sent him as usual a parcel of the latest music they
ceived, and in it were Christophe's *Lieder*. He was alone.
as without relatives. The few that he had had were long
dead. He was delivered into the hands of an old servant,
rofited by his weakness to make him do whatever she liked.

A few friends hardly younger than himself used to come s see him from time to time, but they were not in very g health either, and when the weather was bad they too stayed doors and missed their visits. It was winter then and the str were covered with melting snow. Schulz had not seen anyb all day. It was dark in the room. A yellow fog was dra over the windows like a screen, making it impossible to out. The heat of the stove was thick and oppressive. From church hard by an old peal of bells of the seventeenth cent chimed every quarter of an hour, haltingly and horribly of tune, scraps of monotonous chants, which seemed grim their heartiness to Schulz when he was far from gay h self. He was coughing, propped up by a heap of pillows. was trying to read Montaigne, whom he loved; but now did not find as much pleasure in reading him as usual. let the book fall, and was breathing with difficulty and dre ing. The parcel of music was on the bed. He had not courage to open it. He was sad at heart. At last he sig and when he had very carefully untied the string, he put his spectacles and began to read the pieces of music. thoughts were elsewhere, always returning to memories w he was trying to thrust aside.

The book he was holding was Christophe's. His eyes on an old canticle the words of which Christophe had ta from a simple, pious poet of the seventeenth century, had modernized them. The *Christliches Wanderlied* (Christian Wanderer's Song) of Paul Gerhardt.

Hoff! O du arme Seele,
Hoff! und sei unverzagt.

Erwarte nur der Zeit,
So wirst du schon erblicken
Die Sonne der schönsten Freud.

Hope, oh! thou wretched soul,
Hope, hope and be valiant!

* * * * *

Only wait then, wait,
And surely thou shalt see
The sun of lovely Joy.

ld Schulz knew the ingenuous words, but never had they poken to him, never so nearly. . . . It was not the tranquil y, soothing and lulling the soul by its monotony. It was oul like his own. It was his own soul, but younger and nger, suffering, striving to hope, striving to see, and seeing, His hands trembled, great tears trickled down his cheeks. read on:

Auf! Auf! gieb deinem Schmerze
Und Sorgen gute Nacht!
Lass fahren was das Herze
Betrübt und traurig macht!

Up! Up! and give thy sorrow
And all thy cares good-night;
And all that grieves and saddens
Thy heart be put to flight.

ristophe brought to these thoughts a boyish and valiant r, and the heroic laughter in it showed forth in the last e and confident verses:

Bist du doch nicht Regente,
Der alles führen soll,
Gott sitzt im Regimente,
Und führet alles wohl.

Not thou thyself art ruler
Whom all things must obey,
But God is Lord decreeing—
All follows in His way.

d when there came the superbly defiant stanzas which in outhful barbarian insolence he had calmly plucked from original position in the poem to form the conclusion of *ied:*

Und obgleich alle Teufel
Hier wollten wiederstehn,
So wird doch ohne Zweifel,
Gott nicht zurücke gehn.

Was er ihm vorgenommen,
Und was er haben will,
Das muss doch endlich kommen
Zu seinem Zweck und Ziel.

And even though all Devils
Came and opposed his will,
There were no cause for doubting,
God will be steadfast still:

What He has undertaken,
All His divine decree—
Exactly as He ordered
At last shall all things be.

. . . then there were transports of delight, the intoxicati of war, the triumph of a Roman *Imperator*.

The old man trembled all over. Breathlessly he followed t impetuous music like a child dragged along by a companio His heart beat. Tears trickled down. He stammered:

"Oh! My God! . . . Oh! My God! . . ."

He began to sob and he laughed; he was happy. He choke He was attacked by a terrible fit of coughing. Salome, the o servant, ran to him, and she thought the old man was goi to die. He went on crying, and coughing, and saying ov and over again:

"Oh! My God! . . . My God! . . ."

And in the short moments of respite between the fits coughing he laughed a little hysterically.

Salome thought he was going mad. When at last she unde stood the cause of his agitation, she scolded him sharply:

"How can anybody get into such a state over a piece foolery! . . . Give it me! I shall take it away. You shan see it again."

But the old man held firm, in the midst of his coughing, a he cried to Salome to leave him alone. As she insisted, grew angry, swore, and choked himself with his oaths. Nev had she known him to be angry and to stand out against h She was aghast and surrendered her prize. But she did n mince her words with him. She told him he was an old fo and said that hitherto she had thought she had to do with gentleman, but that now she saw her mistake; that he sa things which would make a plowman blush, that his eyes we starting from his head, and if they had been pistols wou have killed her . . . She would have gone on for a long tim in that strain if he had not got up furiously on his pillow an shouted at her:

"Go!" in so peremptory a voice that she went, slamming door and declaring that he might call her as much as he ed, only she would not put herself out and would leave him ne to kick the bucket.

Then silence descended upon the darkening room. Once re the bells pealed placidly and grotesquely through the n evening. A little ashamed of his anger, old Schulz was g on his back, motionless, waiting, breathless, for the ult in his heart to die down. He was clasping the precious *der* to his breast and laughing like a child.

He spent the following days of solitude in a sort of ecstasy. thought no more of his illness, of the winter, of the gray t, or of his loneliness. Everything was bright and filled h love about him. So near to death, he felt himself living in in the young soul of an unknown friend.

He tried to imagine Christophe. He did not see him as thing like what he was. He saw him rather as an idealized ion of himself, as he would have liked to be: fair, slim, h blue eyes, and a gentle, quiet voice, soft, timid and tender. idealized everything about him: his pupils, his neighbors, friends, his old servant. His gentle, affectionate disposon and his want of the critical faculty—in part voluntary, as to avoid any disturbing thought—surrounded him with ne, pure images like himself. It was the kindly lying ch he needed if he were to live. He was not altogether ived by it, and often in his bed at night he would sigh as thought of a thousand little things which had happened ing the day to contradict his idealism. He knew quite well old Salome used to laugh at him behind his back with gossips, and that she used to rob him regularly every k. He knew that his pupils were obsequious with him le they had need of him, and that after they had received the services they could expect from him they deserted him. knew that his former colleagues at the university had otten him altogether since he had retired, and that his essor attacked him in his articles, not by name, but by some cherous allusion, and by quoting some worthless thing that had said or by pointing out his mistakes—(a procedure

very common in the world of criticism). He knew that old friend Kunz had lied to him that very afternoon, and t he would never see again the books which his other frie Pottpetschmidt, had borrowed for a few days,—which was h for a man who, like himself, was as attached to his books to living people. Many other sad things, old or new, wo come to him. He tried not to think of them, but they w there all the same. He was conscious of them. Sometir the memory of them would pierce him like some rending sorr

"Oh! My God! My God! . . ."

He would groan in the silence of the night.—And t he would discard such hurtful thoughts; he would deny the he would try to be confident, and optimistic, and to believe human truth; and he would believe. How often had illusions been brutally destroyed!—But always others spri ing into life, always, always. . . . He could not do with them.

The unknown Christophe became a fire of warmth to life. The first cold, ungracious letter which he received fr him would have hurt him—(perhaps it did so)—but he wo not admit it, and it gave him a childish joy. He was modest and asked so little of men that the little he recei from them was enough to feed his need of loving and be grateful to them. To see Christophe was a happiness wh he had never dared to hope for, for he was too old now journey to the banks of the Rhine, and as for asking Christo to come to him, the idea had never even occurred to him.

Christophe's telegram reached him in the evening, just he was sitting down to dinner. He did not understand at fir He thought he did not know the signature. He thought th was some mistake, that the telegram was not for him. I read it three times. In his excitement his spectacles wou not stay on his nose. The lamp gave a very bad light, a the letters danced before his eyes. When he did understa he was so overwhelmed that he forgot to eat. In vain d Salome shout at him. He could not swallow a morsel. H threw his napkin on the table, unfolded,—a thing he never di He got up, hobbled to get his hat and stick, and went out. O

ulz's first thought on receiving such good news was to go share it with others, and to tell his friends of Christophe's ing.

e had two friends who were music mad like himself, and iad succeeded in making them share his enthusiasm for stophe. Judge Samuel Kunz and the dentist, Oscar petschmidt, who was an excellent singer. The three old ds had often talked about Christophe, and they had played is music that they could find. Pottpetschmidt sang, Schulz mpanied, and Kunz listened. They would go into ecstasies hours together. How often had they said while they playing:

Ah! If only Krafft were here!"

hulz laughed to himself in the street for the joy he had was going to give. Night was falling, and Kunz lived in tle village half an hour away from the town. But the vas clear; it was a soft April evening. The nightingales singing. Old Schulz's heart was overflowing with happi-

He breathed without difficulty, he walked like a boy. trode along gleefully, without heeding the stones against ı he kicked in the darkness. He turned blithely into the of the road when carts came along, and exchanged a merry ing with the drivers, who looked at him in astonishment the lamps showed the old man climbing up the bank of oad.

ght was fully come when he reached Kunz's house, a little out of the village in a little garden. He drummed on the and shouted at the top of his voice. A window was d and Kunz appeared in alarm. He peered through the and asked:

Who is there? What is it?"

ulz was out of breath, but he called gladly:

Krafft—Krafft is coming to-morrow . . ." Kunz did nderstand; but he recognized the voice:

chulz! . . . What! At this hour? What is it?"

z repeated:

o-morrow, he is coming to morrow morning! . . ."

hat?" asked Kunz, still mystified.

"Krafft!" cried Schulz.

Kunz pondered the word for a moment; then a loud clamation showed that he had understood.

"I am coming down!" he shouted.

The window was closed. He appeared on the steps with lamp in his hand and came down into the garden. He was little stout old man, with a large gray head, a red beard, hair on his face and hands. He took little steps and he smoking a porcelain pipe. This good natured, rather sle little man had never worried much about anything. For that, the news brought by Schulz excited him; he waved short arms and his lamp and asked:

"What? Is it him? Is he really coming?"

"To-morrow morning!" said Schulz, triumphantly wavi the telegram.

The two old friends went and sat on a seat in the arb Schulz took the lamp. Kunz carefully unfolded the telegr and read it slowly in a whisper. Schulz read it again al over his shoulder. Kunz went on looking at the paper, marks on the telegram, the time when it had been sent, time when it had arrived, the number of words. Then he g the precious paper back to Schulz, who was laughing happi looked at him and wagged his head and said:

"Ah! well . . . Ah! well! . . ."

After a moment's thought and after drawing in and pelling a cloud of tobacco smoke he put his hand on Schul knee and said:

"We must tell Pottpetschmidt."

"I was going to him," said Schulz.

"I will go with you," said Kunz.

He went in and put down his lamp and came back imm diately. The two old men went on arm in arm. Pottp schmidt lived at the other end of the village. Schulz and Ku exchanged a few absent words, but they were both ponder the news. Suddenly Kunz stopped and whacked on the grou with his stick:

"Oh! Lord!" he said. . . . "He is away!"

He had remembered that Pottpetschmidt had had to go aw that afternoon for an operation at a neighboring town whe

ıad to spend the night and stay a day or two. Schulz was
ressed. Kunz was equally put out. They were proud of
tpetschmidt; they would have liked to show him off. They
d in the middle of the road and could not make up their
ds what to do.
What shall we do? What shall we do?" asked Kunz.
Krafft absolutely must hear Pottpetschmidt," said Schulz.
e thought for a moment and said:
We must sent him a telegram."
hey went to the post office and together they composed a
and excited telegram of which it was very difficult to
erstand a word. Then they went back. Schulz reckoned:
He could be here to-morrow morning if he took the first
ı."
ut Kunz pointed out that it was too late and that the
ram would not be sent until the morning. Schulz nodded,
they said:
How unfortunate!"
ıey parted at Kunz's door; for in spite of his friendship
Schulz it did not go so far as to make him commit the
udence of accompanying Schulz outside the village, and
to the end of the road by which he would have had to
back alone in the dark. It was arranged that Kunz
ld dine on the morrow with Schulz. Schulz looked anx-
y at the sky:
If only it is fine to-morrow!"
ıd his heart was a little lighter when Kunz, who was sup-
l to have a wonderful knowledge of meteorology, looked
ly at the sky—(for he was no less anxious than Schulz
Christophe should see their little countryside in all its
ty)—and said:
It will be fine to-morrow."

hulz went along the road to the town and came to it not
ut having stumbled more than once in the ruts and the
of stones by the wayside. Before he went home he called
the confectioner's to order a certain tart which was the
of the town. Then he went home, but just as he was
in he turned back to go to the station to find out the

exact time at which the train arrived. At last he did home and called Salome and discussed at length the din for the morrow. Then only he went to bed worn out; but was as excited as a child on Christmas Eve, and all night turned about and about and never slept a wink. About o'clock in the morning he thought of getting up to go and Salome to cook a stewed carp for dinner; for she was mar ously successful with that dish. He did not tell her; and it as well, no doubt. But he did get up to arrange all sorts things in the room he meant to give Christophe; he took a th sand precautions so that Salome should not hear him, for he afraid of being scolded. All night long he was afraid of mi ing the train although Christophe could not arrive before ei o'clock. He was up very early. He first looked at the sk Kunz had not made a mistake; it was glorious weather. tiptoe Schulz went down to the cellar; he had not been th for a long time, fearing the cold and the steep stairs; he lected his best wines, knocked his head hard against the c ing as he came up again, and thought he was going to ch when he reached the top of the stairs with his full bask Then he went to the garden with his shears; ruthlessly cut his finest roses and the first branches of lilac in flow Then he went up to his room again, shaved feverishly, and c himself more than once. He dressed carefully and set out the station. It was seven o'clock. Salome had not succeed in making him take so much as a drop of milk, for he declar that Christophe would not have had breakfast when he rived and that they would have breakfast together when th came from the station.

He was at the station three-quarters of an hour too so He waited and waited for Christophe and finally missed hi Instead of waiting patiently at the gate he went on to t platform and lost his head in the crowd of people coming a going. In spite of the exact information of the telegram had imagined, God knows why, that Christophe would arrive a different train from that which brought him; and besides had never occurred to him that Christophe would get out a fourth-class carriage. He stayed on for more than half hour waiting at the station, when Christophe, who had lo

e arrived, had gone straight to his house. As a crowning
'ortune Salome had just gone out to do her shopping;
stophe found the door shut. The woman next door whom
me had told to say, in case any one should ring, that she
d soon be back, gave the message without any addition to
Christophe, who had not come to see Salome and did not
know who she was, thought it a very bad joke; he asked if
r *Universitäts Musikdirektor* Schulz was not at home.
was told "Yes," but the woman could not tell him where
as. Christophe was furious and went away.
hen old Schulz came back with a face an ell long and learned
Salome, who had just come in too, what had happened
as in despair; he almost wept. He stormed at his servant
ner stupidity in going out while he was away and not
ng even given instructions that Christophe was to be kept
ng. Salome replied in the same way that she could not
ine that he would be so foolish as to miss a man whom he
gone to meet. But the old man did not stay to argue with
without losing a moment he hobbled out of doors again
vent off to look for Christophe armed with the very vague
given him by his neighbors.
ristophe had been offended at finding nobody and not
a word of excuse. Not knowing what to do until the next
he went and walked about the town and the fields, which
ought very pretty. It was a quiet reposeful little town
red between gently sloping hills; there were gardens round
houses, cherry-trees and flowers, green lawns, beautiful
trees, pseudo-antique ruins, white busts of bygone
sses on marble columns in the midst of the trees, with
and pleasing faces. All about the town were meadows
ills. In the flowering trees blackbirds whistled joyously,
any little orchestras of flutes gay and solemn. It was not
before Christophe's ill-humor vanished; he forgot Peter
z.
e old man rushed vainly through the streets questioning
; he went up to the old castle on the hill above the town
as coming back in despair when, with his keen, far-sighted
he saw some distance away a man lying in a meadow in the
of a thorn. He did not know Christophe; he had no

means of being sure that it was he. Besides, the man's b was turned towards him and his face was half hidden in grass. Schulz prowled along the road and about the mea with his heart beating:

"It is he . . . No, it is not he . . ."

He dared not call to him. An idea struck him; he be to sing the last bars of Christophe's *Lied:*

"Auf! Auf! . . ." (Up! Up! . . .)

Christophe rose to it like a fish out of the water and shou the following bars at the top of his voice. He turned gla His face was red and there was grass in his hair. They ca to each other by name and ran together. Schulz strode ac the ditch by the road; Christophe leaped the fence. T shook hands warmly and went back to the house laughing talking loudly. The old man told how he had missed h Christophe, who a moment before had decided to go away w out making any further attempt to see Schulz, was at e conscious of his kindness and simplicity and began to love h Before they arrived they had already confided many thing each other.

When they reached the house they found Kunz, who, ha learned that Schulz had gone to look for Christophe. waiting quietly. They were given *café au lait.* But Christ said that he had breakfasted at an inn. The old man upset; it was a real grief to him that Christophe's first m in the place should not have been in his house; such sm things were of vast importance to his fond heart. Christo who understood him, was amused by it secretly, and loved h the more for it. And to console him he assured him tha had appetite enough for two breakfasts; and he prove assertion.

All his troubles had gone from his mind; he felt that was among true friends and he began to recover. He t them about his journey and his rebuffs in a humorous w he looked like a schoolboy on holiday. Schulz beamed devoured him with his eyes and laughed heartily.

It was not long before conversation turned upon the se bond that united the three of them: Christophe's music. Sch was longing to hear Christophe play some of his compositio

he dared not ask him to do so. Christophe was striding
t the room and talking. Schulz watched him whenever
ent near the open piano; and he prayed inwardly that he
t stop at it. The same thought was in Kunz. Their
s beat when they saw him sit down mechanically on the
stool, without stopping talking, and then without looking
e instrument run his fingers over the keys at random. As
lz expected hardly had Christophe struck a few arpeggios
the sound took possession of him; he went on striking
ls and still talking; then there came whole phrases; and
he stopped talking and began to play. The old men ex-
ged a meaning glance, sly and happy.

Do you know that?" asked Christophe, playing one of his
r.

Do I know it?" said Schulz delightedly. Christophe said
ut stopping, half turning his head:

Euh! It is not very good. Your piano!" The old man
ery contrite. He begged pardon:

t is old," he said humbly. "It is like myself." Chris-
turned round and looked at the old man, who seemed to
king pardon for his age, took both his hands, and laughed.
ooked into his honest eyes:

Oh!" he said, "you are younger than I." Schulz laughed
and spoke of his old body and his infirmities.

Ta, ta, ta!" said Christophe, "I don't mean that; I know
I am saying. It is true, isn't it, Kunz?"

hey had already suppressed the *"Herr."*)

nz agreed emphatically.

ulz tried to find the same indulgence for his piano.

has still some beautiful notes," he said timidly.

l he touched them—four or five notes that were fairly
half an octave in the middle register of the instrument.
tophe understood that it was an old friend and he said
,—thinking of Schulz's eyes:

es. It still has beautiful eyes."

ulz's face lit up. He launched out on an involved eulogy
old piano, but he dropped immediately, for Christophe
egun to play again. *Lieder* followed *Lieder;* Christophe
them softly. With tears in his eyes Schulz followed his

every movement. With his hands folded on his stomach H closed his eyes the better to enjoy it. From time to t Christophe turned beaming towards the two old men who v absolutely delighted, and he said with a naïve enthusiasm which they never thought of laughing:

"Hein! It is beautiful! . . . And this! What do say about this? . . . And this again! . . . This the most beautiful of all. . . . Now I will play you so thing which will make your hair curl. . . ."

As he was finishing a dreamy fragment the cuckoo c began to call. Christophe started and shouted angrily. K was suddenly awakened and rolled his eyes fearfully. H Schulz did not understand at first. Then when he saw Ch tophe shaking his fist at the calling bird and shouting to so one in the name of Heaven to take the idiot and throw away, the ventriloquist specter, he too discovered for the time in his life that the noise was intolerable; and he to chair and tried to mount it to take down the spoil-sport. he nearly fell and Kunz would not let him try again; he ca Salome. She came without hurrying herself, as usual. was staggered to find the clock thrust into her hands, w Christophe in his impatience had taken down himself.

"What am I to do with it?" she asked.

"Whatever you like. Take it away! Don't let us se again!" said Schulz, no less impatient than Christophe.

(He wondered how he could have borne such a horror so long.)

Salome thought that they were surely all cracked.

The music went on. Hours passed. Salome came and nounced that dinner was served. Schulz bade her be sil She came again ten minutes later, then once again, ten min after that; this time she was beside herself and boiling w rage while she tried to look unperturbed; she stood firml the middle of the room and in spite of Schulz's desperate g tures she asked in a brazen voice:

"Do the gentlemen prefer to eat their dinner cold or burn It does not matter to me. I only await your orders."

Schulz was confused by her scolding and tried to reto but Christophe burst out laughing. Kunz followed his exa

nd at length Schulz laughed too. Salome, satisfied with ffect she had produced, turned on her heels with the air of een who is graciously pleased to pardon her repentant cts.

That's a good creature!" said Christophe, getting up from iano. "She is right. There is nothing so intolerable as idience arriving in the middle of a concert."

ey sat at table. There was an enormous and delicious t. Schulz had touched Salome's vanity and she only an excuse to display her art. There was no lack of tunity for her to exercise it. The old friends were tre- ous feeders. Kunz was a different man at table; he ex- d like a sun; he would have done well as a sign for a rant. Schulz was no less susceptible to good cheer; but l health imposed more restraint upon him. It is true that ally he did not pay much heed to that; and he had to pay . In that event he did not complain, if he were ill at he knew why. Like Kunz he had recipes of his own d down from father to son for generations. Salome was omed therefore to work for connoisseurs. But on this oc- n she had contrived to include all her masterpieces in one ; it was like an exhibition of the unforgettable cooking rmany, honest and unsophisticated, with all the scents the herbs, and thick sauces, substantial soups, perfect wonderful carp, sauerkraut, geese, plain cakes, aniseed araway seed bread. Christophe was in raptures with his full, and he ate like an ogre; he had the formidable ity of his father and grandfather, who would have de- l a whole goose. But he could live just as well for a whole on bread and cheese, and cram when occasion served. z was cordial and ceremonious and watched him with kind and plied him with all the wines of the Rhine. Kunz hining and recognized him as a brother. Salome's large vas beaming happily. At first she had been deceived when ophe came. Schulz had spoken about him so much hand that she had fancied him as an Excellency, laden letters and honors. When she saw him she cried out:

That! Is that all?"

at table Christophe won her good graces; she had never

seen anybody so splendidly do justice to her talent. Inst of going back to her kitchen she stayed by the door to wa Christophe, who was saying all sorts of absurd things with missing a bite, and with her hands on her hips she roared w laughter. They were all glad and happy. There was o one shadow over their joy: the absence of Pottpetschmidt. T often returned to it.

"Ah! If he were here! How he would eat! How he wo drink! How he would sing!"

Their praises of him were inexhaustible.

"If only Christophe could see him! . . . But perh he would be able to. Perhaps Pottpetschmidt would return the evening, on that night at latest. . . ."

"Oh! I shall be gone to-night," said Christophe.

A shadow passed over Schulz's beaming face.

"What! Gone!" he said in a trembling voice. "But you are not going."

"Oh, yes," said Christophe gaily. "I must catch the tr to-night."

Schulz was in despair. He had counted on Christo spending the night, perhaps several nights, in his house. murmured:

"No, no. You can't go! . . ."

Kunz repeated:

"And Pottpetschmidt! . . ."

Christophe looked at the two of them; he was touched the dismay on their kind friendly faces and said:

"How good you are! . . . If you like I will go to-m row morning."

Schulz took him by the hand.

"Ah!" he said. "How glad I am! Thank you! Th you!"

He was like a child to whom to-morrow seems so far, so that it will not bear thinking on. Christophe was not go to-day; to-day was theirs; they would spend the whole even together; he would sleep under his roof; that was all Schulz saw; he would not look further.

They became merry again. Schulz rose suddenly, look very solemn, and excitedly and slowly proposed the toast

guest, who had given him the immense joy and honor siting the little town and his humble house; he drank to his y return, to his success, to his glory, to every happiness in world, which with all his heart he wished him. And then roposed another toast "to noble music,"—another to his friend Kunz,—another to spring,—and he did not forget petschmidt. Kunz in his turn drank to Schulz and the s, and Christophe, to bring the toasts to an end, proposed ealth of dame Salome, who blushed crimson. Upon that, out giving the orators time to reply, he began a familiar which the two old men took up; after that another, and another for three parts which was all about friendship and e and wine; the whole was accompanied by loud laughter the clink of glasses continually touching.

was half-past three when they got up from the table. were rather drowsy. Kunz sank into a chair; he was ng to have a sleep. Schulz's legs were worn out by his ions of the morning and by standing for his toasts. They hoped that Christophe would sit at the piano again and playing for hours. But the terrible boy, who was in fine , first struck two or three chords on the piano, shut it otly, looked out of the window, and asked if they could go for a walk until supper. The country attracted him. showed little enthusiasm, but Schulz at once thought it an lent idea and declared that he must show their guest the round the *Schönbuchwälder*. Kunz made a face; but he did rotest and got up with the others; he was as desirous as lz of showing Christophe the beauties of the country.

ey went out. Christophe took Schulz's arm and made him a little faster than the old man liked. Kunz followed ing his brow. They talked gaily. The people standing eir doors watched them pass and thought that *Herr Pro-* Schulz looked like a young man. When they left the they took to the fields. Kunz complained of the heat. tophe was merciless and declared that the air was ex- e. Fortunately for the two old men, they stopped fre- ly to argue and they forgot the length of the walk in their rsation. They went into the woods. Schulz recited verses oethe and Mörike. Christophe loved poetry, but he could

not remember any, and while he listened he stepped into vague dream in which music replaced the words and made h forget them. He admired Schulz's memory. What a differe there was between the vivacity of mind of this poor rich man, almost impotent, shut up in his room for a great part the year, shut up in his little provincial town almost all life,—and Hassler, young, famous, in the very thick of artistic movement, and touring over all Europe for his conce and yet interested in nothing and unwilling to know anythin Not only was Schulz in touch with every manifestation of art of the day that Christophe knew, but he knew an imme amount about musicians of the past and of other countries whom Christophe had never heard. His memory was a r reservoir in which all the beautiful waters of the heavens w collected. Christophe never wearied of dipping into it, a Schulz was glad of Christophe's interest. He had sometim found willing listeners or docile pupils, but he had never found a young and ardent heart with which he could sh his enthusiasms, which sometimes so swelled in him that was like to choke.

They had become the best friends in the world when u happily the old man chanced to express his admiration f Brahms. Christophe was at once coldly angry; he drop Schulz's arm and said harshly that anyone who loved Brah could not be his friend. That threw cold water on their happ ness. Schulz was too timid to argue, too honest to lie, a murmured and tried to explain. But Christophe stopped him

"Enough!"

It was so cutting that it was impossible to reply. There w an icy silence. They walked on. The two old men dared n look at each other. Kunz coughed and tried to take up t conversation again and to talk of the woods and the weath but Christophe sulked and would not talk and only answer with monosyllables. Kunz, finding no response from him, tri to break the silence by talking to Schulz; but Schulz's thro was dry, he could not speak. Christophe watched him out the corner of his eyes and he wanted to laugh; he had forgiv him already. He had never been seriously angry with him he even thought it brutal to make the poor old man sad; bu

abused his power and would not appear to go back on what had said. They remained so until they left the woods; hing was to be heard but the weary steps of the two down- old men; Christophe whistled through his teeth and pre- ded not to see them. Suddenly he could bear it no longer. burst out laughing, turned towards Schulz and gripped his :

My dear good old Schulz!" he said, looking at him affec- ately. "Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it beautiful?"

Ie was speaking of the country and the fine day, but his ghing eyes seemed to say:

You are good. I am a brute. Forgive me! I love you h."

he old man's heart melted. It was as though the sun had ie again after an eclipse. But a short time passed before ould utter a word. Christophe took his arm and went on ing to him more amiably than ever; in his eagerness he went r and faster without noticing the strain upon his two com- ons. Schulz did not complain; he did not even notice his gue; he was so happy. He knew that he would have to for that day's rashness; but he thought:

So much the worse for to-morrow! When *he* is gone I have plenty of time to rest."

ut Kunz, who was not so excited, followed fifteen yards nd and looked a pitiful object. Christophe noticed it at He begged his pardon confusedly and proposed that they ld lie down in a meadow in the shade of the poplars. Of se Schulz acquiesced without a thought for the effect it t have on his bronchitis. Fortunately Kunz thought of r him; or at least he made it an excuse for not running risk from the moisture of the grass when he was in such rspiration. He suggested that they should take the train to the town from a station close by. They did so. In of their fatigue they had to hurry, so as not to be late, hey reached the station just as the train came in.

the sight of them a big man threw himself out of the door carriage and roared the names of Schulz and Kunz, to- r with all their titles and qualities, and he waved his arms a madman. Schulz and Kunz shouted in reply and also

waved their arms; they rushed to the big man's compartme and he ran to meet them, jostling the people on the platfor Christophe was amazed and ran after them asking:

"What is it?"

And the others shouted exultantly:

"It is Pottpetschmidt!"

The name did not convey much to him. He had forgott the toasts at dinner. Pottpetschmidt in the carriage and Sch and Kunz on the step were making a deafening noise, they we marveling at their encounter. They climbed into the train it was going. Schulz introduced Christophe. Pottpetschm bowed as stiff as a poker and his features lost all expressio then when the formalities were over he caught hold of Chri tophe's hand and shook it five or six times, as though he we trying to pull his arm out, and then began to shout aga Christophe was able to make out that he thanked God and h stars for the extraordinary meeting. That did not keep h from slapping his thigh a moment later and crying out up the misfortune of having had to go away—he who never we away—just when the *Herr Kapellmeister* was coming. Schul telegram had only reached him that morning an hour after t train went; he was asleep when it arrived and they had n thought it worth while to wake him. He had stormed at t hotel people all morning. He was still storming. He h sent his patients away, cut his business appointments and tak the first train in his haste to return, but the infernal train h missed the connection on the main line; Pottpetschmidt had be to wait three hours at a station; he had exhausted all t expletives in his vocabulary and fully twenty times had na rated his misadventures to other travelers who were also wa ing, and a porter at the station. At last he had started aga He was fearful of arriving too late . . . But, thank Go Thank God! . . .

He took Christophe's hands again and crushed them in h vast paws with their hairy fingers. He was fabulously sto and tall in proportion; he had a square head, close cut re hair, a clean-shaven pock-marked face, big eyes, large no thin lips, a double chin, a short neck, a monstrously wide bac a stomach like a barrel, arms thrust out by his body, enormo

and hands; a gigantic mass of flesh, deformed by excess in ng and drinking; one of those human tobacco-jars that one sometimes rolling along the streets in the towns of Bavaria, ch keep the secret of that race of men that is produced by ystem of gorging similar to that of the Strasburg geese. He ened with joy and warmth like a pot of butter, and with two hands on his outstretched knees, or on those of his ghbors, he never stopped talking, hurling consonants into air like a catapult and making them roll along. Occaally he would have a fit of laughing which made him shake over; he would throw back his head, open his mouth, snort- gurgling, choking. His laughter would infect Schulz and nz and when it was over they would look at Christophe as dried their eyes. They seemed to be asking him:

"Hein! . . . And what do you say?"

hristophe said nothing; he thought fearfully:

"And this monster sings my music?"

hey went home with Schulz. Christophe hoped to avoid petschmidt's singing and made no advances in spite of petschmidt's hints. He was itching to be heard. But ulz and Kunz were too intent on showing their friend off; stophe had to submit. He sat at the piano rather ungrasly; he thought:

"My good man, my good man, you don't know what is in for you; have a care! I will spare you nothing."

e thought that he would hurt Schulz and he was angry hat; but he was none the less determined to hurt him er than have this Falstaff murdering his music. He was ed the pain of hurting his old friend: the fat man had an rable voice. At the first bars Christophe gave a start of rise. Schulz, who never took his eyes off him, trembled; he ght that Christophe was dissatisfied: and he was only reed when he saw his face grow brighter and brighter as he on playing. He was lit up by the reflection of Chrise's delight; and when the song was finished and Christophe ed round and declared that he had never heard any of his s sung so well, Schulz found a joy in all sweeter and greater Christophe's in his satisfaction, sweeter and greater than petschmidt's in his triumph; for they had only their own

pleasure, and Schulz had that of his two friends. They went o with the music. Christophe cried aloud; he could not unde stand how so ponderous and common a creature could succe in reading the idea of his *Lieder*. No doubt there were n exactly all the shades of meaning, but there was the impul and the passion which he had never quite succeeded in impar ing to professional singers. He looked at Pottpetschmidt a wondered:

"Does he really feel that?"

But he could not see in his eyes any other light than th of satisfied vanity. Some unconscious force stirred in that sol flesh. The blind passion was like an army fighting witho knowing against whom or why. The spirit of the *Lieder* to possession of it and it obeyed gladly, for it had need of actio and, left to itself, it never would have known how.

Christophe fancied that on the day of the Creation the Gre Sculptor did not take very much trouble to put in order t scattered members of his rough-hewn creatures, and that H had adjusted them anyhow without bothering to find o whether they were suited to each other, and so every one w made up of all sorts of pieces; and one man was scatter among five or six different men; his brain was with one, h heart with another, and the body belonging to his soul with y another; the instrument was on one side, the performer on t other. Certain creatures remained like wonderful violins, fo ever shut up in their cases, for want of anyone with the art play them. And those who were fit to play them were fou all their lives to put up with wretched scraping fiddles. H had all the more reason for thinking so as he was furious wi himself for never having been able properly to sing a page music. He had an untuned voice and could never hear hims without disgust.

However, intoxicated by his success, Pottpetschmidt beg to "put expression" into Christophe's *Lieder,* that is to s he substituted his own for Christophe's. Naturally he did n think that the music gained by the change, and he grew gloom Schulz saw it. His lack of the critical faculty and his admir tion for his friends would not have allowed him of his ow

ord to set it down to Pottpetschmidt's bad taste. But his ction for Christophe made him perceptive of the young 's finest shades of thought; he was no longer in himself, was in Christophe; and he too suffered from Pottpetschmidt's ctations. He tried hard to stop his going down that peril- slope. It was not easy to silence Pottpetschmidt. Schulz nd it enormously difficult, when the singer had exhausted istophe's repertory, to keep him from breaking out into lucubrations of mediocre compositions at the mention of se names Christophe curled up and bristled like a porcu-

ortunately the announcement of supper muzzled Pottpet- idt. Another field for his valor was opened for him; ad no rival there; and Christophe, who was a little weary his exploits in the afternoon, made no attempt to vie with

was getting late. They sat round the table and the three ds watched Christophe; they drank in his words. It ed very strange to Christophe to find himself in the remote town among these old men whom he had never seen until day and to be more intimate with them than if they had his relations. He thought how fine it would be for an if he could know of the unknown friends whom his find in the world,—how gladdened his heart would be and fortified he would be in his strength. But he is rarely every one lives and dies alone, fearing to say what he the more he feels and the more he needs to express it. r flatterers have no difficulty in speaking. Those who most have to force their lips open to say that they love. o he must be grateful indeed to those who dare to speak: are unconsciously collaborators with the artist.—Chris- was filled with gratitude for old Schulz. He did not con- him with his two friends; he felt that he was the soul little group; the others were only reflections of that living f goodness and love. The friendship that Kunz and tschmidt had for him was very different. Kunz was ; music gave him a comfortable satisfaction like a fat en it is stroked. Pottpetschmidt found in it the pleasure

of tickled vanity and physical exercise. Neither of them tro bled to understand him. But Schulz absolutely forgot himself he loved.

It was late. The two friends went away in the night. Chri tophe was left alone with Schulz. He said:

"Now I will play for you alone."

He sat at the piano and played,—as he knew how to pla when he had some one dear to him by his side. He played h latest compositions. The old man was in ecstasies. He s near Christophe and never took his eyes from him and he his breath. In the goodness of his heart he was incapable keeping the smallest happiness to himself, and in spite himself he said:

"Ah! What a pity Kunz is not here!"

That irritated Christophe a little.

An hour passed; Christophe was still playing; they had n exchanged a word. When Christophe had finished neith spoke a word. There was silence, the house, the street, w asleep. Christophe turned and saw that the old man was wee ing; he got up and went and embraced him. They talked whispers in the stillness of the night. The clock ticked dul in the next room. Schulz talked in a whisper, with his hand clasped, and leaning forward; he was telling Christophe, answer to his questions, about his life and his sorrow; at eve turn he was ashamed of complaining and had to say:

"I am wrong . . . I have no right to complain . . Everybody has been very good to me . . ."

And indeed he was not complaining; it was only an in voluntary melancholy emanating from the dull story of h lonely life. At the most sorrowful moments he wove into professions of faith vaguely idealistic and very sentimenta which amazed Christophe, though it would have been too cru to contradict him. At bottom there was in Schulz not so mu a firm belief as a passionate desire to believe—an uncertain hop to which he clung as to a buoy. He sought the confirmation it in Christophe's eyes. Christophe understood the appeal i the eyes of his friend, who clung to him with touching confi dence, imploring him,—and dictating his answer. Then he spoke of the calm faith or strength, sure of itself, words which

old man was expecting, and they comforted him. The man and the young had forgotten the years that lay between n; they were near each other, like brothers of the same loving and helping each other; the weaker sought the sup- of the stronger; the old man took refuge in the young 's soul.

hey parted after midnight; Christophe had to get up early atch the train by which he had come. And so he did not r as he undressed. The old man had prepared his guest's as though for a visit of several months. He had put a of roses on the table and a branch of laurel. He had fresh blotting paper on the bureau. During the morning ad had an upright piano carried up. On the shelf by the he had placed books chosen from among his most precious beloved. There was no detail that he had not lovingly ght out. But it was a waste of trouble: Christophe saw ing. He flung himself on his bed and went sound asleep ice.

hulz could not sleep. He was pondering the joy that he had and the sorrow he must have at the departure of his d. He was turning over in his mind the words that had spoken. He was thinking that his dear Christophe was ing near him on the other side of the wall against which ed lay. He was worn out, stiff all over, depressed; he hat he had caught cold during the walk and that he was to have a relapse; but he had only one thought:

f only I can hold out until he has gone!" And he was ul of having a fit of coughing and waking Christophe. as full of gratitude to God, and began to compose verses e song of old Simeon: *"Nunc dimittis . . ."* He got a sweat to write the verses down and sat at his desk he had carefully copied them out with an affectionate dedi- n, and his signature, and the date and hour. Then he own again with a shiver and could not get warm all night. wn came. Schulz thought regretfully of the dawn of the before. But he was angry with himself for spoiling with thoughts the few minutes of happiness left to him; he that on the morrow he would regret the time fleeting then, ne tried not to waste any of it. He listened, eager for

the least sound in the next room. But Christophe did not s
He lay still just as he had gone to bed; he had not mo
Half-past six rang and he still slept. Nothing would have b
easier than to make him miss the train, and doubtless he wo
have taken it with a laugh. But the old man was too sc
pulous to use a friend so without his consent. In vain did
say to himself:

"It will not be my fault. I could not help it. It will
enough to say nothing. And if he does not wake in tim
shall have another whole day with him."

He answered himself:

"No, I have no right."

And he thought it his duty to go and wake him. He knoc
at his door. Christophe did not hear at first; he had to kn
again. That made the old man's heart thump as he thoug
"Ah! How well he sleeps! He would stay like that till n
day! . . ."

At last Christophe replied gaily through the partition. W
he learned the time he cried out; he was heard bustling ab
his room, noisily dressing himself, singing scraps of me
while he chattered with Schulz through the wall and crac
jokes while the old man laughed in spite of his sorrow. T
door opened; Christophe appeared, fresh, rested, and happy:
had no thought of the pain he was causing. In reality th
was no hurry for him to go; it would have cost him nothing
stay a few days longer; and it would have given Schulz so mu
pleasure! But Christophe could not know that. Besides,
though he was very fond of the old man, he was glad to g
he was worn out by the day of perpetual conversation, by th
people who clung to him in desperate fondness. And then
was young, he thought there would be plenty of time to m
again; he was not going to the other ends of the earth!—T
old man knew that he would soon be much farther than t
other ends of the earth, and he looked at Christophe for a
eternity.

In spite of his extreme weariness he took him to the statio
A fine cold rain was falling noiselessly. At the station wh
he opened his purse Christophe found that he had not enoug
money to buy his ticket home. He knew that Schulz woul

y lend him the money, but he would not ask him for
. . Why? Why deny those who love you the oppor-
y—the happiness of doing you a service? . . . He
l not out of discretion—perhaps out of vanity. He took
ket for a station on the way, saying that he would do the
of the journey on foot.

e time for leaving came. They embraced on the foot-
l of the carriage. Schulz slipped the poem he had writ-
uring the night into Christophe's hand. He stayed on the
orm below the compartment. They had nothing more to
o each other, as usual when good-byes are too long drawn
ut Schulz's eyes went on speaking, they never left Chris-
's face until the train went.

e carriage disappeared round a curve. Schulz was left
. He went back by the muddy path; he dragged along;
nly he felt all his weariness, the cold, the melancholy
e rainy day. He was hardly able to reach home and to
stairs again. Hardly had he reached his room than he
eized with an attack of asthma and coughing. Salome
to his aid. Through his involuntary groans, he said:
hat luck! . . . What luck that I was prepared for
. ." He felt very ill. He went to bed. Salome
d the doctor. In bed he became as limp as a rag. He
not move; only his breast was heaving and panting like
ion billows. His head was heavy and feverish. He spent
hole day in living through the day before, minute by
e; he tormented himself, and then was angry with himself
mplaining after so much happiness. With his hands
d and his heart big with love he thanked God.

istophe was soothed by his day and restored to confidence
nself by the affection that he had left behind him,—so
rned home. When he had gone as far as his ticket would
im he got out blithely and took to the road on foot. He
xty kilometers to do. He was in no hurry and dawdled
school-boy. It was April. The country was not very
. The leaves were unfolding like little wrinkled hands
ends of the black branches; the apple trees were in
and along the hedges the frail eglantine smiled.

Above the leafless forest, where a soft greenish down was b
ginning to appear, on the summit of a little hill, like a troph
on the end of a lance, there rose an old Romanic castle. Thr
black clouds sailed across the soft blue sky. Shadows chas
over the country in spring, showers passed, then the brig
sun shone forth again and the birds sang.

Christophe found that for some time he had been thinkin
of Uncle Gottfried. He had not thought of the poor man f
a long time, and he wondered why the memory of him shou
so obstinately obsess him now; he was haunted by it as h
walked along a path along a canal that reflected the poplar
and the image of his uncle was so actual that as he turned
great wall he thought he saw him coming towards him.

The sky grew dark. A heavy downpour of rain and hail f
and thunder rumbled in the distance. Christophe was near
village; he could see its pink walls and red roofs among th
clumps of trees. He hurried and took shelter under the pr
jecting roof of the nearest house. The hail-stones came lashi
down; they rang out on the tiles and fell down into the str
like pieces of lead. The ruts were overflowing. Above th
blossoming orchards a rainbow flung its brilliant garish sca
over the dark blue clouds.

On the threshold a girl was standing knitting. She aske
Christophe to enter. He accepted the invitation. The roo
into which he stepped was used as a kitchen, a dining-roo
and a bed-room. At the back a stew-pot hung over a gr
fire. A peasant woman who was cleaning vegetables wish
Christophe good-day, and bade him go near the fire to dr
himself. The girl fetched a bottle of wine and gave him
drink. She sat on the other side of the table and went
knitting, while at the same time she looked after two childr
who were playing at testing each other's eyes with those grass
which are known in the country as "thiefs" or "sweeps
She began to talk to Christophe. It was only after a mom
that he saw that she was blind. She was not pretty. She w
a big girl, with red cheeks, white teeth, and strong arms, bu
her features were irregular; she had the smiling, rather ex
pressionless air of many blind people, and also their mania fo
talking of things and people as though they could see them

first Christophe was startled and wondered if she were
ing fun of him when she said that he looked well and that
country was looking very pretty. But after looking from
blind girl to the woman who was cleaning the vegetables
aw that nobody was surprised and that it was no joke—
re was nothing to joke about indeed).—The two women
d Christophe friendly questions as to whither he was
g and whence he had come. The blind girl joined in the
ersation with a rather exaggerated eagerness; she agreed
, or commented on, Christophe's remarks about the road
the fields. Naturally her observations were often wide of
nark. She seemed to be trying to pretend that she could
is well as he.

her members of the family came in: a healthy peasant of
y and his young wife. Christophe talked to them all, and
hed the clearing sky, waiting for the moment to set out
n. The blind girl hummed an air while she plied her knit-
needles. The air brought back all sorts of old memories
hristophe.

What!" he said. "You know that." (Gottfried had
nt her it.)

hummed the following notes. The girl began to laugh.
sang the first half of the phrases and he finished them.
ad just got up to go and look at the weather and he was
ng round the room, mechanically taking stock of every
r of it, when near the dresser he saw an object which
him start. It was a long twisted stick, the handle of
was roughly carved to represent a little bent man bowing.
tophe knew it well, he had played with it as a child.
ounced on the stick and asked in a choking voice:

Where did you get this? . . . Where did you get it?"
man looked up and said:

friend left it here—an old friend who is dead."
ristophe cried:

ottfried?"
ey all turned and asked:

low do you know . . . ?"
d when Christophe told them that Gottfried was his uncle,
were all greatly excited. The blind girl got up; her ball

of wool rolled across the room; she stopped her work and took Christophe's hands and said in a great state of emotion:

"You are his nephew?"

They all talked at once. Christophe asked:

"But how . . . how do you come to know him?" The man replied:

"It was here that he died."

They sat down again, and when the excitement had gone down a little, the mother told, as she went on with her work, that Gottfried used to go to the house for many years; he always used to stay there on his way to and fro from his journeys. The last time he came—(it was in last July)—he seemed very tired, and when he took off his pack it was some time before he could speak a word, but they did not take any notice of it because they were used to seeing him like that when he arrived and knew that he was short of breath. He did not complain either. He never used to complain; he always used to find some happiness in the most unpleasant things. When he was doing some exhausting work he used to be glad thinking how good it would be in bed at night, and when he was ill he used to say how good it would be when he was not ill any longer. . . .

"And, sir, it is wrong to be always content," added the woman, "for if you are not sorry for yourself, nobody will pity you. I always complain . . ."

Well, nobody had paid any attention to him. They had even chaffed him about looking so well and Modesta—(that was the blind girl's name)—who had just relieved him of his pack had asked him if he was never going to be tired of running like a young man. He smiled in reply, for he could not speak. He sat on the seat by the door. Everybody went about their work, the men to the fields, the woman to her cooking. Modesta was near the seat, she stood leaning against the door with her knitting in her hands and talked to Gottfried. He did not reply; she did not ask him for any reply and told him everything that had happened since his last visit. He breathed with difficulty and she heard him trying hard to speak. Instead of being anxious about him she said:

Don't speak. Just rest. You shall talk presently. . . .
can people tire themselves out like that! . . ."
nd then he did not talk or even try to talk. She went on
her story thinking that he was listening. He sighed and
nothing. When the mother came a little later she found
esta still talking and Gottfried motionless on the seat with
ead flung back facing the sky; for some minutes Modesta
been talking to a dead man. She understood then that
oor man had been trying to say a few words before he died
had not been able to; then with his sad smile he had ac-
d that and had closed his eyes in the peace of the summer
ng. . . .

e rain had ceased. The daughter-in-law went to the stables,
on took his mattock and cleared the little gutter in front
e door which the mud had obstructed. Modesta had dis-
ared at the beginning of the story. Christophe was left
in the room with the mother, and was silent and much
d. The old woman, who was rather talkative, could not
a prolonged silence; and she began to tell him the whole
ry of her acquaintance with Gottfried. It went far back.
she was quite young Gottfried loved her. He dared
ell her, but it became a joke; she made fun of him,
body made fun of him,—(it was the custom wherever he
)—Gottfried used to come faithfully every year. It
d natural to him that people should make fun of him,
al that she should have married and been happy with
er man. She had been too happy, she had boasted too
of her happiness; then unhappiness came. Her husband
suddenly. Then his daughter,—a fine strong girl whom
ody admired, who was to be married to the son of the
t farmer of the district,—lost her sight as the result of an
nt. One day when she had climbed to the great pear
ehind the house to pick the fruit the ladder slipped; as
ll a broken branch struck a blow near the eye. At first
thought that she would escape with a scar, but later she
ad unceasing pains in her forehead; one eye lost its sight,
the other; and all their remedies had been useless. Of
the marriage was broken off; her betrothed had van-

ished without any explanation, and of all the young m who a month before had actually fought for a dance with h not one had the courage—(it is quite comprehensible)— take a blind girl to his arms. And so Modesta, who till th had been careless and gay, had fallen into such despair that s wanted to die. She refused to eat; she did nothing but we from morning to evening, and during the night they used to he her still moaning in her bed. They did not know what to d they could only join her in her despair; and she only wept t more. At last they lost patience with her moaning; then th scolded her and she talked of throwing herself into the can The minister would come sometimes; he would talk of t good God, and eternal things, and the merit she was gainir for the next world by bearing her sorrows, but that did n console her at all. One day Gottfried came. Modesta h never been very kind to him. Not that she was naturally u kind, but she was disdainful, and besides she never thought; s loved to laugh, and there was no malice in what she said or d to him. When he heard of her misfortune he was as ov whelmed by it as though he were a member of the fam However he did not let her see it the first time he saw her. H went and sat by her side, made no allusion to her accident a began to talk quietly as he had always done before. He had word of pity for her; he even seemed not to notice that she w blind. Only he never talked to her of things she could not se he talked to her about what she could hear or notice in h blindness; and he did it quite simply as though it were a na ural thing; it was as though he too were blind. At first s did not listen and went on weeping. But next day she listen better and even talked to him a little. . . .

"And," the woman went on, "I do not know what he ca have said to her. For we were hay-making and I was too bus to notice her. But in the evening when we came in from t fields we found her talking quietly. And after that she we on getting better. She seemed to forget her affliction. B every now and then she would think of it again; she wou weep alone or try to talk to Gottfried of sad things; but h seemed not to hear, or he would not reply in the same tone; he would go on talking gravely or merrily of things which soothed

interested her. At last he persuaded her to go out of the se, which she had never left since her accident. He made go a few yards round the garden at first, and then for a ger distance in the fields. And at last she learned to find way everywhere and to make out everything as though she d see. She even notices things to which we never pay any ntion, and she is interested in everything, whereas before was never interested in much outside herself. That time fried stayed with us longer than usual. We dared not ask to postpone his departure, but he stayed of his own accord l he saw that she was calmer. And one day—she was out e in the yard,—I heard her laughing. I cannot tell you t an effect that had on me. Gottfried looked happy too. was sitting near me. We looked at each other, and I am ashamed to tell you, sir, that I kissed him with all my t. Then he said to me:

'Now I think I can go. I am not needed any more.'

I tried to keep him. But he said:

'No. I must go now. I cannot stay any longer.'

Everybody knew that he was like the Wandering Jew: he l not stay anywhere; we did not insist. Then he went, but rranged to come here more often, and every time it was a joy for Modesta: she was always better after his visits. began to work in the house again; her brother married; looks after the children; and now she never complains and ys looks happy. I sometimes wonder if she would be so y if she had her two eyes. Yes, indeed, sir, there are days I think that it would be better to be like her and not to ertain ugly people and certain evil things. The world is ing very ugly, it grows worse every day. . . . And I should be very much afraid of God taking me at my . and for my part I would rather go on seeing the world, as it is. . . ."

odesta came back and the conversation changed. Chris- wished to go now that the weather was fair again, but they l not let him. He had to agree to stay to supper and to l the night with them. Modesta sat near Christophe and ot leave him all the evening. He would have liked to talk ately to the girl whose lot filled him with pity. But she

gave him no opportunity. She would only try to ask him about Gottfried. When Christophe told her certain things she did not know, she was happy and a little jealous. She was a little unwilling to talk of Gottfried herself; it was apparent that she did not tell everything, and when she did tell everything she was sorry for it at once; her memories were her property, she did not like sharing them with another; in her affection she was as eager as a peasant woman in her attachment to her land; it hurt her to think that anybody could love Gottfried as much as she. It is true that she refused to believe it; and Christophe, understanding, left her that satisfaction. As he listened to her he saw that, although she had seen Gottfried and had even seen him with indulgent eyes since her blindness she had made of him an image absolutely different from the reality, and she had transferred to the phantom of her mind all the hunger for love that was in her. Nothing had disturbed her illusion. With the bold certainty of the blind, who calmly invent what they do not know, she said to Christophe:

"You are like him."

He understood that for years she had grown used to living in a house with closed shutters through which the truth could not enter. And now that she had learned to see in the darkness that surrounded her, and even to forget the darkness, perhaps she would have been afraid of a ray of light filtering through the gloom. With Christophe she recalled a number of rather silly trivialities in a smiling and disjointed conversation in which Christophe could not be at his ease. He was irritated by her chatter; he could not understand how a creature who had suffered so much had not become more serious in her suffering, and he could not find tolerance for such futility; every now and then he tried to talk of graver things, but they found no echo. Modesta could not—or would not—follow him.

They went to bed. It was long before Christophe could sleep. He was thinking of Gottfried and trying to disengage him from the image of Modesta's childish memories. He found it difficult and was irritated. His heart ached at the thought that Gottfried had died there and that his body had no doubt

n in that very bed. He tried to live through the agony of his t moments, when he could neither speak nor make the blind l understand, and had closed his eyes in death. He longed have been able to raise his eyelids and to read the thoughts den under them, the mystery of that soul, which had gone hout making itself known, perhaps even without knowing lf! It never tried to know itself, and all its wisdom lay in desiring wisdom, or in not trying to impose its will on cir-nstance, but in abandoning itself to the force of circumstance, accepting it and loving it. So he assimilated the mysterious nce of the world without even thinking of it. And if he done so much good to the blind girl, to Christophe, and btless to many others who would be forever unknown, it was use, instead of bringing the customary words of the revolt nan against nature, he brought something of the indifferent e of Nature, and reconciled the submissive soul with her. did good like the fields, the woods, all Nature with which he impregnated. Christophe remembered the evenings he had t with Gottfried in the country, his walks as a child, the ies and songs in the night. He remembered also the last he had taken with his uncle, on the hill above the town, a cold winter's morning, and the tears came to his eyes more. He did not try to sleep, so as to remain with his nories. He did not wish to lose one moment of that night ne little place, filled with the soul of Gottfried, to which he been led as though impelled by some unknown force. But e he lay listening to the irregular trickling of the foun- and the shrill cries of the bats, the healthy fatigue of h mastered his will, and he fell asleep.

hen he awoke the sun was shining: everybody on the farm already at work. In the hall he found only the old woman the children. The young couple were in the fields, and esta had gone to milk. They looked for her in vain. She nowhere to be found. Christophe said he would not wait ner return. He did not much want to see her, and he that he was in a hurry. He set out after telling the old an to bid the others good-bye for him.

he was leaving the village at a turn of the road he saw

the blind girl sitting on a bank under a hawthorn hedge. She got up as she heard him coming, approached him smiling, took his hand, and said:

"Come."

They climbed up through meadows to a little shady flowering field filled with tombstones, which looked down on the village. She led him to a grave and said:

"He is there."

They both knelt down. Christophe remembered another grave by which he had knelt with Gottfried, and he thought:

"Soon it will be my turn."

But there was no sadness in his thought. A great peace was ascending from the earth. Christophe leaned over the grave and said in a whisper to Gottfried:

"Enter into me! . . ."

Modesta was praying, with her hands clasped and her lips moving in silence. Then she went round the grave on her knees, feeling the ground and the grass and the flowers with her hands. She seemed to caress them, her quick fingers seemed to see. They gently plucked the dead stalks of the ivy and the faded violets. She laid her hand on the curb to get up. Christophe saw her fingers pass furtively over Gottfried's name, lightly touching each letter. She said:

"The earth is sweet this morning."

She held out her hand to him. He gave her his. She made him touch the moist warm earth. He did not loose her hand. Their locked fingers plunged into the earth. He kissed Modesta. She kissed him, too.

They both rose to their feet. She held out to him a few fresh violets she had gathered, and put the faded ones into her bosom. They dusted their knees and left the cemetery without a word. In the fields the larks were singing. White butterflies danced about their heads. They sat down in a meadow a few yards away from each other. The smoke of the village was ascending direct to the sky that was washed by the rain. The still canal glimmered between the poplars. A gleaming blue mist wrapped the meadows and woods in its folds.

Modesta broke the silence. She spoke in a whisper of the
ity of the day as though she could see it. She drank in the
through her half-open lips; she listened for the sounds of
tures and things. Christophe also knew the worth of such
ic. He said what she was thinking and could not have
. He named certain of the cries and imperceptible tremors
they could hear in the grass, in the depths of the air. She
:

Ah! You see that, too?"

e replied that Gottfried had taught him to distinguish
.

You, too?" she said a little crossly.

e wanted to say to her:

Do not be jealous."

it he saw the divine light smiling all about them: he
d at her blind eyes and was filled with pity.

So," he asked, "it was Gottfried taught you?"

e said "Yes," and that they gave her more delight than
before. . . . She did not say before "what." She
mentioned the words "eyes" or "blind."

ey were silent for a moment. Christophe looked at her
ty. She felt that he was looking at her. He would have
to tell her how much he pitied her. He would have liked
o complain, to confide in him. He asked kindly:

You have been very unhappy?"

e sat dumb and unyielding. She plucked the blades of
and munched them in silence. After a few moments,—
song of a lark was going farther and farther from them
sky),—Christophe told her how he too had been unhappy,
ow Gottfried had helped him. He told her all his sor-
his trials, as though he were thinking aloud or talking
sister. The blind girl's face lit up as he told his story,
she followed eagerly. Christophe watched her and saw
he was on the point of speaking. She made a movement
ne near him and hold his hand. He moved, too—but al-
she had relapsed into her impassiveness, and when he
nished, she only replied with a few banal words. Be-
ner broad forehead, on which there was not a line, there

was the obstinacy of a peasant, hard as a stone. She said that she must go home to look after her brother's children. She talked of them with a calm smile.

He asked her:

"You are happy?"

She seemed to be more happy to hear him say the word. She said she was happy and insisted on the reasons she had for being so: she was trying to persuade herself and him that it was so. She spoke of the children, and the house, and all that she had to do. . . .

"Oh! yes," she said, "I am very happy!" Christophe did not reply. She rose to go. He rose too. They said good-by gaily and carelessly. Modesta's hand trembled a little in Christophe's. She said:

"You will have fine weather for your walk to-day." And she told him of a crossroads where he must not go wrong. It was as though, of the two, Christophe were the blind one.

They parted. He went down the hill. When he reached the bottom he turned. She was standing at the summit in the same place. She waved her handkerchief and made signs to him as though she saw him.

There was something heroic and absurd in her obstinacy in denying her misfortune, something which touched Christophe and hurt him. He felt how worthy Modesta was of pity and even of admiration,—and he could not have lived two days with her. As he went his way between flowering hedges he thought of dear old Schulz, and his old eyes, bright and tender, before which so many sorrows had passed which they refused to see, for they would not see hurtful realities.

"How does he see me, I wonder?" thought Christophe. "I am so different from his idea of me! To him I am what he wants me to be. Everything is in his own image, pure and noble like himself. He could not bear life if he saw it as it is."

And he thought of the girl living in darkness who denied the darkness, and tried to pretend that what was was not, and that what was not was.

Then he saw the greatness of German idealism, which he had so often loathed because in vulgar souls it is a source of hypocrisy and stupidity. He saw the beauty of the faith which

ts a world within the world, different from the world, like ttle island in the ocean.—But he could not bear such a n for himself, and refused to take refuge upon such an nd of the Dead. Life! Truth! He would not be a lying . Perhaps that optimistic lie which a German Emperor l to make law for all his people was indeed necessary for t creatures if they were to live. And Christophe would thought it a crime to snatch from such poor wretches the ion which upheld them. But for himself he never could recourse to such subterfuges. He would rather die than by illusion. Was not Art also an illusion? No. It must be. Truth! Truth! Eyes wide open, let him draw in igh every pore the all-puissant breath of life, see things ey are, squarely face his misfortunes,—and laugh.

veral months passed. Christophe had lost all hope of escap- from the town. Hassler, the only man who could have him, had refused to help him. And old Schulz's friend- had been taken from him almost as soon as it had been

had written once on his return, and he had received ffectionate letters, but from sheer laziness, and especially se of the difficulty he had expressing himself in a letter, layed thanking him for his kind words. He put off writ- rom day to day. And when at last he made up his mind ite he had a word from Kunz announcing the death of ld friend. Schulz had had a relapse of his bronchitis had developed into pneumonia. He had forbidden them her Christophe, of whom he was always talking. In spite s extreme weakness and many years of illness, he was pared a long and painful end. He had charged Kunz nvey the tidings to Christophe and to tell him that he hought of him up to the last hour; that he thanked him l the happiness he owed him, and that his blessing would Christophe as long as he lived. Kunz did not tell him he day with Christophe had probably been the reason of lapse and the cause of his death.

istophe wept in silence, and he felt then all the worth friend he had lost, and how much he loved him, and he

was grieved not to have told him more of how he loved him. It was too late now. And what was left to him? The good Schulz had only appeared enough to make the void seem more empty, the night more black after he ceased to be. As for Kunz and Pottpetschmidt, they had no value outside the friendship they had for Schulz and Schulz for them. Christophe valued them at their proper worth. He wrote to them once and their relation ended there. He tried also to write to Modesta, but she answered with a commonplace letter in which she spoke only of trivialities. He gave up the correspondence. He wrote to nobody and nobody wrote to him.

Silence. Silence. From day to day the heavy cloak of silence descended upon Christophe. It was like a rain of ashes falling on him. It seemed already to be evening, and Christophe was losing his hold on life. He would not resign himself to that. The hour of sleep was not yet come. He must live.

And he could not live in Germany. The sufferings of his genius cramped by the narrowness of the little town lashed him into injustice. His nerves were raw: everything drew blood. He was like one of those wretched wild animals who perish of boredom in the holes and cages in which they were imprisoned in the *Stadtgarten* (town gardens). Christophe used often to go and look at them in sympathy. He used to look at their wonderful eyes, in which there burned—or every day grew fainter—a fierce and desperate fire. Ah! How they would have loved the brutal bullet which sets free, or the knife which strikes into their bleeding hearts! Anything rather than the savage indifference of those men who prevented them from either living or dying!

Not the hostility of the people was the hardest for Christophe to bear, but their inconsistency, their formless, shallow nature. There was no knowing how to take them. The pig-headed opposition of one of those stiff-necked, hard races who refuse to understand any new thought were much better. Against force it is possible to oppose force—the pick and the mine which hew away and blow up the hard rock. But what can be done against an amorphous mass which gives like a jelly, collapses under the least pressure, and retains no imprint

? All thought and energy and everything disappeared in lough. When a stone fell there were hardly more than a ripples quivering on the surface of the gulf: the monster ed and shut its maw, and there was left no trace of what been.

ey were not enemies. Dear God! if they only had been ies! They were people who had not the strength to love te, or believe or disbelieve,—in religion, in art, in politics, ily life; and all their energies were expended in trying to cile the irreconcilable. Especially since the German vic- they had been striving to make a compromise, a revolting ue between their new power and their old principles. The lealism had not been renounced. There should have been effort of freedom of which they were incapable. They content with a forgery, with making it subservient to an interests. Like the serene and subtle Schwabian, Hegel, ad waited until after Leipzig and Waterloo to assimilate use of his philosophy with the Prussian State—their in- having changed, their principles had changed too. When were defeated they said that Germany's ideal was human- Now that they had defeated others, they said that Ger- was the ideal of humanity. When other countries were powerful, they said, with Lessing, that *"patriotism is a weakness which it is well to be without,"* and they called elves *"citizens of the world."* Now that they were in the lant, they could not enough despise the Utopias *"à la ise."* Universal peace, fraternity, pacific progress, the of man, natural equality: they said that the strongest had absolute rights against the others, and that the being weaker, had no rights against themselves. It was ing God and the Incarnate Idea, the progress of which is olished by war, violence, and oppression. Force had be- oly now that it was on their side. Force had become ly idealism and the only intelligence.

ruth, Germany had suffered so much for centuries from idealism and no fame that she had every excuse after y trials for making the sorrowful confession that at all Force must be hers. But what bitterness was hidden in confession from the people of Herder and Goethe! And

what an abdication was the German victory, what a degradation of the German ideal! Alas! There were only too many facilities for such an abdication in the deplorable tendency even of the best Germans to submit.

"*The chief characteristic of Germany,*" said Moser, more than a century ago, "*is obedience.*" And Madame de Staël:

"*They have submitted doughtily. They find philosophic reasons for explaining the least philosophic theory in the world: respect for power and the chastening emotion of fear which changes that respect into admiration.*"

Christophe found that feeling everywhere in Germany, from the highest to the lowest—from the William Tell of Schiller that limited little bourgeois with muscles like a porter, who, as the free Jew Börne says, "*to reconcile honor and fear passes before the pillar of dear Herr Gessler, with his eyes down so as to be able to say that he did not see the hat; did not disobey,*"—to the aged and respectable Professor Weisse, a man of seventy, and one of the most honored men of learning in the town, who, when he saw a *Herr Lieutenant* coming, would make haste to give him the path and would step down into the road. Christophe's blood boiled whenever he saw one of these small acts of daily servility. They hurt him as much as though he had demeaned himself. The arrogant manners of the officers whom he met in the street, their haughty insolence, made him speechless with anger. He never would make way for them. Whenever he passed them he returned their arrogant stare. More than once he was very near causing a scene. He seemed to be looking for trouble. However, he was the first to understand the futility of such bravado; but he had moments of aberration, the perpetual constraint which he imposed on himself and the accumulation of force in him that had no outlet made him furious. Then he was ready to go any length, and he had a feeling that if he stayed a year longer in the place he would be lost. He loathed the brutal militarism which he felt weighing down upon him, the sabers clanking on the pavement, the piles of arms, and the guns placed outside the barracks, their muzzles gaping down on the town, ready to fire. Scandalous novels, which were then making a great stir, denounced the corruption of the garrisons, great and small: the

ers were represented as mischievous creatures, who, outside
automatic duties, were only idle and spent their time in
king, gambling, getting into debt, living on their families,
dering one another, and from top to bottom of the hier-
y they abused their authority at the expense of their in-
rs. The idea that he would one day have to obey them
in Christophe's throat. He could not, no, he could never
it, and lose his own self-respect by submitting to their
iliations and injustice. . . . He had no idea of the moral
gth in some of them, or of all that they might be suf-
g themselves: lost illusions, so much strength and youth
honor and faith, and passionate desire for sacrifice, turned
account and spoiled,—the pointlessness of a career, which,
is only a career, if it has not sacrifice as its end, is only a
activity, an inept display, a ritual which is recited with-
elief in the words that are said. . . .

s country was not enough for Christophe. He felt in
lf that unknown force which wakes suddenly, irresistibly,
rtain species of birds, at definite times, like the ebb and
of the tides:—the instinct of the great migrations. As
ad the volumes of Herder and Fichte which old Schulz
eft him, he found souls like his own, not "*sons of the*
slavishly bound to the globe, but "*spirits, sons of the*
turning invincibly to the light wheresoever it comes.
ither should he go? He did not know. But instinctively
es turned to the Latin South. And first to France—
e, the eternal refuge of Germany in distress. How often
erman thought turned to France, without ceasing to
r her! Even since seventy, what an attraction emanated
the town which had been shattered and smoking under
erman guns! The most revolutionary and the most re-
ary forms of thought and art had found alternately and
mes at once example and inspiration there. Like so many
great German musicians in distress, Christophe turned
ls Paris. . . . What did he know of the French? Two
n's faces and some chance reading. That was enough for
o imagine a country of light, of gaiety, of courage, and
f a little Gallic boasting, which does not sort ill with the
outh of the heart. He believed it all, because he needed

to believe it all, because, with all his soul, he would have liked it to be so.

He made up his mind to go. But he could not go because of his mother.

Louisa was growing old. She adored her son, who was her only joy, and she was all that he most loved on earth. And yet they were always hurting each other. She hardly understood Christophe, and did not try to understand him. She was only concerned to love him. She had a narrow, timid, dull mind, and a fine heart; an immense need of loving and being loved in which there was something touching and sad. She respected her son because he seemed to her to be very learned; but she did all she could to stifle his genius. She thought he would stay all his life with her in their little town. They had lived together for years, and she could not imagine that he would not always be the same. She was happy: why should he not be happy, too? All her dreams for him soared no higher than seeing him married to some prosperous citizen of the town, hearing him play the organ at church on Sundays, and never having him leave her. She regarded her son as though he were still twelve years old. She would have liked him never to be more than that. Innocently she inflicted torture on the unhappy man who was suffocated in that narrow world.

And yet there was much truth—moral greatness—in that unconscious philosophy of the mother, who could not understand ambition and saw all the happiness of life in the family affections and the accomplishment of humble duties. She was a creature who wished to love and only to love. Sooner renounce life, reason, logic, the material world, everything, rather than love! And that love was infinite, suppliant, exacting: it gave everything—it wished to be given everything; it renounced all for love, and it desired that renunciation from others, from the beloved. What a power is the love of a simple soul! It makes it find at once what the groping reasoning of an uncertain genius like Tolstoy, or the too refined art of a dying civilization discovers after a lifetime—ages—of bitter struggle and exhausting effort! But the imperious world which was seething in

stophe had very different laws and demanded another om.

or a long time he had been wanting to announce his deter-ition to his mother. But he was fearful of the grief it d bring to her, and just as he was about to speak he would his courage and put it off. Two or three times he did lly allude to his departure, but Louisa did not take him usly:—perhaps she preferred not to take him seriously, so persuade him that he was talking in jest. Then he dared go on; but he would remain gloomy and thoughtful, or it apparent that he had some secret burden upon his soul. the poor woman, who had an intuition as to the nature of secret, tried fearfully to delay the confession of it. Some-in the evening, when they were sitting, silent, in the light ne lamp, she would suddenly feel that he was going to , and then in terror she would begin to talk, very quickly, ndom, about nothing in particular. She hardly knew what as saying, but at all costs she must keep him from speak-Generally her instinct made her find the best means of sing silence on him: she would complain about her health, the swelling of her hands and feet, and the cramps in gs. She would exaggerate her sickness: call herself an useless, bed-ridden woman. He was not deceived by her e tricks. He would look at her sadly in dumb reproach, fter a moment he would get up, saying that he was tired, go to bed.

t all her devices could not save Louisa for long. One ng, when she resorted to them once more, Christophe red his courage and put his hand on his mother's and

o, mother. I have something to say to you." Louisa orrified, but she tried to smile and say chokingly:

What is it, my dear?"

ristophe stammered out his intention of going. She tried e it as a joke and to turn the conversation as usual, but s not to be put off, and went on so deliberately and so sly that there was no possibility of doubt. Then she said ng. Her pulse stopped, and she sat there dumb, frozen,

looking at him with terror in her eyes. Such sorrow showed in her eyes as he spoke that he too stopped, and they sat, both speechless. When at last she was able to recover her breath she said—(her lips trembled)—:

"It is impossible . . . It is impossible . . ."

Two large tears trickled down her cheeks. He turned his head away in despair and hid his face in his hands. They wept. After some time he went to his room and shut himself up until the morrow. They made no reference to what had happened, and as he did not speak of it again she tried to pretend that he had abandoned the project. But she lived on tenterhooks.

There came a time when he could hold himself in no longer. He had to speak even if it broke his heart: he was suffering too much. The egoism of his sorrow mastered the idea of the suffering he would bring to her. He spoke. He went through with it, never looking at his mother, for fear of being too greatly moved. He fixed the day for his departure so as to avoid a second discussion—(he did not know if he could again with the sad courage that was in him that day). Louisa cried:

"No, no! Stop, stop! . . ."

He set his teeth and went on implacably. When he had finished (she was sobbing) he took her hands and tried to make her understand how it was absolutely necessary for his art and his life for him to go away for some time. She refused to listen. She wept and said:

"No, no! . . . I will not . . ."

After trying to reason with her, in vain, he left her, thinking that the night would bring about a change in her ideas. But when they met next day at breakfast he began once more to talk of his plans. She dropped the piece of bread she was raising to her lips and said sorrowfully and reproachfully:

"Why do you want to torture me?"

He was touched, but he said:

"Dear mother, I must."

"No, no!" she replied. "You must not . . . You want to hurt me . . . It is a madness . . ."

They tried to convince each other, but they did not listen to each other. He saw that argument was wasted; it would

make her suffer more, and he began ostentatiously to pre- for his departure.

hen she saw that no entreaty would stop him, Louisa re- ed into a gloomy stupor. She spent her days locked up in room and without a light, when evening came. She did not k or eat. At night he could hear her weeping. He was ed by it. He could have cried out in his grief, as he lay ight twisting and turning in his bed, sleeplessly, a prey to remorse. He loved her so. Why must he make her suf- . . . Alas! She would not be the only one: he saw that ly. . . . Why had destiny given him the desire and strength mission which must make those whom he loved suffer? Ah!" he thought. "If I were free, if I were not drawn on he cruel need of being what I must be, or else of dying in ie and disgust with myself, how happy would I make you— whom I love! Let me live first; do, fight, suffer, and then ll come back to you and love you more than ever. How I d like only to love, love, love! . . ."

never could have been strong enough to resist the per- l reproach of the grief-stricken soul had that reproach strong enough to remain silent. But Louisa, who was and rather talkative, could not keep the sorrow that was ng her to herself. She told her neighbors. She told her ther sons. They could not miss such a fine opportunity of ng Christophe in the wrong. Rodolphe especially, who never ceased to be jealous of his elder brother, although was little enough reason for it at the time—Rodolphe, was cut to the quick by the least praise of Christophe, and ecretly afraid of his future success, though he never dared so base a thought—(for he was clever enough to feel his r's force, and to be afraid that others would feel it, too), phe was only too happy to crush Christophe beneath the t of his superiority. He had never worried much about other, though he knew her straitened circumstances: al- h he was well able to afford to help her, he left it all to ophe. But when he heard of Christophe's intention he ered at once hidden treasures of affection. He was s at his proposing to leave his mother and called it mon- egoism. He was impudent enough to tell Christophe

so. He lectured him loftily like a child who deserves smacking: he told him stiffly of his duty towards his mother and of all that she had sacrificed for him. Christophe almost burst with rage. He kicked Rodolphe out and called him a rascal and a hypocrite. Rodolphe avenged himself by feeding his mother's indignation. Excited by him, Louisa began to persuade herself that Christophe was behaving like a bad son. She tried to declare that he had no right to go, and she was only too willing to believe it. Instead of using only her tears, which were her strongest weapon, she reproached Christophe bitterly and unjustly, and disgusted him. They said cruel things to each other: the result was that Christophe, who, till then, had been hesitating, only thought of hastening his preparations for his departure. He knew that the charitable neighbors were commiserating his mother and that in the opinion of the neighborhood she was regarded as a victim and himself as a monster. He set his teeth and would not go back on his resolve.

The days passed. Christophe and Louisa hardly spoke to each other. Instead of enjoying to the last drop their last days together, these two who loved each other wasted the time that was left—as too often happens—in one of those stupid fits of sullenness in which so many affections are swallowed up. They only met at meals, when they sat opposite each other not looking at each other, never speaking, forcing themselves to eat a few mouthfuls, not so much for the sake of eating as for the sake of appearances. Christophe would contrive to mumble a few words, but Louisa would not reply; and when she tried to talk he would be silent. This state of things was intolerable to both of them, and the longer it went on the more difficult it became to break it. Were they going to part like that? Louisa admitted that she had been unjust and awkward, but she was suffering too much to know how to win back her son's love, which she thought she had lost, and at all costs to prevent his departure, the idea of which she refused to face. Christophe stole glances at his mother's pale, swollen face and he was torn by remorse; but he had made up his mind to go, and knowing that he was going forever out of her life he wished cowardly to be gone to escape his remorse.

His departure was fixed for the next day but one. One of

sad meals had just come to an end. When they finished supper, during which they had not spoken a word, Chris- withdrew to his room; and sitting at his desk, with his in his hands—he was incapable of working—he became in thought. The night was drawing late: it was nearly o'clock in the morning. Suddenly he heard a noise, a chair in the next room. The door opened and his mother ap- d in her nightgown, barefooted, and threw her arms round neck and sobbed. She was feverish. She kissed her son moaned through her despairing sobs:

Don't go! Don't go! I implore you! I implore you! dear, don't go! . . . I shall die . . . I can't, I can't it! . . ."

was alarmed and upset. He kissed her and said: "Dear er, calm yourself, please, please!"

t she went on:

can't bear it . . . I have only you. If you go, what will ne of me? I shall die if you go. I don't want to die from you. I don't want to die alone. Wait until I am ! . . ."

r words rent his heart. He did not know what to say nsole her. What arguments could hold good against such utpouring of love and sorrow! He took her on his knees ried to calm her with kisses and little affectionate words. old woman gradually became silent and wept softly. When as a little comforted, he said:

o to bed. You will catch cold."

repeated: "Don't go!"

said in a low voice: "I will not go."

trembled and took his hand. "Truly?" she said. ly?"

turned his head away sadly. "To-morrow," he answered, 'll tell you to-morrow. . . . Leave me now, please! . . ."

got up meekly and went back to her room. Next morn- he was ashamed of her despairing outburst which had upon her like a madness in the middle of the night, and as fearful of what her son would say to her. She waited im, sitting in a corner of the room. She had taken up knitting for occupation, but her hands refused to hold it.

She let it fall. Christophe entered. They greeted each other in a whisper, without looking at each other. He was gloomy, and went and stood by the window, with his back to his mother, and he stayed without speaking. There was a great struggle in him. He knew the result of it already, and was trying to delay the issue. Louisa dared not speak a word to him and provoke the answer which she expected and feared. She forced herself to take up her knitting again, but she could not see what she was doing, and she dropped her stitches. Outside it was raining. After a long silence Christophe came to her. She did not stir, but her heart was beating. Christophe stood still and looked at her, then, suddenly, he went down on his knees and hid his face in his mother's dress, and without saying a word, he wept. Then she understood that he was going to stay, and her heart was filled with a mortal agony of joy—but at once she was seized by remorse, for she felt all that her son was sacrificing for her, and she began to suffer all that Christophe had suffered when it was she whom he sacrificed. She bent over him and covered his brow and his hair with kisses. In silence their tears and their sorrow mingled. At last he raised his head, and Louisa took his face in her hands and looked into his eyes. She would have liked to say to him:

"Go!"

But she could not.

He would have liked to say to her:

"I am glad to stay."

But he could not.

The situation was hopeless; neither of them could alter it. She sighed in her sorrow and love:

"Ah! if we could all be born and all die together!" Her simple way filled him with tenderness; he dried his tears and tried to smile and said:

"We shall all die together."

She insisted:

"Truly you will not go?"

He got up:

"I have said so. Don't let us talk about it. There is nothing more to be said."

Christophe kept his word; he never talked of going again.

he could not help thinking of it. He stayed, but he made mother pay dearly for his sacrifice by his sadness and bad ber. And Louisa tactlessly—much more tactlessly than she y, never failing to do what she ought not to have done—sa, who knew only too well the reason of his grief, insisted is telling her what it was. She worried him with her af-on, uneasy, vexing, argumentative, reminding him every ent that they were very different from each other—and he was trying to forget. How often he had tried to open eart to her! But just as he was about to speak the Great of China would rise between them, and he would keep his ts buried in himself. She would guess, but she never dared e his confidence, or else she could not. When she tried she d succeed only in flinging back in him those secrets which hed so sorely on him and which he was so longing to tell. thousand little things, harmless tricks, cut her off from and irritated Christophe. The good old creature was g. She had to talk about the local gossip, and she had nurse's tenderness which will recall all the silly little things e earliest years, and everything that is associated with the e. We have such difficulty in issuing from it and growing men and women! And Juliet's nurse must forever be lay-efore us our duty-swaddling clothes, commonplace thoughts, whole unhappy period in which the growing soul struggles st the oppression of vile matter or stifling surround-

d with it all she had little outbursts of touching tenderness though to a little child—which used to move him greatly e would surrender to them—like a little child.

e worst of all to bear was living from morning to night by did, together, always together, isolated from the rest e world. When two people suffer and cannot help each s suffering, exasperation is fatal; each in the end holds the responsible for the suffering; and each in the end believes t were better to be alone; alone in suffering.

was a daily torment for both of them. They would never broken free if chance had not come to break the cruel sion, against which they were struggling, in a way that d unfortunate—but it was really fortunate.

It was a Sunday in October. Four o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was brilliant. Christophe had stayed in his room all day, chewing the cud of melancholy.

He could bear it no longer; he wanted desperately to go out, to walk, to expend his energy, to tire himself out, so as to stop thinking.

Relations with his mother had been strained since the day before. He was just going out without saying good-bye to her: but on the stairs he thought how it would hurt her the whole evening when she was left alone. He went back, making an excuse of having left something in his room. The door of his mother's room was ajar. He put his head in through the aperture. He watched his mother for a few moments. . . . (What a place those two seconds were to fill in his life ever after!) . . .

Louisa had just come in from vespers. She was sitting in her favorite place, the recess of the window. The wall of the house opposite, dirty white and cracked, obstructed the view; but from the corner where she sat she could see to the right through the yards of the next houses a little patch of lawn the size of a pocket-handkerchief. On the window sill a pot of convolvulus climbed along its threads and over this frail ladder stretched its tendrils which were caressed by a ray of sunlight. Louisa was sitting in a low chair bending over her great Bible which was open on her lap, but she was not reading. Her hands were laid flat on the book—her hands with their swollen veins, worker's nails, square and a little bent—and she was devouring with loving eyes the little plant and the patch of sky she could see through it. A sunbeam, basking on the green gold leaves, lit up her tired face, with its rather blotchy complexion, her white, soft, and rather thick hair, and her lips, parted in a smile. She was enjoying her hour of rest. It was the best moment of the week to her. She made use of it to sink into that state so sweet to those who suffer, when thoughts dwell on nothing, and in torpor nothing speaks save the heart and that is half asleep.

"Mother," he said, "I want to go out. I am going by Buir. I shall be rather late."

Louisa, who was dozing off, trembled a little. Then she

ed her head towards him and looked at him with her calm, eyes.

Yes, my dear, go," she said. "You are right; make use of ine weather."

e smiled at him. He smiled at her. They looked at each for a moment, then they said good-night affectionately, ing and smiling with the eyes.

closed the door softly. She slipped back into her reverie, her son's smile had lit up with a bright ray of light like unbeam on the pale leaves of the convolvulus.

he left her—forever.

October evening. A pale watery sun. The drowsy coun- sinking to sleep. Little village bells are slowly ringing e silence of the fields. Columns of smoke rise slowly in midst of the plowed fields. A fine mist hovers in the ice. The white fogs are awaiting the coming of the night e. . . . A dog with his nose to the ground was running rcles in a field of beat. Great flocks of crows whirled st the gray sky.

ristophe went on dreaming, having no fixed object, but yet ctively he was walking in a definite direction. For several his walks round the town had gravitated whether he liked not towards another village where he was sure to meet a girl who attracted him. It was only an attraction, but it ery vivid and rather disturbing. Christophe could hardly thout loving some one; and his heart was rarely left empty; ays had some lovely image for its idol. Generally it did natter whether the idol knew of his love; his need was to the fire must never be allowed to go out; there must never rkness in his heart.

object of this new flame was the daughter of a peasant he had met, as Eliézer met Rebecca, by a well; but she ot give him to drink; she threw water in his face. She neeling by the edge of a stream in a hollow in the bank en two willows, the roots of which made a sort of nest about he was washing linen vigorously; and her tongue was not tive than her arms; she was talking and laughing loudly ther girls of the village who were washing opposite her on

the other side of the stream. Christophe was lying in the grass a few yards away, and, with his chin resting in his hands, he watched them. They were not put out by it; they went on chattering in a style which sometimes did not lack bluntness. He hardly listened; he heard only the sound of their merry voices, mingling with the noise of their washing pots, and with the distant lowing of the cows in the meadows, and he was dreaming, never taking his eyes off the beautiful washerwoman. A bright young face would make him glad for a whole day. It was not long before the girls made out which of them he was looking at; and they made caustic remarks to each other; the girl he preferred was not the least cutting in the observations she threw at him. As he did not budge, she got up, took a bundle of linen washed and wrung, and began to lay it out on the bushes near him so as to have an excuse for looking at him. As she passed him she continued to splash him with her wet clothes and she looked at him boldly and laughed. She was thin and strong: she had a fine chin, a little underhung, a short nose, arching eyebrows, deep-set blue eyes, bold, bright and hard, a pretty mouth with thick lips, pouting a little like those of a Greek maid, a mass of fair hair turned up in a knot on her head, and a full color. She carried her head very erect, tittered at every word she said and even when she said nothing, and walked like a man, swinging her sunburned arms. She went on laying out her linen while she looked at Christophe with a provoking smile—waiting for him to speak. Christophe stared at her too; but he had no desire to talk to her. At last she burst out laughing to his face and turned back towards her companions. He stayed lying where he was until evening fell, and he saw her go with her bundle on her back and her bare arms crossed, her back bent under her load, still talking and laughing.

He saw her again a few days later at the town market among heaps of carrots and tomatoes and cucumbers and cabbages. He lounged about watching the crowd of women, selling, who were standing in a line by their baskets like slaves for sale. The police official went up to each of them with his satchel and roll of tickets, receiving a piece of money and giving a paper. The coffee seller went from row to row with a basket full of little

ee pots. And an old nun, plump and jovial, went round the rket with two large baskets on her arms and without any of humility begged vegetables, or talked of the good God. women shouted: the old scales with their green painted s jingled and clanked with the noise of their chains; the big s harnessed to the little carts barked loudly, proud of their ortance. In the midst of the rabble Christophe saw Re-a.—Her real name was Lorchen (Eleanor).—On her fair she had placed a large cabbage leaf, green and white, which e a dainty lace cap for her. She was sitting on a basket a heap of golden onions, little pink turnips, haricot beans, ruddy apples, and she was munching her own apples one r another without trying to sell them. She never stopped ng. From time to time she would dry her chin and wipe it her apron, brush back her hair with her arm, rub her k against her shoulder, or her nose with the back of her l. Or, with her hands on her knees, she would go on and browing a handful of shelled peas from one to the other. she would look to right and left idly and indifferently. she missed nothing of what was going on about her. And out seeming to do so she marked every glance cast in her tion. She saw Christophe. As she talked to her customers ad a way of raising her eyebrows and looking at her ad-r over their heads. She was as dignified and serious as a ; but inwardly she was laughing at Christophe. And he ved it; he stood there a few yards away devouring her his eyes, then he went away without speaking to her. He not the least desire to do so.

came back more than once to prowl round the market he village where she lived. She would be about the yard farm; he would stop on the road to look at her. He did dmit that he came to see her, and indeed he did so almost sciously. When, as often happened, he was absorbed by mposition of some work he would be rather like a som-ulist: while his conscious soul was following its musical the rest of him would be delivered up to the other uncon-soul which is forever watching for the smallest distrac-of the mind to take the freedom of the fields. He was bewildered by the buzzing of his musical ideas when he

was face to face with her; and he would go on dreaming as he watched her. He could not have said that he loved her; he did not even think of that; it gave him pleasure to see her, nothing more. He did not take stock of the desire which was always bringing him back to her.

His insistence was remarked. The people at the farm joked about it, for they had discovered who Christophe was. But they left him in peace; for he was quite harmless. He looked silly enough in truth; but he never bothered about it.

There was a holiday in the village. Little boys were crushing crackers between stones and shouting "God save the Emperor!" (*"Kaiser lebe! Hoch!"*). A cow shut up in the barn and the men drinking at the inn were to be heard. Kites with long tails like comets dipped and swung in the air above the fields. The fowls were scratching frantically in the straw and the golden dung-heap; the wind blew out their feathers like the skirts of an old lady. A pink pig was sleeping voluptuously on his side in the sun.

Christophe made his way towards the red roof of the inn of the *Three Kings* above which floated a little flag. Strings of onions hung by the door, and the windows were decorated with red and yellow flowers. He went into the saloon, filled with tobacco smoke, where yellowing chromos hung on the walls and in the place of honor a colored portrait of the Emperor-King surrounded with a wreath of oak leaves. People were dancing. Christophe was sure his charmer would be there. He sat in a corner of the room from which he could watch the movement of the dancers undisturbed. But in spite of all his care to pass unnoticed Lorchen spied him out in his corner. While she waltzed indefatigably she threw quick glances at him over her partner's shoulder to make sure that he was still looking at her; and it amused her to excite him; she coquetted with the young men of the village, laughing the while with her wide mouth. She talked a great deal and said silly things and was not very different from the girls of the polite world who think they must laugh and move about and play to the gallery when anybody looks at them, instead of keeping their foolishness to

nselves. But they are not so very foolish either; for they
w quite well that the gallery only looks at them and does not
n to what they say.—With his elbows on the table and his
in his hands Christophe watched the girl's tricks with
ning, furious eyes; his mind was free enough not to be taken
y her wiles, but he was not enough himself not to be led
y them; and he growled with rage and he laughed in silence
shrugged his shoulders in falling into the snare.
ot only the girl was watching him; Lorchen's father also
his eyes on him. Thick-set and short, bald-headed—a big
with a short nose—sunburned skull with a fringe of hair
had been fair and hung in thick curls like Dürer's St. John,
i-shaven, expressionless face, with a long pipe in the corner
is mouth, he was talking very deliberately to some other
nts while all the time he was watching Christophe's panto-
e out of the corner of his eye; and he laughed softly. After
ment he coughed and a malicious light shone in his little gray
and he came and sat at Christophe's table. Christophe was an-
l and turned and scowled at him; he met the cunning look
e old man, who addressed Christophe familiarly without tak-
is pipe from his lips. Christophe knew him; he knew him
common old man; but his weakness for his daughter made
indulgent towards the father and even gave him a queer
ure in being with him; the old rascal saw that. After talk-
bout rain and fine weather and some chaffing reference to
retty girls in the room, and a remark on Christophe's not
ng he concluded that Christophe was right not to put
lf out and that it was much better to sit at table with a
in his hand; without ceremony he invited himself
ve a drink. While he drank the old man went on talking
rately as always. He spoke about his affairs, the difficulty
ning a livelihood, the bad weather and high prices. Chris-
hardly listened and only replied with an occasional grunt;
s not interested; he was looking at Lorchen. Christophe
ered what had procured him the honor of the old man's
ny and confidences. At last he understood. When the
an had exhausted his complaints he passed on to another
r; he praised the quality of his produce, his vegetables,

his fowls, his eggs, his milk, and suddenly he asked if Christophe could not procure him the custom of the Palace. Christophe started:

"How the devil did he know? . . . He knew him then?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man. "Everything is known . . ." He did not add:

". . . when you take the trouble to make enquiries."

But Christophe added it for him. He took a wicked pleasure in telling him that although everything was known, "he was no doubt unaware that he had just quarreled with the Court and that if he had ever been able to flatter himself on having some credit with the servants' quarters and butchers of the Palace—(which he doubted strongly)—that credit at present was dead and buried. The old man's lips twitched imperceptibly. However, he was not put out and after a moment he asked if Christophe could not at least recommend him to such and such a family. And he mentioned all those with whom Christophe had had dealings; for he had informed himself of them at the market, and there was no danger of his forgetting any detail that might be useful to him. Christophe would have been furious at such spying upon him had he not rather wanted to laugh at the thought that the old man would be robbed in spite of all his cunning (for he had no doubt of the value of the recommendation he was asking—a recommendation more likely to make him lose his customers than to procure him fresh ones). So he let him empty all his bag of clumsy tricks and answered neither "Yes" nor "No." But the peasant persisted and finally he came down to Christophe and Louisa whom he had kept for the end, and expressed his keen desire to provide them with milk, butter and cream. He added that as Christophe was a musician nothing was so good for the voice as a fresh egg swallowed raw morning and evening; and he tried hard to make him let him provide him with these, warm from the hen. The idea of the old peasant taking him for a singer made Christophe roar with laughter. The peasant took advantage of that to order another bottle. And then having got all he could out of Christophe for the time being he went away without further ceremony.

Night had fallen. The dancing had become more and more

ed. Lorchen had ceased to pay any attention to Christophe; was too busy turning the head of a young lout of the village, son of a rich farmer, for whom all the girls were competing. stophe was interested by the struggle; the young women ed at each other and would have been only too pleased to ch each other. Christophe forgot himself and prayed for triumph of Lorchen. But when her triumph was won he a little downcast. He was enraged by it. He did not love hen; he did not want to be loved by her; it was natural she should love anybody she liked.—No doubt. But it was pleasant to receive so little sympathy himself when he had uch need of giving and receiving. Here, as in the town, as alone. All these people were only interested in him they could make use of him and then laugh at him. He d, smiled as he looked at Lorchen, whom her joy in the mfiture of her rivals had made ten times prettier than and got ready to go. It was nearly nine. He had fully niles to go to the town.

got up from the table when the door opened and a hand- f soldiers burst in. Their entry dashed the gaiety of the The people began to whisper. A few couples stopped ng to look uneasily at the new arrivals. The peasants ing near the door deliberately turned their backs on them egan to talk among themselves; but without seeming to they presently contrived to leave room for them to pass. ome time past the whole neighborhood had been at logger- with the garrisons of the fortresses round it. The sol- were bored to death and wreaked their vengeance on the nts. They made coarse fun of them, maltreated them, sed the women as though they were in a conquered country. reek before some of them, full of wine, had disturbed a at a neighboring village and had half killed a farmer. ophe, who knew these things, shared the state of mind of asant, and he sat down again and waited to see what happen.

soldiers were not worried by the ill-will with which their was received, and went noisily and sat down at the full jostling the people away from them to make room; it e affair of a moment. Most of the people went away

grumbling. An old man sitting at the end of a bench did not move quickly enough; they lifted the bench and the old man toppled over amid roars of laughter. Christophe felt the blood rushing to his head; he got up indignantly; but, as he was on the point of interfering, he saw the old man painfully pick himself up and instead of complaining humbly crave pardon. Two of the soldiers came to Christophe's table; he watched them come and clenched his fists. But he did not have to defend himself. They were two tall, strong, good-humored louts, who had followed sheepishly one or two daredevils and were trying to imitate them. They were intimidated by Christophe's defiant manner, and when he said curtly: "This place is taken," they hastily begged his pardon and withdrew to their end of the bench so as not to disturb him. There had been a masterful inflection in his voice; their natural servility came to the fore. They saw that Christophe was not a peasant.

Christophe was a little mollified by their submission, and was able to watch things more coolly. It was not difficult to see that the gang were led by a non-commissioned officer—a bull-dog of a man with hard eyes—with a rascally, hypocritical and wicked face; he was one of the heroes of the affray of the Sunday before. He was sitting at the table next to Christophe. He was drunk already and stared at the people and threw insulting sarcasms at them which they pretended not to hear. He attacked especially the couples dancing, describing their physical advantages or defects with a coarseness of expression which made his companions laugh. The girls blushed and tears came to their eyes; the young men ground their teeth and raged in silence. Their tormentor's eyes wandered slowly round the room, sparing nobody; Christophe saw them moving towards himself. He seized his mug, and clenched his fist on the table and waited, determined to throw the liquor at his head on the first insult. He said to himself:

"I am mad. It would be better to go away. They will slit me up; and then if I escape they will put me in prison: the game is not worth the candle. I'd better go before he provokes me."

But his pride would not let him, he would not seem to be running away from such brutes as these. The officer's cunning

al stare was fixed on him. Christophe stiffened and glared
im angrily. The officer looked at him for a moment;
stophe's face irritated him; he nudged his neighbor and
ed out the young man with a snigger; and he opened his
to insult him. Christophe gathered himself together and
just about to fling his mug at him. . . . Once more
e saved him. Just as the drunken man was about to speak
kward couple of dancers bumped into him and made him
his glass. He turned furiously and let loose a flood of in-

His attention was distracted; he forgot Christophe.
tophe waited for a few minutes longer; then seeing that
emy had no thought of going on with his remarks he got
owly took his hat and walked leisurely towards the door.
d not take his eyes off the bench where the other was sit-
just to let him feel that he was not giving in to him. But
ficer had forgotten him altogether; no one took any notice
n.

was just turning the handle of the door; in a few seconds
uld have been outside. But it was ordered that he should
ave so soon. An angry murmur rose at the end of the
When the soldiers had drunk they had decided to dance.
s all the girls had their cavaliers they drove away their
rs, who submitted to it. But Lorchen was not going to
with that. It was not for nothing that she had her bold
nd her firm chin which so charmed Christophe. She
altzing like a mad thing when the officer who had fixed
oice upon her came and pulled her partner away from
She stamped with her foot, screamed, and pushed the
away, declaring that she would never dance with such a
He pursued her. He dispersed with his fists the people
whom she was trying to hide. At last she took refuge
a table; and then protected from him for a moment
k breath to scream abuse at him; she saw that all her
nce would be useless and she stamped with rage and
for the most violent words to fling at him and compared
e to that of various animals of the farm-yard. He leaned
s her over the table, smiled wickedly, and his eyes glit-
with rage. Suddenly he pounced and jumped over the
He caught hold of her. She struggled with feet and fists

like the cow-woman she was. He was not too steady on his legs and almost lost his balance. In his fury he flung her against the wall and slapped her face. He had no time to do it again; some one had jumped on his back, and was cuffing him and kicking him back into the crowd. It was Christophe who had flung himself on him, overturning tables and people without stopping to think of what he was doing. Mad with rage, the officer turned and drew his saber. Before he could make use of it Christophe felled him with a stool. The whole thing had been so sudden that none of the spectators had time to think of interfering. The other soldiers ran to Christophe drawing their sabers. The peasants flung themselves at them. The uproar became general. Mugs flew across the room; the tables were overturned. The peasants woke up; they had old scores to pay off. The men rolled about on the ground and bit each other savagely. Lorchen's partner, a stolid farm-hand, had caught hold of the head of the soldier who had just insulted him and was banging it furiously against the wall. Lorchen, armed with a cudgel, was striking out blindly. The other girls ran away screaming, except for a few wantons who joined in heartily. One of them—a fat little fair girl—seeing a gigantic soldier—the same who had sat at Christophe's table—crushing in the chest of his prostrate adversary with his boot, ran to the fire, came back, dragged the brute's head backwards and flung a handful of burning ashes into his eyes. The man bellowed. The girl gloated, abused the disarmed enemy, whom the peasants now thwacked at their ease. At last the soldiers finding themselves on the losing side rushed away leaving two of their number on the floor. The fight went on in the village street. They burst into the houses crying murder, and trying to smash everything. The peasants followed them with forks, and set their savage dogs on them. A third soldier fell with his belly cleft by a fork. The others had to fly and were hunted out of the village, and from a distance they shouted as they ran across the fields that they would fetch their comrades and come back immediately.

The peasants, left masters of the field, returned to the inn; they were exultant; it was a revenge for all the outrages they had suffered for so long. They had as yet no thought of the

equences of the affray. They all talked at once and boasted heir prowess. They fraternized with Christophe, who was ghted to feel in touch with them. Lorchen came and took nand and held it for a moment in her rough paw while she led at him. She did not think him ridiculous for the mo-

ey looked to the wounded. Among the villagers there were a few teeth knocked out, a few ribs broken and a few slight es and scars. But it was very different with the soldiers. were seriously injured: the giant whose eyes had been ed had had his shoulder half cut off with a hatchet; the whose belly had been pierced was dying; and there was fficer who had been knocked down by Christophe. They laid out by the hearth. The officer, who was the least ed of the three, had just opened his eyes. He took a long at the ring of peasants leaning over him, a look filled with d. Hardly had he regained consciousness of what had ned than he began to abuse them. He swore that he l be avenged and would settle their hash, the whole lot m; he choked with rage; it was palpable that if he could uld exterminate them. They tried to laugh, but their ter was forced. A young peasant shouted to the wounded

old your gab or I'll kill you."

officer tried to get up, and he glared at the man who st spoken to him with blood-shot eyes:

wine!" he said. "Kill me! They'll cut your heads off."

went on shouting. The man who had been ripped up ed like a bleeding pig. The third was stiff and still like l man. A crushing terror came over the peasants. Lor- and some women carried the wounded men to another The shouts of the officer and the screams of the dying ied away. The peasants were silent; they stood fixed in cle as though the three bodies were still lying at their hey dared not budge and looked at each other in panic. t Lorchen's father said:

ou have done a fine piece of work!"

re was an agonized murmuring; their throats were dry. hey began all to talk at once. At first they whispered as

though they were afraid of eavesdroppers, but soon they raised their voices and became more vehement; they accused each other; they blamed each other for the blows they had struck. The dispute became acrid; they seemed to be on the point of going for each other. Lorchen's father brought them to unanimity. With his arms folded he turned towards Christophe and jerked his chin at him:

"And," he said, "what business had this fellow here?"

The wrath of the rabble was turned on Christophe:

"True! True!" they cried. "He began it! But for him nothing would have happened."

Christophe was amazed. He tried to reply:

"You know perfectly that what I did was for you, not for myself."

But they replied furiously:

"Aren't we capable of defending ourselves? Do you think we need a gentleman from the town to tell us what we should do? Who asked your advice? And besides who asked you to come? Couldn't you stay at home?"

Christophe shrugged his shoulders and turned towards the door. But Lorchen's father barred the way, screaming:

"That's it! That's it!" he shouted. "He would like to cut away now after getting us all into a scrape. He shan't go!"

The peasants roared:

"He shan't go! He's the cause of it all. He shall pay for it all!"

They surrounded him and shook their fists at him. Christophe saw the circle of threatening faces closing in upon him: fear had infuriated them. He said nothing, made a face of disgust, threw his hat on the table, went and sat at the end of the room, and turned his back on them.

But Lorchen was angry and flung herself at the peasants. Her pretty face was red and scowling with rage. She pushed back the people who were crowding round Christophe:

"Cowards! Brute beasts!" she cried. "Aren't you ashamed? You want to pretend that he brought it all on you! As if they did not see you all! As if there was a single one of you who had not hit out his hand as he could! . . . If there had been a man who had stayed with his arms folded

e the others were fighting I would spit in his face and call
: Coward! Coward! . . ."
he peasants, surprised by this unexpected outburst, stayed
a moment in silence; they began to shout again:
He began it! Nothing would have happened but for him."
vain did Lorchen's father make signs to his daughter.
went on:
Yes. He did begin it! That is nothing for you to boast
t. But for him you would have let them insult you. You
d have let them insult you. You cowards! You funks!"
ıe abused her partner:
And you, you said nothing. Your heart was in your mouth;
hold out your bottom to be kicked. You would have
ked them for it! Aren't you ashamed? . . . Aren't
ill ashamed? You are not men! You're as brave as sheep
your noses to the ground all the time! He had to give
ın example!—And now you want to make him bear every-
g? . . . Well, I tell you, that shan't happen! He
ıt for us. Either you save him or you'll suffer along with
I give you my word for it!"
rchen's father caught her arm. He was beside himself and
ed:
Shut up! Shut up! . . . Will you shut up, you
!"
t she thrust him away and went on again. The peasants
l. She shouted louder than they in a shrill, piercing
m:
What have you to say to it all? Do you think I did not
ou just now kicking the man who is lying half dead in
next room? And you, show me your hands! . . .
's blood on them. Do you think I did not see you with
knife? I shall tell everything I saw if you do the least
against him. I will have you all condemned."
e infuriated peasants thrust their faces into Lorchen's
awled at her. One of them made as though to box her
but Lorchen's lover seized him by the scruff of the neck
hey jostled each other and were on the point of coming
ws. An old man said to Lorchen:
" we are condemned, you will be too."

"I shall be too," she said, "I am not so cowardly as you."

And she burst out again.

They did not know what to do. They turned to her father:

"Can't you make her be silent?"

The old man had understood that it was not wise to push Lorchen too far. He signed to them to be calm. Silence came. Lorchen went on talking alone; then as she found no response, like a fire without fuel, she stopped. After a moment her father coughed and said:

"Well, then, what do you want? You don't want to ruin us."

She said:

"I want him to be saved."

They began to think. Christophe had not moved from where he sat; he was stiff and proud and seemed not to understand that they were discussing him; but he was touched by Lorchen's intervention. Lorchen seemed not to be aware of his presence; she was leaning against the table by which he was sitting, and glaring defiantly at the peasants, who were smoking and looking down at the ground. At last her father chewed his pipe for a little and said:

"Whether we say anything or not,—if he stays he is done for. The sergeant major recognized him; he won't spare him. There is only one thing for him to do—to get away at once to the other side of the frontier."

He had come to the conclusion it would be better for them all if Christophe escaped; in that way he would admit his guilt, and when he was no longer there to defend himself it would not be difficult to put upon him the burden of the affair. The others agreed. They understood each other perfectly.—Now that they had come to a decision they were all in a hurry for Christophe to go. Without being in the least embarrassed by what they had been saying a moment before they came up to him and pretended to be deeply interested in his welfare.

"There is not a moment to lose, sir," said Lorchen's father. "They will come back. Half an hour to go to the fortress. Half an hour to come back. . . . There is only just time to slip away."

Christophe had risen. He too had been thinking. He knew

t if he stayed he was lost. But to go, to go without seeing
mother? . . . No. It was impossible. He said that
would first go back to the town and would still have time
go during the night and cross the frontier. But they pro-
ed loudly. They had barred the door just before to prevent
going; now they wanted to prevent his not going. If he
t back to the town he was certain to be caught; they would
w at the fortress before he got there; they would await him
ome.—He insisted. Lorchen had understood him:
"You want to see your mother? . . . I will go instead
you."
"When?"
"To-night."
"Really! You will do that?"
"I will go."
he took her shawl and put it round her head.
"Write a letter. I will take it to her. Come with me. I
give you some ink."
he took him into the inner room. At the door she turned,
addressing her lover:
"And do you get ready," she said. "You must take him.
must not leave him until you have seen him over the
tier."
e was as eager as anybody to see Christophe over into
nce and farther if possible.
orchen went into the next room with Christophe. He was
hesitating. He was torn by grief at the thought that
would not be able to embrace his mother. When would he
her again? She was so old, so worn out, so lonely! This
blow would be too much for her. What would become of
without him? . . . But what would become of him if
tayed and were condemned and put in prison for years?
ld not that even more certainly mean destitution and mis-
for her? If he were free, though far away, he could always
her, or she could come to him.—He had not time to see
ly in his mind. Lorchen took his hands—she stood near
and looked at him; their faces were almost touching; she
v her arms round his neck and kissed his mouth:
Quick! Quick!" she whispered, pointing to the table.

He gave up trying to think. He sat down. She tore a sheet of squared paper with red lines from an account book.

He wrote:

"My Dear Mother: Forgive me. I am going to hurt you much. I cannot do otherwise. I have done nothing wrong. But now I must fly and leave the country. The girl who brings you this letter will tell you everything. I wanted to say good-bye to you. They will not let me. They say that I should be arrested. I am so unhappy that I have no will left. I am going over the frontier but I shall stay near it until you have written to me; the girl who brings you my letter will bring me your reply. Tell me what to do. I will do whatever you say. Do you want me to come back? Tell me to come back! I cannot bear the idea of leaving you alone. What will you do to live? Forgive me! Forgive me! I love you and I kiss you . . ."

"Be quick, sir, or we shall be too late," said Lorchen's swain, pushing the door open.

Christophe wrote his name hurriedly and gave the letter to Lorchen.

"You will give it to her yourself?"

"I am going," she said.

She was already ready to go.

"To-morrow," she went on, "I will bring you her reply; you must wait for me at Leiden,—(the first station beyond the German frontier)—on the platform."

(She had read Christophe's letter over his shoulder as he wrote.)

"You will tell me everything and how she bore the blow and everything she says to you? You will not keep anything from me?" said Christophe beseechingly.

"I will tell you everything."

They were not so free to talk now, for the young man was at the door watching them:

"And then, Herr Christophe," said Lorchen, "I will go and see her sometimes and I will send you news of her; do not be anxious."

ne shook hands with him vigorously like a man.
Let us go!" said the peasant.
Let us go!" said Christophe.
l three went out. On the road they parted. Lorchen went way and Christophe, with his guide, the other. They did speak. The crescent moon veiled in mists was disappear- behind the woods. A pale light hovered over the fields. In hollows the mists had risen thick and milky white. The ring trees were bathed in the moisture of the air.—They not more than a few minutes gone from the village when easant flung back sharply and signed to Christophe to stop. listened. On the road in front of them they heard the ar tramp of a troop of soldiers coming towards them. peasant climbed the hedge into the fields. Christophe fol- l him. They walked away across the plowed fields. They the soldiers go by on the road. In the darkness the nt shook his fist at them. Christophe's heart stopped like nted animal that hears the baying of the hounds. They ned to the road again, avoiding the villages and isolated where the barking of the dogs betrayed them to the coun- e. On the slope of a wooded hill they saw in the distance ed lights of the railway. They took the direction of the s and decided to go to the first station. It was not easy. ey came down into the valley they plunged into the fog. had to jump a few streams. Soon they found themselves mense fields of beetroot and plowed land; they thought would never be through. The plain was uneven; there ittle rises and hollows into which they were always in dan- falling. At last after walking blindly through the fog aw suddenly a few yards away the signal light of the rail- the top of an embankment. They climbed the bank. At sk of being run over they followed the rails until they within a hundred yards of the station; then they took to ad again. They reached the station twenty minutes before ain went. In spite of Lorchen's orders the peasant left ophe; he was in a hurry to go back to see what had hap- to the others and to his own property.
istophe took a ticket for Leiden and waited alone in the third-class waiting room. An official who was asleep

on a seat came and looked at Christophe's ticket and opened the door for him when the train came in. There was nobody in the carriage. Everybody in the train was asleep. In the fields all was asleep. Only Christophe did not sleep in spite of his weariness. As the heavy iron wheels approached the frontier he felt a fearful longing to be out of reach. In an hour he would be free. But till then a word would be enough to have him arrested. . . . Arrested! His whole being revolted at the word. To be stifled by odious force! . . . He could not breathe. His mother, his country, that he was leaving, were no longer in his thoughts. In the egoism of his threatened liberty he thought only of that liberty of his life which he wished to save. Whatever it might cost! Even at the cost of crime. He was bitterly sorry that he had taken the train instead of continuing the journey to the frontier on foot. He had wanted to gain a few hours. A fine gain! He was throwing himself into the jaws of the wolf. Surely they were waiting for him at the frontier station; orders must have been given; he would be arrested. . . . He thought for a moment of leaving the train while it was moving, before it reached the station; he even opened the door of the carriage, but it was too late; the train was at the station. It stopped. Five minutes. An eternity. Christophe withdrew to the end of the compartment and hid behind the curtain and anxiously watched the platform on which a gendarme was standing motionless. The station master came out of his office with a telegram in his hand and went hurriedly up to the gendarme. Christophe had no doubt that it was about himself. He looked for a weapon. He had only a strong knife with two blades. He opened it in his pocket. An official with a lamp on his chest had passed the station master and was running along the train. Christophe saw him coming. His fist closed on the handle of the knife in his pocket and he thought:

"I am lost."

He was in such a state of excitement that he would have been capable of plunging the knife into the man's breast if he had been unfortunate enough to come straight to him and open his compartment. But the official stopped at the next carriage

ook at the ticket of a passenger who had just taken his . The train moved on again. Christophe repressed the bbing of his heart. He did not stir. He dared hardly say to self that he was saved. He would not say it until he had sed the frontier. . . . Day was beginning to dawn. The ouettes of the trees were starting out of the night. A car- e was passing on the road like a fantastic shadow with a le of bells and a winking eye. . . . With his face close sed to the window Christophe tried to see the post with the erial arms which marked the bounds of his servitude. He still looking for it in the growing light when the train tled to announce its arrival at the first Belgian station.

e got up, opened the door wide, and drank in the icy air. ! His whole life before him! The joy of life! . . . at once there came upon him suddenly all the sadness hat he was leaving, all the sadness of what he was going ieet; and he was overwhelmed by the fatigue of that night motion. He sank down on the seat. He had hardly been ie station a minute. When a minute later an official opened door of the carriage he found Christophe asleep. Chris- e awoke, dazed, thinking he had been asleep an hour; he got heavily and dragged himself to the customs, and when he definitely accepted on foreign territory, having no more to id himself, he lay down along a seat in the waiting room dropped off and slept like a log.

e awoke about noon. Lorchen could hardly come before or three o'clock. While he was waiting for the trains he ed up and down the platform of the little station. Then ent straight on into the middle of the fields. It was a and joyless day giving warning of the approach of winter. light was dim. The plaintive whistle of a train stopping all that broke the melancholy silence. Christophe stopped w yards away from the frontier in the deserted country. re him was a little pond, a clear pool of water, in which gloomy sky was reflected. It was inclosed by a fence and trees grew by its side. On the right, a poplar with leafless bling top. Behind, a great walnut tree with black naked

branches like a monstrous polypus. The black fruit of it swung heavily on it. The last withered leaves were decaying and falling one by one upon the still pond. . . .

It seemed to him that he had already seen them, the two trees, the pond . . . —and suddenly he had one of those moments of giddiness which open great distances in the plain of life. A chasm in Time. He knew not where he was, who he was, in what age he lived, through how many ages he had been so. Christophe had a feeling that it had already been, that what was, now, was not, now, but in some other time. He was no longer himself. He was able to see himself from outside, from a great distance, as though it were some one else standing there in that place. He heard the buzzing of memory and of an unknown creature within himself; the blood boiled in his veins and roared:

"Thus . . . Thus . . . Thus . . ."

The centuries whirled through him. . . . Many other Kraffts had passed through the experiences which were his on that day, and had tasted the wretchedness of the last hour on their native soil. A wandering race, banished everywhere for their independence and disturbing qualities. A race always the prey of an inner demon that never let it settle anywhere. A race attached to the soil from which it was torn, and never, never ceasing to love it.

Christophe in his turn was passing through these same sorrowful experiences; and he was finding on the way the footsteps of those who had gone before him. With tears in his eyes he watched his native land disappear in the mist, his country to which he had to say farewell.—Had he not ardently desired to leave it?—Yes; but now that he was actually leaving it he felt himself racked by anguish. Only a brutish heart can part without emotion from the motherland. Happy or unhappy he had lived with her; she was his mother and his comrade; he had slept in her, he had slept on her bosom, he was impregnated with her; in her bosom she held the treasure of his dreams, all his past life, the sacred dust of those whom he had loved. Christophe saw now in review the days of his life, and the dear men and women whom he was leaving on that soil or beneath it. His sufferings were not less dear to him than his joys. Minna,

bine, Ada, his grandfather, Uncle Gottfried, old Schulz—all sed before him in the space of a few minutes. He could not r himself away from the dead—(for he counted Ada also ong the dead)—the idea of his mother whom he was leaving, only living creature of all those whom he loved, among these ntoms was intolerable to him.

He was almost on the point of crossing the frontier again, owardly did his flight seem to him. He made up his mind ; if the answer Lorchen was to bring him from his mother ayed too great grief he would return at all costs. But if received nothing? If Lorchen had not been able to reach isa, or to bring back the answer? Well, he would go back.

He returned to the station. After a grim time of waiting the n at last appeared. Christophe expected to see Lorchen's face in the train; for he was sure she would keep her nise; but she did not appear. He ran anxiously from one partment to another; he said to himself that if she had been he train she would have been one of the first to get out. He was plunging through the stream of passengers coming n the opposite direction he saw a face which he seemed to v. It was the face of a little girl of thirteen or fourteen, by, dimpled, and ruddy as an apple, with a little turned-up and a large mouth, and a thick plait coiled around her . As he looked more closely at her he saw that she had er hand an old valise very much like his own. She was hing him too like a sparrow; and when she saw that he looking at her she came towards him; but she stood firmly ont of Christophe and stared at him with her little mouse-eyes, without speaking a word. Christophe knew her; she little milkmaid at Lorchen's farm. Pointing to the valise id:

"hat is mine, isn't it?"

e girl did not move and replied cunningly:

m not sure. Where do you come from, first of all?"

Suir."

nd who sent it you?"

Lorchen. Come. Give it me."

e little girl held out the valise.

here it is."

And she added:

"Oh! But I knew you at once!"

"What were you waiting for then?"

"I was waiting for you to tell me that it was you."

"And Lorchen?" asked Christophe. "Why didn't she come?"

The girl did not reply. Christophe understood that she did not want to say anything among all the people. They had first to pass through the customs. When that was done Christophe took the girl to the end of the platform:

"The police came," said the girl, now very talkative. "They came almost as soon as you had gone. They went into all the houses. They questioned everybody, and they arrested big Sami and Christian and old Kaspar. And also Mélanie and Gertrude, though they declared they had done nothing, and they wept; and Gertrude scratched the gendarmes. It was not any good then saying that you had done it all."

"I?" exclaimed Christophe.

"Oh! yes," said the girl quietly. "It was no good as you had gone. Then they looked for you everywhere and hunted for you in every direction."

"And Lorchen?"

"Lorchen was not there. She came back afterwards after she had been to the town."

"Did she see my mother?"

"Yes. Here is the letter. And she wanted to come herself, but she was arrested too."

"How did you manage to come?"

"Well, she came back to the village without being seen by the police, and she was going to set out again. But Irmina, Gertrude's sister, denounced her. They came to arrest her. Then when she saw the gendarmes coming she went up to her room and shouted that she would come down in a minute, that she was dressing. I was in the vineyard behind the house; she called to me from the window: 'Lydia! Lydia!' I went to her; she threw down your valise and the letter which your mother had given her, and she explained where I should find you. I ran, and here I am."

"Didn't she say anything more?"

Yes. She told me to give you this shawl to show you that
me from her."
hristophe recognized the white shawl with red spots and
oidered flowers which Lorchen had tied round her head
she left him on the night before. The naïve improbability
he excuse she had made for sending him such a love-token
ot make him smile.
Now," said the girl, "here is the return train. I must go
e. Good-night."
Wait," said Christophe. "And the fare, what did you do
t that?"
Lorchen gave it me."
Take this," said Christophe, pressing a few pieces of money
her hand.
held her back as she was trying to go.
And then . . ." he said.
stooped and kissed her cheeks. The girl affected to pro-

Don't mind," said Christophe jokingly. "It was not for

Oh! I know that," said the girl mockingly. "It was for
ien."
was not only Lorchen that Christophe kissed as he kissed
ttle milkmaid's chubby cheeks; it was all Germany.
e girl slipped away and ran towards the train which was
oing. She hung out of the window and waved her hand-
ief to him until she was out of sight. He followed with
es the rustic messenger who had brought him for the
ime the breath of his country and of those he loved.
en she had gone he found himself utterly alone, this time,
nger in a strange land. He had in his hand his mother's
and the shawl love-token. He pressed the shawl to his
and tried to open the letter. But his hands trembled.
would he find in it? What suffering would be written in
No; he could not bear the sorrowful words of reproach
already he seemed to hear; he would retrace his steps.
last he unfolded the letter and read: "My poor child,
be anxious about me. I will be wise. God has punished

me. I must not be selfish and keep you here. Go to Paris. Perhaps it will be better for you. Do not worry about me. I can manage somehow. The chief thing is that you should be happy. I kiss you. MOTHER.

"Write to me when you can."

Christophe sat down on his valise and wept.

The porter was shouting the train for Paris.

The heavy train was slowing down with a terrific noise. Christophe dried his tears, got up and said:

"I must go."

He looked at the sky in the direction in which Paris must be. The sky, dark everywhere, was even darker there. It was like a dark chasm. Christophe's heart ached, but he said again:

"I must go."

He climbed into the train and leaning out of the window went on looking at the menacing horizon:

"O, Paris!" he thought, "Paris! Come to my aid! Save me! Save my thoughts!"

The thick fog grew denser still. Behind Christophe, above the country he was leaving, a little patch of sky, pale blue, large, like two eyes—like the eyes of Sabine—smiled sorrowfully through the heavy veil of clouds and then was gone. The train departed. Rain fell. Night fell.

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